IN THE DAYS

OF THE

CANADA COMPANY

1825-1850



ROBINA AND KATHLEEN M. LIZARS



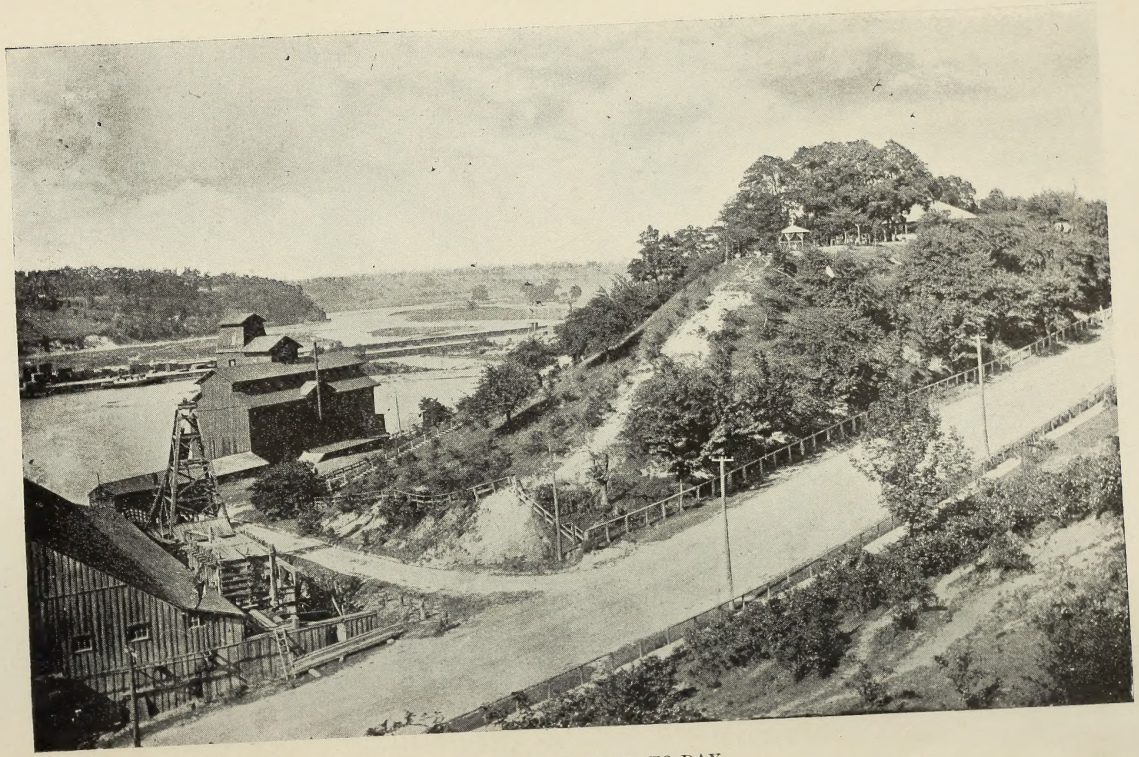
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THE CASTLE HILL TO-DAY.

C.XV

IN THE DAYS OF THE CANADA COMPANY:

THE STORY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF THE HURON TRACT AND A VIEW OF THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE PERIOD.

1825-1850.

BY

ROBINA AND KATHLEEN MACFARLANE LIZARS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

G. M. GRANT, D.D., LL.D.,

Principal Queen's University, Kingston.

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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TO THE MEMORY OF

The Two Boys,

"ROBINSON CRUSOE IN HAND," WHO CAME IN 1833-34,

AND WHOSE KEEN MEMORIES

AND EXHAUSTIVE REPLIES TO TROUBLESOME QUESTIONS

MADE THE WRITING OF THE BOOK POSSIBLE,

IS THIS VOLUME DEDICATED.

INTRODUCTION.

EVERY monograph which throws light on the making of Canada should be heartily welcomed, and therefore I willingly write a brief preface for this one, entitled "IN THE DAYS OF THE CANADA COMPANY." Men have disputed, and will dispute, whether the Company was beneficial or hurtful to Canada, the fact being that it was both, and that the balance is likely to be struck according to their interests or preconceptions; but no one disputes the claims to honour of John Galt, its founder, and of agents like Dunlop, Pryor and Strickland. With what is probably the last of the great Chartered Companies now on its trial before the bar of British opinion and a select committee of the Imperial House of Commons, we are slow to admit that a democratic Government is entitled to delegate any of its important functions to private individuals; but the Government of Canada, in 1824, was not responsible to the people, and it was a good thing that it consented to the formation of the Company. At any rate, as regards colonization, road and bridge-building, and the equitable partition or sale of the public domain, things for some time had been so bad, as poor Robert Gourlay, William Lyon Mackenzie and others proved to their own hurt, that they could hardly be worse. The arrival of Galt made them better, and had he been sustained by the directorate in London, who represented the shareholders, the Company would probably have won for itself as honourable a name, on its own smaller scale, as history accords to the Hudson's Bay and the East India Companies. But he was too big a man for his masters, and London was too far away from the Huron Tract to

administer details satisfactorily. The London Board had to utilize Galt's services, but they were unwilling to trust him, even to the extent of permitting him to take a clerk from London, though the duty of dealing with a million sterling and of settling two and a half millions of acres of fertile lands all over Upper Canada had to be left to his sole management. Like most corporations of wealthy or of poor men, they demanded immediate returns on their invested capital, and it was poor satisfaction to them to have Galt point out that they could not expect rent for a house until it was built. They had undertaken to effect great public improvements, as a condition of getting their charter, and he would not let them forget it, his reputation as well as theirs being involved in keeping faith with the Crown. Perhaps the chief trouble with Galt, and the mainspring of their distrust, was that which constituted his happiness all through life. Man can have only one paradise on earth, but Galt aimed at having half a dozen simultaneously. He had so many irons in the fire that men doubted whether he could attend properly to the one in which they were interested. Besides, the average practical man is apt at all times to be sceptical of the business capacity of a novelist. Galt was poet, biographer, historian, critic, essayist, politician, as well as novelist. How could a man of letters, so full and free, be trusted as a man of affairs? Of course, the reply is obvious, that unless the Company had made up their minds to trust him, they should not have appointed him Commissioner and sent him out to a new world as their agent and representative.

In justice to Galt, it should be added that even the immediate future verified his forecasts, and proved that what was freely called extravagance was really judicious investment. His chief apparent monuments are the City of Guelph, founded by him with feelings and ceremonial appropriate to a poet, and the road through the Huron Tract, the first overland communication between the sweet water seas of Ontario and Huron. In these undertakings and in organizing the business of the Company, in attracting desirable immigrants to the Province, and in making thoughtful provision for their necessities, he proved that a literary man could be immeasurably superior to the average immigration agent who is obliged to work by the rule of thumb. His resources seemed to be as infinite

as his energy. He was as Protean in wrestling with nature as in his literary labours; "now bent on the discovery of an indelible ink, now on the damming of a river, now on the construction of a bridge, now on the cutting of a canal, now on the felling of a forest, now on the draining of a swamp, now on the invention of a hydraulic machine, now on the endowment of an hospital, now on the formation of a Company, and now on the founding of a city." He was a man of ideas, and it is appointed unto all such men to suffer. To-day, we could afford to pay a good price for a John Galt to lead and guide the colonization of our North-West, but whether we would engage him if he were to be had is another question. The salary demanded might be obstacle enough. A railway willingly pays fifty or sixty thousand dollars a year for a first-class managing director. The Dominion, which spends millions annually on public works, grudges one-tenth of the sum to a responsible head, and ends by having no one responsible. A proposal to pay a competent head his market salary would destroy any Government. A High Commissioner in London is considered dear at $10,000, and a Governor-General ruinous at $50,000, though the one or the other is in a position to save or destroy not only millions but the honour of the country. What of that! Scores of politicians are ready at a moment's notice to undertake the job for half the money.

Perhaps the best thing that Galt did for Canada was to bring to it settlers of the right stock. Immigrants, like other people or things, should be weighed rather than counted, though it is difficult to do the weighing. Comparisons are always odious, and in this case time is needed for making tests or arriving at well-established conclusions. Galt had the ear of the educated classes in Britain, and in his day there were—for more reasons than one—numbers of people possessed of some capital who were eager to emigrate. They saw little hope of a future for their children in the old land, and Galt and Dunlop described Canada so as to touch their imaginations. Some of these, after enjoying the fishing and the shooting, became bitterly dissatisfied with their lot and with the men who had attracted them from the old easy ruts in which they had moved at home. Others struggled manfully, in some cases heroically, against the difficulties of "the bush" and

the climate; against wolves and bears, and the more terrible black-fly and mosquito. And, as one of them, Major Strickland, testifies, they had their reward. He, at any rate, accepted the conditions of the new life and soon learned to love the new land. Indeed, it took him captive from the first. When the inland ocean of Huron first burst on his sight, from the wooded heights which overhung the mouth of the Maitland, where the town of Goderich was planted, he says, "I thought Canada then—and I have never changed my opinion—the most beautiful country in the world." Elsewhere* he says, "A man of education will always possess an influence even in bush society; he may be poor, but his value will not be tested by the low standard of money, and he will be appealed to for his judgment in many matters, and will be inducted into several offices more honourable than lucrative." That is the style of man to lay the foundations and build the walls of a country. His testimony is abundantly confirmed by the lives of men widely different, like Philemon Wright in Hull township, Colonel Talbot on Lake Erie, the Highland Chief McNab on the Ottawa, and many a noble old Loyalist from the States.

It is interesting to find that even at the early stage in our history when the Canada Company began its reign, our fathers had grown into a distinct type of humanity. We do not wonder that our French-speaking fellow-countrymen—sometimes rather absurdly called French—should be Canadians pure and simple. They are the early core of the Canadian people. What do they know of France or of any other land but their own? For generations their forefathers have dwelt on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence, and they love it as the Swiss love their mountains. But it was otherwise in Upper Canada. The various nationalities who settled it had—at the time I speak of—little more than one generation in which to become one people. Yet Galt's immigrants, in describing them—sometimes in sketches not flattering to our family pride—after the manner of outspoken Britons when sketching people who are not English, call attention to the singularly complete process of unification which had already taken place. "They deemed it somewhat remarkable that the Canadian popula-

* "Twenty Years' Experience in Canada West."

tion, at that time drawn from all Europe and every State in the Union, should exhibit such small variety in manners, customs, dress, or mode of life. Germans, Highlanders, French, English and Irish soon fused and became 'Canadian.'"

Probably the war of 1812–15 is in good part the explanation of this; not merely because gallant resistance to successive waves of invasion had awakened a national spirit, but also because the high prices then paid for produce of every kind had stimulated industry as far into the backwoods as population had extended. Men who knew nothing of the horrors of the war, and who had no dread of its penetrating to their remote hamlets or clearings, rejoiced to get three dollars a bushel for wheat. Mr. Philemon Wright, in giving to a committee of the House of Assembly a detailed account of his experiences, from 1800 to 1823, in settling Hull, refers only once to the war, and his reference is entirely along this strictly pecuniary line of personal advantage. Here it is: "1813 . . . At the finishing of threshing the wheat, we measured 3,000 bushels; these 3,000 bushels cost me $2,000, for which I was offered $9,000, three dollars per bushel being at that time the common price, on account of the war. I must say it was the most advantageous undertaking I ever engaged in since I commenced the settlement. Having a clear profit of $7,000, I continued to expend upon the farm." Under such circumstances the average farmer understood that loyalty paid. No matter where he had been born, he was sure to be an enthusiastic Canadian, and sure to entertain a kindly feeling for the Old Mother Country that poured out her sovereigns freely as water. The war might be justifiable or very much the reverse, in his eyes, but it was quite clear that the good prices enabled him to pay his labourers and improve his property. Is it wonderful that, when word came of peace having been made, a loyal Englishman naïvely wrote of it as "appalling news?"

Interesting, too, is it to learn that the founder of the Canada Company dreamed of that North-West Passage by land which Canada has at last made good. In the little office at York, he and his trio of trusted officers discussed plans for the present and dreamed dreams of the future. "There was an experimental farm; a way to utilize rapids for power; and, most glorious dream of all, to go by canal from Quebec to Superior, pass the notches of the

Rocky Mountains, and lock down the Columbia to the Pacific; . . . and with a steam packet line between London and Quebec, we may come and go between China and Britain in about two months. . . . Can this be called a foolish prophecy, an idle dream? By no means; it is perfectly practicable." We are reminded by this forecast that some idle dreams of yesterday are commonplace realities to-day. Already, the mails from Yokohama to London, *via* Vancouver and Montreal, have been delivered in twenty days, nine hours, or about one-third of the time prophesied.

I abstain from saying here all that I feel concerning the authors' work, because those who read the Preface are sure to read the book, and they will judge for themselves. Enough to say that to me it has been an unmixed delight to read the proof. Their racy descriptions give vivid glimpses of the good old times, and many Canadians will join with me in thanking them for allowing us to sit beside one of the cradles of our national life—*incanabula nostrae gentis*—and hear some of the first attempts at speech of the sturdy infant.

G. M. GRANT.

KINGSTON, *September, 1896.*

PREFACE.

In this book there is no attempt made at historical writing; that will be a matter for the future, after condensation of many similar works. If in the meantime it provides pleasant reading for those interested in the story of the Huron Tract, the wish and aim of the authors are gratified and justified. The book, with all its faults of omission and commission, is offered to that public which so constantly through the press demands historical data.

Professor Ramsay Wright, in his circular of 1893, says: "Histories of individual families should therefore be collected, and the accounts of various local enterprises carefully noted. Information should be obtained from individual recollection of events, traditions, private and public letters, manuscript letters and diaries, old newspapers and pamphlets, grants and commissions, printed or engraved."

In the subjoined letter of thanks and table of references will be found authorities for the matter herein contained.

Although history is the cyclic poem written by time upon the memories of men, recollections, like colours, fade, and these collops of literature, letters, journals, etc., being heritable and private property, are not always procurable. Difficulties, however, all reckoned, the mass acquired is so great that it would delight the German professor who died lamenting he had squandered his life upon the whole noun instead of confining himself to the dative case; so great that the five hundred pages here allowed might as easily have been one thousand.

Lack of proper sequence and statements seemingly contradictory are accounted for by, say, three old settlers, all eye-witnesses of some particular event, and all sure they know every detail, telling, in common with the event, some three distinct tales, until, impossible to find a casting vote, one exclaims with Beaconsfield, "What wonderful things are events!"

"For since present things appear differently to different minds," observes George Ebers, "the same must be more strikingly true of those long past and forgotten."

If history be teaching by example, no Canadian can overestimate the value of heroic types; for the shades of departed braves stand on the threshold of every deserted log cabin. Hard by, in corners of farm lots, in grass-grown churchyards, a silence as heavy as that of the forest they pierced lies above the dust of the sleeping pioneers, and the story of their struggles is about to be forgotten.

STRATFORD, *October 1st, 1896.*

LETTER OF THANKS.

THE authors have been much indebted for reminiscences and anecdotal matter to friends and persons who have shown themselves interested in this recital. In particular to

The late Mr. Henry Cowper Hyndman, of Ayrshire, and the late Judge Lizars, of Stratford.

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The family portraits have been lent by their respective owners; and to Mr. Willson, Commissioner of the Canada Company, thanks are especially due for maps and innumerable documents of use and interest.

The chief works which have been consulted are:

"The Backwoodsman." Dunlop.

The various writings of Strickland and Bonnycastle.

McTaggart's "Three Years in Upper Canada."

"Western Wanderings." Kingston.

"Six Years in the Canadas." Talbot.

"Winter Studies." Mrs. Jameson.

McGrath's "Letters."

"The Emigrant." Francis Bond Head.

Dent's "History of the Last Forty Years."

"Noctes Ambrosianæ." Wilson, *et al.*

"Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald." Moore.

Galt's "Autobiography and Miscellany."

"Toronto of Old." Scadding.

Together with old numbers of *Fraser's* and *Blackwood's*, and files of newspapers.

STRATFORD, *October 1st, 1896.*

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IN THE DAYS OF

THE CANADA COMPANY.

CHAPTER I.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

"Canada is a giant in its cradle."

In 1791 the Reign of Terror had begun, and Britain felt the reflex agitation. There the trial of Warren Hastings held public attention; and while France was declared a republic, Constantinople was desolated by an unparalleled fire, and Egypt lost a million of her people by the plague. The guillotine became the death-bed of a Royal family and of hundreds of the nobility; the King of Sweden fell by the hand of an assassin; Europe was in a turmoil; but the English Government had time to think for the interests of the colony which then was beginning to claim attention from the Mother Country. It, too, vast as was its territory and scattered its sparse population, felt the strain arising from the animosities of race and local faction. In 1811 took place the bitter struggle between the Hudson's Bay Company and its opponents. Lord Selkirk, energetic, persevering and indomitable, with his hardy Countess, formed his settlement of Highlanders, and Kildonan the New became the scene of a fresh conflict. Even on the fiftieth parallel of north latitude there was war and commotion—a struggle for land and power; and disputed titles, enthusiasm, philanthropy, and complexions red and white, made one more slide in the panorama of the world's battle.

The Canadians of these early times were full of a well-founded pride. It arose from the vast natural advantages of their own country; from pride of descent, which gave them a reflected glory from all British renown; but, best of all, from pride of their own prowess and martial exploits in that ever green page of Canadian history, the year 1812. The Scottish Highlanders, especially, had brought from the old to the new wilds the loyal ardour, fervour and devotion which distinguished them wheresoever destiny drove them. The restlessness which urged them into forest recesses in quest of independence, their love of freedom and enterprise, their capacity for industry, all marked these Canadian pioneers as forces controlled by that spirit of democracy which impels civilization to seek new homes amid savage surroundings. They were not victims to that controlling power, local attachment, which made the Frenchman content on his two-acre lot, the sub-division coming to him like a "portion" in one of his native wine provinces.

Thanks to Mr. Pitt we then had our beginning, even if in the excess of his zeal he meditated the mistake of rewarding United Empire loyalism with the Dukedom of Niagara; for the belief was "Niagara must be considered the utmost limit westward capable of cultivation." In a word, the country had so far been considered only fit to produce peltries and pine masts.

This wish to recompense the losses sustained by those colonists who had so faithfully served the parent Government took active form in the inception of the Canada Company. Popular assemblies and ardent patriots are not always good judges of what will benefit industry. Works which promise the overcoming of vast obstacles and the connection of distant points arouse enthusiasm and are themes for oratory. The humbler work of detail, and the choice of men who understand it sufficiently to direct and judge of it when complete, are other affairs.

Here was an opportunity for the pamphleteer, for the company organizer, and one not neglected. The enthusiast,

too, was early on the scene, his wish for excitement often being father to the rôle of colonizer, his ambition fired by the highly wrought pictures of the pamphleteer; or the sight of vast rivers, plains and forests setting his brain on fire with schemes whereby his philanthropic leanings might be gratified in providing homes for the thousands who were starving elsewhere; and the most intensely human impulse of all, possible fortune to himself.

The British officers who returned after the war had told those at home that although description had been true in calling the colony a "vast solitude," it was by no means "a hopeless wilderness." It is true, so late as 1804, Upper Canada had County Lieutenants, and a Domesday Book which contained records of grants of land from the beginning of the organization of that province in 1792. The still familiar name of Baby figured there as County Lieutenant for Kent.

It was computed that Britain might annually lose from fifty to sixty thousand of her inhabitants with advantage to those remaining behind, and that superfluous capital might advantageously be invested in colonial improvements. What remained to be proved, and could alone be proved by experience, was which would be the class of persons most fitted for the new life. Also, would not the new object of investment be as chimerical, in many cases, as the South Sea Bubble itself.

As to the class of emigrants, the bulk of them promised to be labourers or those who sought support among the middle classes, a support which yearly became more difficult from a number of causes. Towards 1825, the year of the organization of the Canada Company, the reduced scale of the Army and Navy and the economy introduced into all departments, withdrew many sources of income. Manufactures and trade were only advantageous when carried on upon a large scale, with low profits upon extensive capital. There remained only the learned professions, with clerkships in banks, insurance companies and similar establishments. For these pursuits an increased population, and the rapid growth of education, caused

a keen competition. This secured for national purposes a great degree of talent; but the pressure on the middle classes grew yearly heavier. There were many who possessed small capital —from five hundred to one thousand pounds—but it was not everyone who possessed the judgment and industry required for a life in the bush. As an octogenarian (a wealthy man who came to the country as a lad in service and saw his master and his master's friends disappear, their means dissipated, and the world and themselves no better for their having been) has said, "Sure they all had money; but few of them had any sinse, and none of them knew how to work."

In 1825 Galt had put the final words to the "Last of the Lairds," and set sail for Canada with his grant of 1,100,000 acres of land in his pocket, and his brain busy with emigration schemes. That year was famous in London for schemes and company-making. It was a time, famous still, for busy brains of many kinds, and the nursery life of those who were to make the succeeding years remarkable in the world's history. Miss Nightingale was a school girl; the Duchess of Kent was giving her life to the formation of that character which has been England's happiness ever since; and a little girl, whom the world was to know under the masculine name of George Eliot, was drinking in the learning and the wisdom to appear afterwards in her closely written pages. Grey, Brougham, Peel, Lyndhurst and Melbourne, were speechifying, and Disraeli and Gladstone were the youths who listened to them; Burns and Byron were warm and palpitating memories; while Scott, Moore and Wordsworth were furnishing feasts for a youth named Tennyson; 'Croker, Maginn, Ellis, Gifford, and a host of others, were making things lively in the reviews; Harriet Martineau had begun to write; Fanny Kemble was delighting audiences from the north of England to the south; Crusty Christopher, Hogg, Galt, Dunlop and Alan Cunningham were enjoying their *Noctes Ambrosianæ*; while the memory of Nelson, and the living presence of the Iron Duke, were as an afterglow of peace upon victory. The Mexican mountains

delivered up their ingots of gold and silver; the pearl oyster yawned in surprise at the diving-bell; diamonds and gold dust were brought from Africa; and travellers, tempted abroad by so many varied attractions, piled the booksellers' stalls with tales hard to be believed. The air, too, was alive with scientific discovery; the railroad, the steamship, the photograph, were about to be given to a world which was half wondering, half credulous, soon to be wholly believing.

And in spite of all this progress, Canning and Castlereagh, and others less famous, were fighting duels, or pretending they were ready to do so. Canada was remote from the new birth, but even she felt the quickening; for Britain was about to send a new class of emigrants to jolt over her corduroys and thread bridle-paths through her woods.

In Ireland, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, though dead, lived in the hearts of the people; the rough-coated, down-trodden Celt had a long memory and a keen wit; he sighed for a "patch" and a log cabin, with a cow and other things desirable in life. To the Huron Tract he came, leaving behind him the bleak mountains of Clare dotted over with forsaken mud hovels, the reclaimed bogs of "farm" rented at exorbitant prices, and the peat stack which held the keg of poteen.

This, then, was the Britain to which Galt, Dunlop, Strickland, Don, Hyndman, Haldane, Luard, Lizars, Jones and a host of others, belonged. The pamphlets of the Canada Company had fallen among them, and into the depths of the Huron Tract they carried their knowledge, their tastes, their habits, and their enthusiasms.

But for every one such as these there were dozens from the three sister countries whose minds were made receptive to words which promised a living in any land, which spoke of a home as a possibility. It was then that men had to give way to the red deer, and in every clachan about Braemar and Glen Clunie there were heaps of stones and green patches which marked what were once cottages and gardens. The Scotchman, like the Irishman, looked his last upon the desolation of his

native hills and turned his face westward. It was then the prophecy was made that soon the Highlander would live only in history and in Sir Walter Scott. The departing piper shrilled *Ha til mi tulidh,* "We return, we return, no more, no more;" and deckloads of men and women, throwing off despair and embracing hope, turned their faces towards the sunset, thinking that somewhere in that glowing west for them the word *Home* was written. These Celts of two nations were of the race of stone, strong as their own Druidical monuments, and firmly believing "Stronger than the laird are the vassals," and "A country is stronger than a prince."

The upheaval consequent upon Waterloo had scarcely yet subsided. Revelation was searched for prophecy concerning times felt to be so wonderful, and signs were sought for and found. A child was shown in public upon whose eyelids were marks deciphered as being "Napoleon-Empereur." The times were Napoleonic; and as many who were destined to lead in this march to western Canada were military and naval men, it is not wonderful that their aims were high and their schemes gigantic. Dunlop, Van Egmond, Vansittart, Talbot, and others whose record of labour, mistake and success is written upon the face of our peninsula, dreamt dreams and saw visions. But they were tired of the Moloch of War set up in every European land, and their minds were busy with the themes of Adam Smith. Attention had been directed from wealth, as wealth, to labour as the means towards it. Eyes made ophthalmic by too long sight of blood longed for the green of the fields; and "*labourage et pâturage sont les mamelles de l'état*" became the first tenet of the tired soldier and would-be emigrant's creed. Labour was the basis of the new doctrine; so that land which then echoed only to the yell of the Indian or was silent with the brooding of coming change, and the money of the capitalist, were to form that grand pioneer of empire, the Canada Company. But what was to make the increased wealth of the land, what was to contribute the revenue? The work of the

men who came to it; the work of their hands, be the hands gentle, mechanic, soldier or horny.

The spirit of the times, warlike and progressive, stirred in them and gave them strength for the great work before them. All of the contingent, poor and rich, high and low, were more or less the same. It was a time of hatreds. Dunlop hated a Frenchman as deeply as did Nelson; the Tips and the Downs came ready to battle in the intervals of ploughing; and once settled in the Huron Tract, friendship and feud were to be taken up on Old Country lines, to so continue until a common danger made men brothers, to fight in 1837 side by side.

Old settlers tell how, like the banqueters of ancient Gaul, their meetings seldom ended but with a fray. With the Gaul the thigh-bone of the *piêce de resistance* of the feast became the perquisite of the bravest. Here there was no such invidious choice. Each man got his axe-handle, and courted his foe with gesture and gibe. Nor were the fair ones wanting in valour. The Irishwoman who "walked," calmly sat down on the road-side when things promised to be too much for her friends, drew off boot and stocking, put a stone in the latter, and, bellicose dame that she was, threw her missile into the barbarian chaos.

The main body of the Huron people was Tory, but some of those composing it were to find out that history and common-sense tend to change opinion. The last travelled as slowly as did the passengers of the time, over corduroy; but destinations were reached, nevertheless. How they were reached, and the stirring stories of the time when the Canada Company and the Colborne Clique strove for mastery, it is hoped the following pages will tell.

CHAPTER II.

THE FATHER OF THE COMPANY.

"Who or what on earth that is good for anything is not assailed by ignorance, stupidity or malice."

GALT was in no hurry to come to Canada, the scene of so many of his subsequent trials and mortifications; and he fain would have postponed his departure, the preliminary business having sadly interfered with his efforts at composition.* In 1823, tired of his roving life and anxious as to the education of his three sons, he settled at Eskgrove, near Musselburgh. But scarcely had he taken root there when, through the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was led to take charge of an enquiry into the state of Upper Canada's resources, out of which enquiry the Canada Company grew. To Mr. Galt, solely, it owed its origin, and on its formation he was appointed Secretary. Of the five Commissioners sent out he was the only one who assumed the responsibility of the upper provinces; and although his duties were performed faithfully, his troubles then began. That they never ceased we know.

* Among Galt's numerous works are: "Battle of Largs," "Life of Benjamin West," "Historical Pictures," "The Wandering Jew," "The Earthquake," "Letters from the Levant," "Commercial Travels," "Ayrshire Legatees," "Annals of the Parish," "The Provost," "The Steamboat," "Sir Andrew Wylie," "The Entail," "Last of the Lairds," "Chronicle of Dalmailing," "Ringan Gilhaize," "The Spaewife," "Rothelan," "Lawrie Todd," "Southennan," "Life of Byron," "Lives of the Players," "Bogle Corbet, or The Emigrants," "The Majolo," "Stanley Buxton," "Eben Erskine," "The Stolen Child," "The Ouranologos," "Autobiography," "Stories of the Study," "Literary Miscellanies," etc., etc.



JOHN GALT.

Any student of Canadian history knows the place held in colonial estimation by this great Company—a company the prime mover of which was actuated by true zeal, but whose fellow-workers on occasions saw fit to misinterpret his high motives. Nor were some onlookers less jealous, while at the same time the motive for some of the misrepresentations complained of was traced to certain of the utterances of his Scottish reviewers.

Mr. Galt has been accused of extravagances; but if extravagance there was, it was an authorized extravagance. His actions have been blamed as high-handed and short-sighted; for the first, he was under direction from a Board not in touch with the circumstances; and for the second, he was far-sighted enough for his sons, in their maturity, to have been able to see in Canada many things which he had hoped for during their youth.

Thomas McGrath, good, worthy man, when speaking of those "excellent and honourable men, who will conscientiously do their duty," who were sent to supersede Mr. Galt, thinks that "they may naturally reap the advantages of Mr. Galt's wisdom and exertions." He writes to his Dublin correspondent that "We have a very spirited manager of the Canada Company in this neighbourhood—Mr. Galt—whose various publications bear strong evidence of his literary powers, and whose foresight and perseverance, acting upon a great scale, would eventually have produced a wonderful improvement, in advancing most important interests of this country."

McTaggart opens his remarks on Galt with the parenthesis of "the celebrated novelist." Further on, he says: "Mr. Galt deserves great credit for the invention and management of the Company. In this he has shown a genius that is rarely excelled. He organized the whole management of business, and displayed all that tact and diplomacy which his superior talents qualify him for in such an eminent degree." Contradictory testimony this to that advanced by those persons who considered him over-bearing and tactless. In Dr. Scadding's work

on Toronto we find, with the account of the celebrated ball at Franks', that Mr. Galt is said to have laid the foundation of the Company wisely and well. With him originated the idea of making roads before the settlers went on the ground; he accomplished the carrying out of this idea, but not without first, to a certain extent, antagonizing the Government. Mr. Galt, it may be mentioned, would have liked to deal with all governments in what he considered their true character—"as committees of the people;" and when he met with directors of a country who considered that a government should be autocratic, friction ensued. As to the Lady Mary Willis ball, Mr. Galt, it would appear, did not endeavour to increase his popularity. For the time and place it was a gorgeous affair.

People who now-a-days describe Mr. Galt as extravagant and short-sighted in his management would no doubt in his own time have been members of the coterie of secret enemies who overlooked no occasion on which to work to his disadvantage. While wishing to procure his discharge in a manner disgraceful to him, they were not able to sufficiently understand the nobility of a spirit which made him feel as a disgrace the lack of appreciation his Company had for him. Had their vision been a little keener they might have been satisfied at an earlier date than they were. The incidents of the Guayra starving emigrants and the public dinner at Guelph, with other matters which followed closely in their train, in all cases Mr. Galt being grossly misrepresented, led to a state of mind which made him feel it necessary to send in his resignation to the Chairman. It was not then accepted, and he was once more with a comparatively free hand. Another vindication of the wisdom of his expenditure is contained in Lord Dalhousie's letter of August 31st, 1833; and Mr. Galt himself says, in the closing pages of his "Autobiography": "The fact of the Canada Company being one of the most flourishing concerns in London is the vindication of my scheme and plans."

In the making of Guelph he took a great pleasure, and we

have a souvenir of him there in the shape of "The Priory," the log structure put up especially for him, and which, as the years went on, grew picturesque in the eyes of Canadians—now preserved, as far as the times will allow, by the Canadian Pacific Railway. In a moment of facetiousness, once when the house



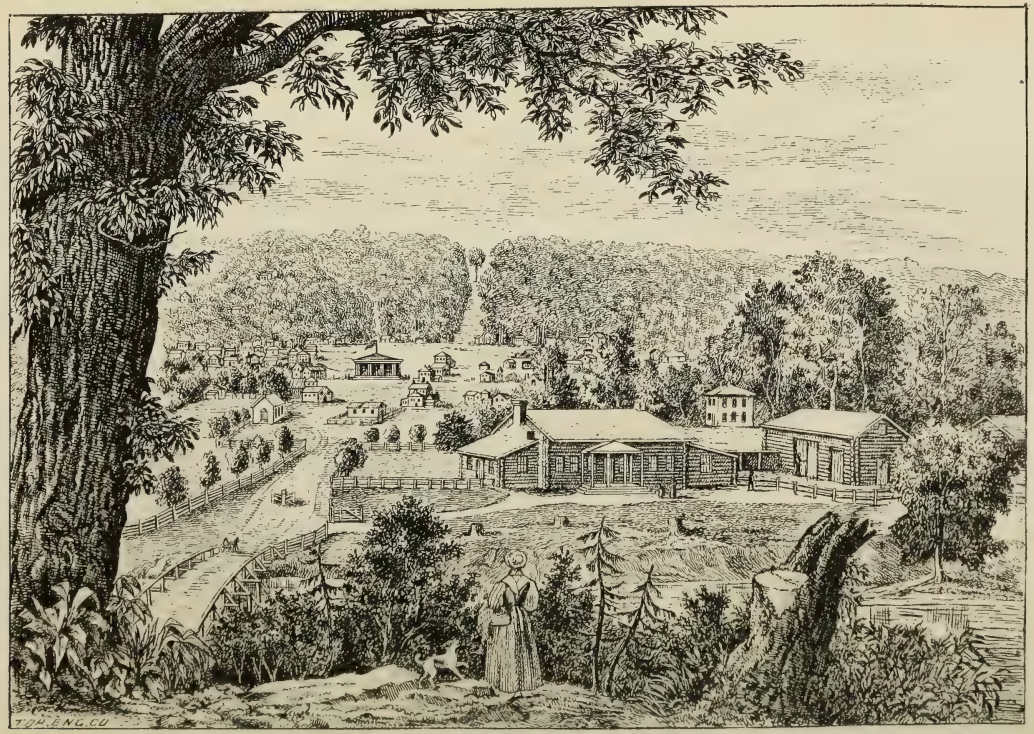
was full of emigrant families, the place was named after Mr. Pryor.

On St. George's day, 1827, Guelph was called after the reigning Royal Family, and the baptism of Canada's little Royal city was a thing of solemnity to this business-like, keen-eyed

Scottish poet, this man of contradictory elements. When the baptismal ceremony was about to be performed, Mr. Galt gave full scope to the thoughts of sentiment which possessed him, and he decreed, "as he was well aware of the boding effect of a little solemnity on the minds of most men," that the occasion should be endued with all the pomp and circumstance for which he had opportunity. He gave a thought of regret to the life of the forest which was now forever done away with, writing that "To me at least the moment was impressive, and the silence of the woods that echoed to the sound of my axe-stroke was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing forever."

He waxes enthusiastic over the initial success of "Guelph, U.C.," the town "thriving amazingly;" but he was genuinely distressed at the necessary slaughter of the trees which "formed the finest avenue in the world," while his anti-quarian's eye was delighted with the sight of an Etruscan-like vase filled with dust and ashes, dug out of the quarry. One of his early acts in Guelph was to lay the foundation of an Academy, the Company having made it possible for him to start a fund to that end, his first school being opened in a shed. Between the 23rd of April and the 1st of August he saw a way to the opening of a church, the establishment of a newspaper and a bank, while a bi-weekly mail-coach, a post-office and a market were already established. The American dominie in charge of the shed-school is said to have confined his method of teaching his only subjects, the three R's, to the medium of the birch. Neither parents nor Mr. Galt approved of this heroic method, and the schoolmaster found it wise to retire.

After feeling that his honestly conceived and heartily carried out work was slighted and misunderstood by the Company in whose interest he laboured, Mr. Galt must have welcomed the cordial letter from one hundred and forty-four heads of families in Guelph addressed to him not long before his departure for what they hoped was but a short absence.



VIEW OF GUELPH IN 1830.

"(1) The inclosed *stump* near the end of the bridge in the picture represents the relic of the maple. (2) The view is from a rising ground, called Brunswick Hill. (3) The river, in the foreground, has been named by the founder the Speed; a fine clear stream. (4) The house and offices in front, overlooking the river, was the residence of Mr. Galt. It is very neatly built of logs. (5) The building, with the flag, is the market house, a rude copy of a Greek temple. (6) The inclosed building, facing the bridge, is of stone, and one of the Canada Company's offices, and the building, also of stone, in a line with it, belongs to the community. It is a school which, on Sunday, serves for a place of worship."—*Fraser's Magazine*, November, 1830.

Long afterwards, when speaking of the various companies in which he was interested, he says: "The Canada Company was the best and greatest colonial project ever formed, but which, I do conceive, was never fully understood by those who had the supreme management. It has, however, in the scope of the arrangements, been improved upon in my second company, the British American Land Company." Perhaps land companies in new countries were not Mr. Galt's forte, after all; for even some of those who were kindly disposed to him are found saying that in his bush work he made what has been demonstrated a grave mistake, namely, appointing persons to oversee the work who were in no way qualified for the task. For this last there is perhaps a partial excuse. He was not a man easily daunted by adverse circumstances; but even with his powers of grasping a situation, he felt himself sorely handicapped in the administration of the affairs of a concern which had a capital of one million pounds or more, while the Board denied him the indulgence of bringing out even one clerk to assist him in petty details.

The Accountant who was sent out, without Mr. Galt's previous knowledge, to oversee not only the accounts but the Superintendent himself and his doings, made the latter's path a rough and thorny one; and when, matters having grown more than he could stand, Mr. Galt determined to go to England to lay a personal request before the Directorate for investigation, the Accountant took an advantage of him by leaving for home, without warning, thus laying upon the Superintendent the necessity of remaining on the ground to take up the ends of the Accountant's work as well as to continue his own. One result of the Englishman's return was a notification from the Board to the Bank at York to cease to honour Mr. Galt's drafts. Could a high-spirited man suffer a greater indignity? His expedient for salvation was accepted by the Governor, and, as Mr. Galt says, "the bill was accordingly drawn, the honour of the Company saved."

Major Strickland adds his quota to the kindly opinions

expressed by those who knew Galt best, his own being that "Galt (besides suffering misrepresentations before the home authorities) was ill-used by the Canadian Government." Granting that he was not in a hundredth degree deserving of the ill reports he suffered, Mr. Galt himself depicts a character with which it might, on occasions, be difficult to deal. His spirit of self-reliance was particularly shown in his attempts to form his second company entirely on his own responsibility, and in his mortification at being, in the end, forced to call a public meeting—"thus conniving in a mode of proceeding which took the initiatory of all proceedings out of my own hands." We hope, too, that he merely availed himself of the poetic license in which he sometimes indulged, when he said that "he never scrupled . . . for a great good to do a little wrong." His wrongs, surely, were very little. The man's intentness of purpose cannot be better shown than by referring to his own description of a visit he paid to a Turkish fort: "In passing, I landed and measured the size of an enormous piece of brass ordnance; the circumference of the calibre was sixty-five inches. . . . The innocent Turks belonging to the garrison gathered round, and it never occurred to me, until I was again at some distance from the place, the foolishness of the action. I wonder what would be said were a Turk to land on the fortifications of Portsmouth, and measure the size of the guns in the midst of the soldiers. But it quite escaped me that the Turkish soldiers had anything to do with the matter."

He surprises us somewhat when he says, "I did not feel myself entering seriously the arena of life till I undertook my second mission to Canada. Absurd as the expression may seem, it is nevertheless just. Whatever I had done before, or encountered, seemed mere skirmishing to what then awaited me."

When he left Britain a second time for Canada, he "took a lover's farewell of the Muses," intending to give himself to business cares solely. That, however, he was never able to do,

his regrets and disappointments, as readily as his ambitions and hopes, finding their way to paper. But many works claimed his attention, and he was at all times proud of his road through the Huron Tract, the first overland communication between the great lakes, Huron and Ontario. On one of his earlier journeys by water, when he intended to double Cabot's Head, "the Good Hope of Canada," he did not forbear to set down some of his poetic thoughts as they came to him while his vessel sailed by "the houseless shores and shipless seas of Huron;" but the "predestinarianism" to which he owns he was almost a martyr, had fast hold of him, and the troubles and vexations, almost amounting to persecutions even then, with which he was beset, brought out all his Scottish imagination; when "a vast moth as big as a bird flew over the boat in perfect silence, in course and appearance not like any creature of the element, my imagination exalted it into an imp of darkness flying homeward." Open Galt's poems haphazard and one will find portrayal of morbid anticipation, the sentiment of the line "O'er every birth a star of fate presides," prevailing—the star too often being an evil one.

On this trip to Cabot's Head Mr. Galt was occasionally surprised and, if the truth were known, a little disgusted, at the number of negroes to be met in the Huron Tract. But, just, as ever, he seems to think the negroes entitled to consideration for the thrift which they were endeavouring to practise.

Mixed with solicitude for his emigrants is a certain homesickness which he does not seek to hide. In October, 1828, after adverse reports, circulated by tongues malicious to his interests, had almost succeeded in breaking down the Company, he writes that he "has no time to think of any matter, but only of emigrants, and the tribe and train of vexations which they bring along with them." In the same letter he speaks of having sent "the boys" to school in the Lower Province, and concludes with, "I need not say that a gossiping letter is here an article above all price, and there is no chance of a glut in

the market. Mrs. G. desires her kindest regards to you and all Musselburgh friends." And at another time he asks for a "chit-chatting" letter as the most welcome kind he could receive. But, after all, he took chief thought of emigrants. A philanthropic care for the well-being of all settlers brought directly or indirectly to his notice, an intense delight in Canadian scenery, a healthy liking for the occupations of the country, and a never-ceasing endeavour to better the condition of the hard-working home-seekers who toiled so bravely in the new world, all went to the making of the less troubled side of Galt's sojourn in Canada. But the time came when he felt he must leave the country finally. He was then doubly anxious that his accounts should be audited and his transactions fully inspected, with the result that two of the best qualified men in the United States to so act reported upon his doings in terms of powerful and efficient vindication.

From the time of his first visit to Albany Mr. Galt entertained a warm liking for many Americans; and during a later visit to Buffalo he was confirmed in his respect for them. In Albany he had been dined by De Witt Clinton; but the attention, he thought, was chiefly due to Mrs. Clinton's admiration for "Micah Balwhidder." The lady herself appealed strongly to Mr. Galt's regard, as he "recognized at once a very striking likeness to my mother." In Buffalo, where a distressing state of health and much mental disquietude could not obscure his humorous appreciation of events as they passed before him, we find him describing the hotel as one that "beats the Waterloo Tontine or the Regent Bridge of Edinburgh (as the Yankees would say) to immortal smash." On the same visit he was accorded an honour on entering the theatre at which no man could fail to feel a thrill of gratification, the orchestra striking up a Scottish air to welcome him; but his loyal spirit was more truly pleased when, out of compliment to the naval friends who were with him, the orchestra played "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the King." His testimony agrees with that of other writers of his time, and even later, that the names of the King

and Canning were treated with respect and regard by the Americans.

Much interest would have been added to our reading of Galt's life had those persons who thought it worth writing about seen fit to give us a clearer picture of the domestic side. Certainly he himself gives little prominence to the episode of his marriage; but his letters bear witness to the love, even when shielded by Scotch restraint, and anticipation which he put into his home-making at "The Priory" and "The Mountain." Of the former residence he writes, in October, 1828: "About a month ago, after sending the boys to school in the Lower Province, I brought Mrs. Galt to this city, for now it begins to be worthy of the name, where, all things considered, we are not uncomfortable. Our house, it is true, is but a log one, the first that was erected in the town; but it is not without some pretension to elegance. It has a rustic portico formed with the trunks of trees, in which the constituent parts of the Ionic order are really somewhat intelligibly displayed. In the interior we have a handsome suit of public rooms, a library, etc. But we have only *one* associable neighbour. . . . It is not entirely void of truth that I have some intention of sending home, in the spring, a quire or two about Canada. . . . I expect, also, in the long quiet winter nights, to prepare another volume for Blackwood." Mrs. Galt, who was the daughter of an editor—Galt's good friend, Dr. Tilloch—had little cause to love her life in Canada; but, such as it was, her husband gave to the welfare of his family due thought.

With all his absorption in affairs, Mr. Galt never fails to be interested in the doings and sayings of his children, and he devotes a telling paragraph to a description of the play engaged in by his two boys with some young Indians—a kind of wild animal never before seen by these two lads fresh from England, but instantly approached with that noble spontaneousness which was one of the great and natural weapons of the Galt family when dealing with unknown dangers. On another occasion, when the father wondered "when men cease to be

children," his son John, a Solomon of three years, sagely remarked that "Papa is the biggest boy I ever knew." In spite of the difficulties which beset him, Mr. Galt long retained the feelings of his boyhood, his heart remaining young. In after time, when he felt impelled to settle himself definitely, his decision was made because "the boys were coming fast forward." "You will be surprised that I take no interest in the Reform question; but the boys are fierce Tories. By the way, the tale in Bogle Corbet is a joint composition of Tom and Alexander, with scarcely a word altered. I have preserved the MS. from which it is printed, and they are engaged on another which is still better. The manners of the trio are somewhat singular, for the whole party have not one companion of their own age, but all their friendships are among their elders."

On the 25th April, 1833, he writes: "John and Thomas have sailed for Canada, and you cannot imagine how much this event disconcerts me. . . . John, poor fellow, goes with my full concurrence, though I cannot say the same of Thomas; but I submit. He is himself in the meantime pleased, but the Canada Company have not acted towards his father so as to give me the slightest hope." The sadness of this letter is completed in its last sentence; "but I am so helpless, and so many troubles perplex me that require a stouter health to withstand."

After that the time was spent in suffering under and fighting his maladies, while he still looked forward to going with his youngest son to Canada, "where the boys are." But Alexander was suddenly ordered off, and the father in discussing what ultimate effect this move will have on his determination, says: "As yet I am only sensible of his absence." When asked to take up the work of forming still another company, he is made to feel his "inability only more acutely," and is "still a little flattish in parting with Alexander."

Some works of reference in noting "Galt, the celebrated Scottish novelist," credit him with two sons only. In the light of Mr. Galt's own letters, this is a mistake not to be excused.

John Galt the younger, with his handsome face and kindly courtesy of mind and manner, was not a man to be lightly forgotten by those who had the privilege of his friendship. His too early death was truly mourned; and had he lived, his character showed that he could not have been kept from reaching as prominent a place in the records of Canada as that held by each of his brothers.

Of his father Mr. Galt says little, but that little comes from the heart when he writes that "My father was one of the best, as he was one of the handsomest men." Of his mother we know much more. During his early years of delicacy, when his time was given to gardening and verse making, music and mechanics, she watched him, as he then thought, too closely and carefully, and when all his whims were swallowed up in his love for books she feared his lack of constitutional strength, and also hesitated to increase his unbusiness-like proclivities. Afterwards, with deep regret, she deplored her resolute opposition to his passion. Her influence was felt by her son throughout his life, and his "Autobiography" contains an affecting account of her death.

At a time when Mr. Galt's mind was stretched on the rack of apprehension, fearing that even yet the Canada Company might burst and thus injure many friends whom he had induced to participate in the concern—during the period when the great controversy between the three powers concerned was pending—he composed "The Omen," considered by his biographers to be one of the most beautiful and most elaborately finished of his productions. The melancholy tone of the motive received additional food from his surroundings at that time; and one touch calculated to complete his woe was supplied in the manner of the death of his mother. A man of deep feeling and strong attachment, Galt was at all times a devoted son.

One of his biographers takes occasion to remark that Galt owed his chief parts to his mother, if, indeed, "genius and talent are to be considered at all as hereditary."

The Superintendent was invariably interested in the face of Nature, whether at home or abroad, and he never lost sight of the beauties to be found on his Canadian trips, even when he was, as usual, single-minded for the furtherance of the good of the Company. Of the day on which he gave their names to points on the Grand River, he thus writes:

"The day was bright and beautiful, and the trees seemed pleased to see themselves in the clear flowing water. I do not now recollect all the names we gave to the different points. One peninsula, however, that was an island when the snow melted, we called Eldon's Doubt; another bold bluff promontory, overlooking a turbulence in the stream, we called Canning's Front; and a violent rapid was hailed, in honour of one I could not but consider accessory to our being in such wilds, as Horton's Hurries. But it would seem the name was not well taken, for in sailing over it a rock in a most spiteful manner damaged our scow, so that she was more than half full before we could get the ladies landed in a little bay, where the water at the brink was only eight feet deep. By this time it was sunset, and we had to traverse the forest for some distance before reaching the clearing. At last we got to a farm-house of one Walter Scott, who came, of all places in the world, from Selkirk. We stayed with him that night, and as there is a shallow in the Grand River near his house, we called it Abbotsford. We thence proceeded to Brantsford, the Indian village, and thence into the purlieus of civilization, from which, by the pretty, breezy town of Ancaster on the Bay, I went alone to York. . . . This descent of the Grand River furnished me afterwards with the idea of that similar excursion, which I have described in 'Lawrie Todd.'"

Long afterwards, when all business projects had failed him, Mr. Galt went to his desk with a dogged determination to make his pen stand by him to the end of life; and it was at this time, while labouring under all the morbid introspection which then clouded his mind, that "Lawrie Todd," perhaps his most popular work, was produced. This book received its

starting point at a meeting with Mr. Grant Thorburn,* of New York, when that person furnished Mr. Galt with his autobiography.

To Little York Galt was not very complimentary, describing it in short terms as a place "provocative of blue devils." For Quebec he had almost an affection, and when speaking of Malta as "the kindliest place I was ever in," he qualifies the praise with "save Quebec, in Canada." Some of his few happy Canadian memories were associated with the old capital; for when, on his second coming to this country, he found he was to undergo all the trials to which at home he had felt himself predestined—"At length the Demon of his Destiny bade Fortune frown, as with a sudden blight,"—the misrepresentations made to Sir Peregrine Maitland on his arrival following Mr. Galt in their baleful effect throughout the remainder of his colonial career, a temporary mitigation of the Superintendent's position was provided by the kindliness of the Governor-in-Chief and his lady at Quebec. While there his spirits recovered sufficiently to allow him to write a farce, a very successful production, which was performed by the members and friends of the garrison. "In the course of this time the gentlemen of the garrison got up an amateur theatre, and I engaged to write for them a farce, in which the peculiarities of the inhabitants were to be caricatured. It was not, however, all mine. No less than thirty-three contributors gave jokes and hints to the composition, and some of the characters were outlined by the performers themselves. It was admirably acted; and what was as good, it yielded fifty pounds to the Emigrant Society of the city, and left a considerable balance, nearly as much, to be appropriated to the expenses of fitting up the theatre. Their Excellencies the Governor-in-Chief and Lady Dalhousie came in state, and as everybody was resolved

* During our Paul Pryish peregrinations in New York we dropped in on the identical Lawrie Todd, and found him busy sweeping out the boards of his store with a broom, the handle of which towered far above the head of the dust disturbing hero."—*D. Wilkie's "Summer Trip to New York and the Canadas,"* 1837.

to be pleased nothing could go better. . . . By the way, I should not forget that Dunlop the 'Backwoodsman,' better known as the 'Tiger,' performed the part of a Highland chieftain. For those who know his appearance and grotesque manner, I need not say how; the rest of the world cannot conceive a moiety of his excellence. Of my friend I cannot give a more descriptive character than a gentleman once gave of him to me. He said Mr. Dunlop was a compound of a bear and a gentleman. I did not know that bears were so good natured."

The names of Galt and Dunlop have a connection earlier than the days of the Canada Company. An ancestor of the former, one John Galt, when banished—for no crime—to Carolina, found in the same ship the Rev. William Dunlop (afterwards Principal of Glasgow University), who deemed it prudent to absent himself from home at that time. His lineal descendant, Mr. Galt's coadjutor, had no claim to the title of reverend. But, if not reverend, he was a true man; and it was a constant, if unspoken, gratification to the much-harassed Superintendent to have so closely associated with him one who followed his thoughts and appreciated his actions, the clannish friendship which exists between two Scotchmen hailing from the same neighbourhood clinging to each man. As to Doctor Dunlop's assumed uncouthness, in another connection Mr. Galt says it was more his own habit "to look at God's creatures than at the works of the tailor or milliner;" and in the saying we miss the "Thou fool" which another Scotchman has loved to hurl at inoffensive little tailor-made souls. Mr. Galt himself was never other than the "plain gentleman." "I was, doubtless, not born in the hemisphere of fashion, but I have lived in it as much as a plebeian should do who had any respect for himself." There is no snob clot on the Galt brain.

While giving his best thought to his duties, this poetical company inceptor had always time for a second glance at the face of Nature. Once, when caught in a spring flood in a valley of the Mohawk, he described it as "an elegant extract from the universal deluge. What have the Yankee poets to do with

translating European descriptions? There was more originality of poetry in the business of that morning than in all the rhyme they had yet published."

He tells us of "that rare and visionary reflection of land in the water, of which no one has given any satisfactory explanation," and he revels for four hours in the sight afforded him when his vessel lay off Cabot's Head. In his tales of journeying with "singing boatmen, a race fast disappearing," he and Bonnycastle, Bond Head, Strickland and McTaggart make us think that the poetry of travel which disappeared with the advent of steam can never be made up to us by present speed and comforts.

Mr. Galt's literary career began before infancy was left behind. When six years of age we find him putting together some couplets inspired by the death of two pet larks; and later on, when he read Pope's Iliad, his young brain was so wrought upon that he fell upon his knees, praying that some day a like power might be his.

His school days were scattered—days and weeks of dreaming over his mechanical contrivances, or spent in hunting out old crones who could tell him tales of older times, taking up much of his early boyhood; and the life thus led, with its consequent lack of healthy boyish occupation, fostered his originally vivid imagination. Chief of his old cronies was the mother of young Gueliland, a gallant flag-officer to Nelson. She told a stirring tale of her son's death at Trafalgar, and the little Galt spent many an hour in her cottage. He was long enough at school, however, to make some friendships which were terminated only by death, one being with William Spence, the future author of "A Treatise on Logarithmic Transcendents," the other and chief affection being given to James Park, who in process of time became Galt's literary mentor. Another friend whose subsequent movements were of interest was Eckford, the future architect of the American Navy. But throughout Galt's life he turned to Park for counsel or appreciation, and Park never failed him. Their correspondence shows that the tie between

them was strong enough to stand a friendly candour. When Park replied to Galt's request for criticism on "The Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey," he wrote that "the dignified declamatory style has certainly its advantages, but the worst of it is that it is apt to tire by its monotony," adding a line or two pointing out weaknesses; but the general tone of the letter is laudatory both to the man and his work. Galt himself says that before he went abroad his style was declamatory, and that on his return he found it changed to the sententious. In another letter, Park makes a descriptive comparison: "Were we words instead of men, you would be a verb active, with a strong optative mood." He further reminds Galt that "an author, by the frequent perusal of his MS., comes to lose his tact entirely, and may be benefited by the criticism of the very printers' devils." Without doubt, Mr. Galt had laid to heart Seneca's ideas on precept and good counsel.

"Schemes" indulged in by lads of the present day would have been translated into "high emprise" by these Greenock boys. Mr. Galt gives us a description of their ardent doings, when, at the time of the breaking out of the second Revolutionary War, they formed themselves into a corps, and full of patriotism and military ambition offered themselves to their country, which did not properly appreciate the gift. Then their energies turned to the forming of a literary society, which, to their credit be it said, had a somewhat lengthy existence. Mr. Galt says that they met once a month "to read all sorts of essays on every kind of subject," characterizing his own as "rigmaroles;" but he had older readers, who declared the frothy manuscript held the mark of a noble soul which was destined to develop.

From ordinary school days and days afield when he and Park studied land surveying, from the Customs House at Greenock and the mercantile office of Miller & Company, it is a long step to the point he early tried to reach in the society of the Muses. Often they would have none of him, scorning his rough Scotch wooing. Neither they nor Fortune smiled upon him, even when

he carried his pursuit to London. There, he says, he had neither friend nor acquaintance, "as forlorn an adventurer as could well be." When he had rid himself, anonymously, of his "Battle of Largs," he once more took up mercantile life. But a few years of struggle, intensified by the longing of his soul for a different groove, made him turn to the Bar. At the time that he became a member of Lincoln's Inn there were few better read young men of his age to be found; and his researches on his "Life of Wolsey" opened some libraries to him which were a source of never-ending delight and instruction. A dweller in many cities, his months of sojourn in individual spots made him, in his extensive travels, fill his naturally receptive mind with a store of information which turned to his advantage when he found himself forced to authorship in his time of desperate need.

Mr. Galt, candid in all things, owns that his "ruling passion is love of fame;" and "the high faith in his own powers when young" did not desert him through the sorrows of later life. A certain part of the fame he sought to attain now seems to be his, and Canada contains many a testimonial to his correct prevision. The man of whom a book of reference says, "In 1834 he came back to Scotland poverty-stricken and broken in health, and after suffering repeated shocks of paralysis, died at Greenock, April 11, 1839," is the man who did for western Scotland what Scott did for the east; and it is good to know that this fact is not forgotten in these days of appreciation of "A Window in Thrums," and "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." There were some friends who asserted that Galt's name would live.

To Mr. Blackwood Galt owed much. The great editor, ever acute and far-seeing, recognized the little-known writer's forte, and Mr. Galt did not hesitate to affirm that it was to *Blackwood's* he owed his first success, with an encouragement to go on and prosper. The self-confidence thus given him by one qualified to know whereof he spoke freed Mr. Galt's hand in his subsequent work.

The friendship which then began between the two men afterwards underwent a coolness for a very common cause—a woman—an imaginary female, it is true, but nevertheless too real for Mr. Blackwood. As at that time Mr. Galt was harassed by Canadian concerns, in addition to feeling all the throes of composition upon him without opportunity for a proper outlet, he felt in double measure the cessation of confidence resulting from Mr. Blackwood's too candid criticism of Mrs. Soorocks in "The Last of the Lairds." In effect the criticism was the highest praise, for he spoke as if she had been a real being, and in a letter written by Mr. Galt on the 1st of October, 1826, he says he wants no better proof of having succeeded in his conception. In 1834, when both men were in Edinburgh, Mr. Blackwood, laid on that sick bed from which he was never to rise, and Mr. Galt, shattered and feeble, endeavouring to give attention to the publication of his "Literary Miscellanies," although separated by not more than one hundred yards between their residences, they were destined not to meet. It was, however, a source of mutual gratification that many kindly messages passed between them, their intercourse at the close of life resuming the friendliness of former years.

Many of Mr. Galt's mental disturbances date from the issue of his "Life of Byron." In an article which appeared in Edinburgh, in May, 1839, soon after his death, its writer, after enumerating Galt's good qualities as an author, balances the reluctantly given praise by asserting that he was too frequently dry and tedious in detail; and it characterizes his "Life of Byron" as erroneous, absurd and incompetent. Read in the light of Mr. Galt's explanation, it does not appear so incompetent. His personal knowledge of Byron dated from the day of his arrival at Gibraltar, when setting out on his travels; and by the time Malta was reached, Mr. Galt had discovered the littleness of the great poet.

"All the passengers except Byron and Hobhouse being eager to land, went on shore with the captain. Byron let out the secret of his staying behind to me, an expected salute from the

batteries, and sent ashore notice to Sir Alexander Ball, the Governor, of his avatar, but the guns evinced no respect of persons, so that the two magnates were obliged to slip into the town at the heel of the evening, unnoticed and unknown."

Between the time of Mr. Galt's return to London and the date when his family joined him there, he applied such a steady pen that his literary labours added much to his mental distress; and his secluded life naturally brought about a deplorable physical state. At this desperate juncture he was effectually roused by Messrs. Colbourn & Bentley's request to write a life of Byron; and scarcely was this task accepted and begun when Lockhart & Murray begged him to accept the editorship of *The Courier*. A true friendship was begun at that time with Lockhart, which was broken only by death.

Mr Galt, thinking himself qualified for something more useful than "stringing blethers into rhyme or writing clishmaclavers in a closet," accepted the editorship. "It did not appear that there was any particular craft requisite to conduct a newspaper." For once his perceptions failed him. However, ignorant as he was of those things which go to the making of an editor's success, he thought he found out "that no species of literature affords so wide a scope for annoyance, or calls for less knowledge, than the editorship of a newspaper."

In a letter penned in July, 1830, he complains that the editor's chair is by no means a comfortable one for a man of his tastes and bias; so he accordingly "begged off." In the same letter he speaks of his "Life of Byron," and the way in which he was tracing the poet's various motives. "You will be surprised to see how little invention has been used, and yet how, by the mere force of genius, he should have rendered matters of fact so poetical."

Confirmed ill-health was now upon Mr. Galt, and he "could no longer equivocate to himself that the afternoon of life was come, and the hour striking," while he knew he "was overpast the summit of his strength." This was not a favourable time in which to write his biography of the poet, a work which is known

to have done its author much harm, but which did not deserve the lashing it received at the hands of Hobhouse and Moore. For whatever Mr. Galt advances he gives his reasons; and in his "Literary Life" he states explicitly the foundation on which he built his production. In a letter to a literary friend he says, "I did not expect that my account of Byron would provoke adversaries among those who did *not* know him." Later he writes: "Notwithstanding all the clamour, however, being on one side, the book is already in a third edition, nearly ten thousand copies being sold. I am (staying) with an old friend of his lordship; and his cousin, Mt. H——n, seems to think I have chosen the only proper course in treating of his waywardness."

Besides being a widely informed man on general subjects and specially versed in many, we find Mr. Galt to be slightly conversant with a few which a man of narrower range might easily have missed. At Palermo, where he was so much interested in those "few giblets of antiquity," he added to his store. And during successive periods of his life we find him giving his views to the public on all subjects, from the timber trade to printers' ink, from alchemy and mechanics to witchcraft and predestination; the history of sugar and the bullion question to casuistry and heraldry. Of music, too, he prided himself upon knowing somewhat. He once set two airs which he intended to appear in "Rothelan;" but the printer was also musical, and a substitution was the result. "Courteous reader, sympathize! Instead of my two fine airs, with an original inflection that had been much admired by a competent judge, I beheld two that surely had been purchased at the easy charge of a half-penny apiece, from a street piper." Some musical instruments had been part of his boyish mechanical contrivances, but the two airs in question were his chief feats in the art of music since.

His knowledge of those "giblets of antiquity" merely whetted his appetite for something more than giblets, and he gives us a racy account of the rape of the Elgin marbles. This

man of many works was within an ace of adding the thousandth to his number, by procuring the treasures in his own name. That he failed was due to the waking of Lord Elgin, not to his own nodding.

It has been said, by those who affect to know, that the secret of Mr. Galt's lack of worldly success lay in the multiplicity of his resources. His stores of learning were not of a kind to stand him in practical stead; the very grasp and comprehensiveness of his mind led him into a speculative groove whence it was sometimes difficult to emerge.

There seems to be but one opinion as to his position in the literary world, although some authorities do not arrive at their conclusion with ease. "For some years he tried his hand at almost every kind of literary composition," as Alden's Universal Literature not too elegantly expresses it. One reference which offers itself as a guide describes him as deficient in commercial caution and in deference to government and home authorities alike. A more painstaking person states that like all voluminous writers he was exceedingly unequal; but in his rich humour, genuine pathos and truthful representation of nature, he is not surpassed even by Scott; that his humour is broader and more contagious than Scott's, and that his pictures of the sleepy life in old Scottish towns are unrivalled in literature; that it would be difficult to overrate the immense services which he has rendered alike to the history of the manners and to the history of the life of the Scottish people. Alan Cunningham adds an opinion as to Galt's variety of tools, and his capability in using them; but for more definite praise we may turn to the effect created by the appearance of his writings and the testimony which some of them received from Scott.

His tale, "The Omen," was honoured by the greater writer's praise; and as the real author was for long not suspected, Mr. Galt had the pleasure of hearing it ascribed to first one and then another of his contemporaries who held a much higher place in the literary world than he.

"Annals of the Parish" was composed years before the

appearance of "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering," although some of his detractors tried to prove that they inspired it. When it was refused by the publishers as something entirely too Scotch, and therefore not likely to take, it was thrown aside and forgotten until his success in *Blackwood's* made him remember his neglected MS.

The reception which his "Chronicle of Dalmailing" received put the finishing touch at that period to the establishment of Mr. Galt's reputation as an author. At the same time it was considered that his work bore too great evidence of hurry. Many of his first thoughts as given to the world he would have surely cancelled on a sober review; but it is claimed for them that underlying all crudities could be discerned the vigorous and searching intellect and original thought which developed in later time. His friends thought that his works might have better stood the criticism of succeeding generations had he given a little care to re-reading; but always his inclination, and later his circumstances, made him think it wise to write and print almost simultaneously, his copy often not being more than a page in advance. This habit is responsible for some of the phrases which, with his love of elegance, he would otherwise have polished out of existence.

"The Entail," lauded by Byron and said by some critics to be Galt's best work, is worthy of record as having been read thrice by Scott and by Byron. "The Spaewife" was dramatized by Thomas Dibdin, and when played before George IV. that monarch was so well pleased that he sent his congratulations to the author; but the most valuable acknowledgment came from Miss Edgeworth, while Galt was in Canada, in the form of a critical letter.

"Ringan Gilhaize" was the only novel ever recommended from a Scottish pulpit—a kind of criticism much appreciated by the author.

In "The Lives of the Players" he claims no literary merit for the book itself, but he asks for the players a more perceptive regard than the world had hitherto given them. For him-

self he says, "No composition with which I was ever engaged was so pregnant with instruction, or taught the necessity of being more indulgent towards the aberrations of mankind."

"The Ayrshire Legatees" published anonymously and ranking in Scotland much as "Humphrey Clinker" in England, was credited with no lower a paternity than Waverley. With his "Battle of Largs" he was fairly satisfied, saying "the reviewers were endurable for a young writer, not then acquainted with how small a modicum of knowledge is required to enable a critic to begin business." Another critic, Disraeli, gratified him with an appreciation of "The Life of Wolsey;" but about the appearance of a later work, "Bogle Corbet," he was not so happy. "It is another proof, if one were wanting, that booksellers step from their line when they give orders like to an upholsterer for a piece of furniture."

Mr. Galt regained some of his interest in the outside world when he heard of the great Liverpool company which intended to make New Brunswick the scene of its operations, and he used his best efforts to form a counter company on what appeared to him better lines. Not succeeding in this, he attempted to bring the two companies into one; but that design was a failure, and at length he found himself unanimously elected provisional secretary of the company which by his efforts he had formed.

During this busy time he had continued to write; but his works of that period are not those on which to base his reputation as an author. "Stanley Buxton" is a difficult book to criticize and at the same time to give its author due consideration for his intention; while "The Member" and "The Radical," evidently turned off from the hand of an artist, received little attention in Britain. In France, however, they attracted more notice than any of his other productions. "Eben Erskine" is rated as a clever book and one most suggestive of the changes which took place in Mr. Galt between the times of the penning of his earlier and his later works; and further it is supposed to contain glimpses of the history of his own youth.

Of such alteration he says: "Men are like the chameleon; they take a new colouring from the objects they are among; the reptile itself never alters either in shape or substance." While he gives us that sentiment he is at the same time depicting the changes of character which overtook him.

His pen pictures of the Scotland of his day make the reader wish he had given equal attention to the life and times he found in his wanderings abroad. But even when abroad, his "visitations of infirmity" were upon him, and writing was often a labour. When ill at Athens, he employed himself in "the unprofitable industry of poem-making;" his "excuse for such foolishness was that verses were things of small bulk, easily carried about and, if lumber, were not heavy."

When he engaged in "the not very gentlemanly occupation" of writing his own life, he did so while much depressed from circumstances and broken in health. But even in his extremity of pain his sense of humour did not desert him, and we find him declaring that "although a man who has wrestled eleven times with paralysis cannot hide his weakness, his imbecility need not be shown too obviously."

In criticizing some of his own sentences, in a letter to Park he says "They showed how green I must have been in my knowledge of the world not to think ignorance and folly had as much to do with human affairs as interest." He was not always complimentary to his own poetry, although, when the critics had agreed he was not at his happiest in verse, he says, in 1833, "As to my poems, I begin to think they are not so bad." But once, when looking back at some of his lines, he exclaims, "Good God! to think that one was ever so young as to write such stuff!" In 1834 he apologizes for the number of his poems, saying that "it is easier to compose verses in bed than even to dictate prose." Of his general authorship he says: "Notwithstanding I have put together so many books and have become so various an author, it has been rather in consequence of the want of active engagement than from a predominant predilection for the art." In his diction he could

be ponderous enough when occasion required, but he was not afraid to express himself in easy form. His request to a friend for a chit-chatting letter is an example of the style in which he conducted much of his early correspondence, his stilted phrases being reserved for cold business and intercourse with those persons who expressed ideas distasteful to him. As to ideas, he adhered to his own with true northern obstinacy. He was not fitted to write of himself as he really was. Perpetual ill-health, culminating in terrible disease, ill-fortune in business and unremunerative literary labour, all tended to bring about a morbidness of mind which made his introspection more painful than trustworthy.

Although he really possessed the power of discriminating character, "which is an attainment that study may acquire, but is not much calculated to increase a man's happiness," he sometimes felt himself wounded where no slight was meant; and there were some pet children of his brain which the critics did not agree with him in admiring. But a man's intellectual power need not be measured by its weakest point. L. E. L., when referring to the superiority of his Scottish novels over his other attempts, thus sums up: "He was, like Antæus, only great when he touched his mother earth."

In the criticism of others Galt was noble. He gives a whole-hearted version of his view of "Ivanhoe," and in all his mention of Scott there is no hint of the jealousy which a lesser light so often feels towards a greater. Pure admiration and appreciation are the only elements in his criticism of the great man whom Scotland and the world will go on loving and honouring to the end of time. Scott was, indeed, "one of those rare characters lent to the world as a pattern, to show how respectable human nature may become." No jealous man could have said that "there is a kind of inexpressible pleasure in being contemporary with great men, to witness their dawn and enjoy their uprising."

While it cannot be denied that Galt was open to the charge of being possessed by a huge egotism, a close look at the man

will show that his was the egotism which is part of most great characters. A good man with a great character, Galt narrowly escaped being a great man with a great character. Of pettinesses he possessed few. Even when his ill-wishers tried to quote to his disfavour his appreciation of the courtesies extended to him by those of higher rank, they could make little of the attempt. When speaking of "The Spaewife," Mr. Galt, who was personally unknown to the King, tells with a pleased humility of the many attentions paid him by certain members of the Royal Family; but the pleased humility never turns to arrogance.

Nor had he a proper regard for filthy lucre. There have been geniuses who still appreciated lucre, even if filthy; but Mr. Galt was not one of them. A man of the world, conversant with the habits, thoughts and customs of civilized society, he was still essentially not a man of the world, one of his characteristics being a total misappreciation of pecuniary matters, his interest only being properly roused where the comfort of his family was concerned. This inability to gather money brings his later life before the reader of his biography in a painful light. A believer in presentiments, he found on his arrival in London that his expected troubles came thick and fast, those touching the welfare of his family striking hard. One of the not least exasperating was that caused by the action of Doctor Valpy, of Reading, his sons' instructor, who, for auld lang syne, might have been expected to pursue a different course.

From the time of his return until the end, physically he grew worse. After his removal to Old Brompton in 1831, his complaints gradually increased in force until he was doomed to hateful idleness. His only relaxation came by way of his mechanical contrivances, and he renounced the unprofitable art of poem-making. Later, he says: "My invalid condition disabled me from writing, and the state of my sight from reading," so that he resumes his "pastime at the fireside of stringing blethers up in ryhme."

In June, 1832, his friend Moir thus writes of him: "When

we parted, seven years ago, he was in the prime and vigour of manhood, his eye glowing with health and his step full of elasticity. But instead of the powerful and vigorous frame, before me sat the drooping figure of one old before his time, crippled in his movements and evidently but half resigned to the curtailment of his mental and bodily exertions. . . . Notwithstanding all these depressing influences, added to the melancholy fact that his helplessness had come upon him just at the time when his most active exertions were necessary for the disposal in life of his three sons, who were all very dear to him and of whom he had every reason to be proud, he not only bore up with a cheerful magnanimity, but at every interval of comparative freedom from suffering took up his pen with all his olden diligence and industry." This picture is a sad one when compared with the idea given of Mr. Galt by an old man who himself makes a picturesque figure in Canada as one of an almost departed generation: "Galt was a fresh-coloured, splendid-looking man, almost six feet four, with a frame in proportion. Not a talkative man, but when questioned clear and courteous in his replies." The massive frame and general features have been faithfully reproduced in his descendants—the black hair and keen eyes, straight nose and curving upper lip over a finely-rounded chin, all being familiar.

John Galt had played with capable fingers on the keyboard of life; and when he recognized the loss of power that came upon him all too soon, the moment was bitter to bear. "When you see the old making their exit, and the young coming upon the scene and who push you from your stool, the tables are turned indeed. Reluctant to admit this to yourself, you become inordinately busy; but at last you find all your efforts vain, and sullenly, in some cases it may be, submit to be elbowed from the thoroughfares of life."

The proud spirit which had once taken as its motto:

> "Ne'er ask a favour which you cannot claim
> As due for services of gen'rous aim,"

was forced to give in to the "inextinguishable sense of helplessness, sharpened with anguish, and the apprehensions which have usurped the seats of hope and health for ever." To one who had so rejoiced in conscious power, what anguish could be more exquisite than that conveyed in such sentences. And again we have him saying:

> "The burning thought, the boding sigh,
> The grief unnamed that old men feel,
> The languid limbs that withering lie,
> The powerless will's effectless zeal;
> All these are mine . . ."

Hampered in means, pursued by authors' troubles, a physical wreck, he and his wife desolated by the absence of their sons, Galt still struggled manfully to wrest from the world the living which he felt, on all counts, it owed him. But his moves from London to Edinburgh, thence to Greenock, from there to Gourock, and back again to Greenock, were productive of little good. His acute sufferings in the last years of his life turned to helpless, hopeless debility, while his financial affairs were in a state unguessed by his friends until too late.

Sanguine to excess, of untiring industry, open, generous and unsuspicious, endowed with remarkable energy and talent, unselfish, unaffected and sincere, true in his attachments and pure-minded in purpose, is the character written of John Galt by one who knew him best. A good man, and almost a great, was this humorous Scottish novelist whose life was so pathetic. A writer in the *National Observer* says that the story of his life is the tale of a man of boundless energy, of considerable ambition and of business capacity, ruined by an imagination that minimized difficulties and painted the future as he would have it; qualities these that have made the Empire.

CHAPTER III.

CANADA AS THE COMPANY FOUND IT.

"TICKLER.—*But what say you of the colonies?*

"NORTH.—*Nothing. Canada is peevish, but we shall soon settle all that. A most honoured contributor, and a most excellent Tory—our friend Galt—reigns there in plenitude of power; and the Department of Woods and Forests is under the control of a Lord Warden (the Tiger), whose learned lucubrations have figured in the Magazine. Under such control, Sir George Murray may rest contented. The remainder of the empire is as well as can be expected.*"

IT is somewhat of a task, in this age of railroads and electricity, to bring back pictures which lie hidden in an oblivion devoted to log huts and corduroy. If we depend entirely upon the literature of that day the pictures will surely not be flattering to our ancestors, and may hurt what is known as family pride. Those who drew them laid on colours made vivid by their own disappointments, the inevitable reaction following the excitement of emigration. They beheld in the rough exteriors and manners of the native-born Canadians, and those long settled in the country, images of what they too might become under similar conditions. Hard toil had made men turn savageward rather than to the lighter and more cultivated phases of life. The means of learning even the rudiments of education were few; the travelling preacher was the most cultivated man to be met; a letter or a newspaper was perhaps a yearly affair; there was little travel over the abominable roads; and as amusement is ever a want bound to be supplied, an abuse of Scott's idea that a "life without mirth is as a lamp without oil," followed; for in the absence of such as might be innocent, people often came together to indulge in that which was demoralizing.

York they all pass by, in either letters or books, as uncongenial, pretentious, or crude, and they complain that all Canadian towns had a straggling, unfinished look, as if the houses had not yet got accustomed to one another. But they watched with interest, and recorded at length, the red lights from fishing boats making vivid reflections in the waters beneath, the picturesque dress of a voyageur, or the multitudes of wild fowl and game in the lagoons and forests. They deemed it somewhat remarkable that the Canadian population, at that time drawn from all Europe and every State in the Union, should exhibit such small variety in manners, customs, dress, or mode of life. Germans, Highlanders, French, English, and Irish, soon fused and became "Canadian." The mass of them was of the kind—so says one historian—who, previous to their voyage, had never seen anything more luxurious than "murphies" and buttermilk, oaten cake and porridge, and were as little known to tea as the Highlander who, newly enrolled in a regiment, came for his allowance of coffee, but refused to be content with the "wish-wash" and demanded a goodly portion of the grains to eat, as they were more like to his own "crowdy."

Again, this historian says: "Of all the vapid coxcombs upon earth, an Irish emigrant without education is the most intolerable, the least amiable and the most preposterous, a perfect model of affectation." He is equally hard upon Canadian personal appearance. "The men tall and slight and not badly proportioned, but with complexions little fairer than their Indian neighbours, with features good but utterly void of intelligence and expression. Inured to hardship from infancy, and always labouring in the open air, they become strong, athletic, and active."

Was it wonderful that the life which made them thus strong physically entailed a void of intelligence and expression, when gloomy forests, rail fences, log huts and decayed stumps met the gaze from infancy, and were the last things looked upon; when the hammer of the woodpecker, the growl of the bear, the

monotone of the bluejay, or the melancholy song of the whip-poor-will, added minor sounds to sombre sights. To most the prospect was confined to the limits of a mile; the distances, with the bad roads, were bars to social intercourse; and daily sustenance, growth, and harvest—an easy matter in that fertile virgin soil—made life soon become

> "To eat and drink and sleep. What then?
> Why, eat and drink and sleep again."

The seeds of melons, when carelessly strewed upon the ground and covered, without any further attention attained a degree of perfection in size and flavour which sounds apocryphal to the laborious owner of a latter-day hot-bed. An Upper Canadian melon was at the average when twenty pounds in weight, and fine at fifty; much thrown away upon "a people who are little capable of duly appreciating the delicacies which their indulgent skies scatter round them with such profuse liberality. If the climate of Canada were as unfavourable to the growth of fruit and vegetables as that of Great Britain and Ireland, its inhabitants would live and die without ever partaking of either, for they are too indolent and careless to put forth those exertions which would then be necessary. If manna were showered down from heaven into their mouths, I dare say they would swallow it; but if it fell upon the ground they would submit to a degree of partial starvation before they would take the trouble of collecting it."

Canadians of those times fared sumptuously, not only every day but three times a day. A sample breakfast sounds Bradwardian in its variety; green tea and fried pork, honey-comb and salted salmon, pound-cake and pickled cucumbers, stewed chicken and apple tart, ginger bread and sauerkraut. Dinner was but a repetition, and supper *da capo*.

The surprise parties, which were then a fashion, needed no baskets of provender for invaded homes and surprised hosts. Ten or twelve families often, indeed, set out in their sleighs for a neighbouring or distant farm; but the sudden arrival of

twenty or thirty guests did not discompose a housekeeper whose larder was thus provided against breakfast time. The flour-barrel was never empty; the pork tub was at hand; the fowl house full; and pies, tarts, preserves and cake were important parts of the week's routine. The furniture used was of the most primitive kind. A bedstead roughly hewn out with a felling-axe, the sides, posts and ends held together in screeching trepidation by strips of basswood bark; a bed of fine field-feathers, a table like a butcher's chopping-block, four or five benches of rude mechanism, a sap-trough for the baby's cradle; the indispensable apparatus for cooking; the one luxury an American rocking-chair; these constituted the fittings of an average Canadian interior. There was no idea of English cottage comfort. Inexhaustible supplies of pork, pumpkin-pie and sister dainties, satisfied present ambition.

It was an era in the wife's dull round when the quilting-bee or an occasional dance occurred, or when she braved the dangers of the backwoods road for a visit to market. She was slovenly in her appearance for ordinary home life, but fond of colour and variety when smartened for festivity. It was no uncommon thing to see a woman thus riding to market, a bag of apples across the horse's withers, and a basket of eggs suspended from the horn of the saddle. It was a brave maiden who so carried her eggs to market, but one who could out-ride the fashionable damsel of a modern gymkhana. The way led over causeways formed of tree-trunks, from nine inches to two feet in diameter, where the moist swampy places demanded such. The logs were not square, nor flattened, nor even straight; sometimes so far apart were they that any four-footed beast was in danger of broken limbs. But Canadian quadrupeds were early accustomed to dance on beech and maple, so that ere they reached their second year they were expert log-walkers. A mother would ride merrily along with her infant in front of her, her black silk gown trimmed with pink or green taffeta ribbon, a pair of garter-blue worsted stockings, shoes that knew not the radiance from Day & Martin's, her

muslin ruff set off with pale blue or scarlet, a bonnet of the finest lutestring or heavy sarcenet. Her home was humble, and her daily life rough; but she was the prospective mistress of a fine house, and of a future with as limitless a horizon as that from a lake-shore cliff.

Every inn was then provided with an extensive ball-room, and here people of the better sort and affluent had gatherings, which, if we are to believe an eye-witness, could scarcely be called merry. "A gentleman's subscription is about $5.00; the ladies pay nothing. For this sum you are entitled to bring with you a partner and servant, and be supplied with wine and other liquors, with tea and supper for yourself and them. The company, whether strangers or otherwise, are admitted on producing their tickets, without an introduction, and until dancing begins a solemn silence reigns. The gentlemen sit on one side of the room, the ladies on the other. A line of demarcation appears to be drawn between them, over which one would suppose it were high treason to pass or throw over even a sentiment. Both parties maintain an obstinate silence, and are cautious of trespassing beyond the imaginary landmark. . . . When the order for dancing is given, the gentlemen signify their willingness, but not their wish, to take partners, by awkwardly placing themselves *vis-à-vis* to their fair antagonists, and making a sort of bow, so stiff that as the head slowly inclines towards the floor you imagine you hear the spine and the marrow of the back separating."

Once launched, the ladies vied with each other in the performance of the most difficult figures. It was right and left, and six hands round, and down the middle until supper time, when each swain took his fair, and then, when satisfied, to dance again, seldom departing until daylight. The English which these people used was so un-English that it is described by a traveller like meeting an old friend with a new face. But many of the things complained of were so-called Americanisms which their descendants use glibly to-day, and which had moved in English circles when Canada was as yet part of that

unknown "somewhere leading to China"; the "Passionate Pilgrim" had substituted "fall" for "autumn" before the Grand Pilot had entered the Fox Channel of Hudson's Bay.

The want of ready money gave rise to many curious customs and situations. Barter was the whole commerce of the country, and even at a horse-race ten thousand dollars' worth of property would be lost and won without a single sou appearing. At one race four horses started on their quarter-mile course for a bet of ten thousand feet of boards; their riders were bootless and coatless, and the animals more fit for the farm than for their part of the work. A barrel of salt pork was staked that Split-the-Wind would win; a raw ox-hide against its weight in tanned leather was one bet; five or six partners in a pair of blacksmith's bellows put their unwieldy capital against a barrel of West India molasses; another staked three thousand cedar shingles. Races ended with brutal displays of strength, where the eyes of the combatants seemed to be the objective points. This was a relic of Virginia; and whenever, as was very common, a man was seen with only one eye, he was said to have received the Virginia brand.

The system of barter is described as having generally an evil influence. It afforded unlimited opportunity for cheating, and in palliation thereof arose the term "taking advantage." "For in Upper Canada a man is thought dishonest only when his knavery carries him beyond the bounds prescribed by law." In all these books there are pictures drawn of mortgage and foreclosure which would be beyond even a G. A. Reid; of diving again into the woods to begin life anew on a new grant, the second time handicapped by a young family. It was a cheerless way to spin out existence—the forest to begin with, to end with, and a feverish interval of excitement. The penniless son with his heirloom axe was no uncommon sight, for the Canadian father was proverbially careless of the future of his children. He had begun with nothing, and so might they.

The treatment of stock is written of as inhuman. Thrift alone might have dictated different methods. The cows were

not housed in winter, but skulked about barn doors and invited protection with imploring looks and shrunken sides. However, if they survived until spring, the supply of milk was equal to that given by cared-for British cattle. In one township the loss in one winter was fifteen hundred head, and entirely from neglect. All this would make melancholy reading, were it not that these travellers' tales sometimes broaden into assertions which cannot be believed now, whatever they may have been in the early part of this century. "Wolves are scarce in Canada, but they afford the finest furs in all the country. Their flesh is white and good to eat, and they pursue their prey to the tops of the tallest trees." We are told that aquatic fowl were numerous in Rice Lake, where seals were also to be met with, and on its shores pineapples were raised without trouble. "Nor," adds another, in detailing Upper Canadian game, "is the buffalo to be omitted." But perhaps the following is the *ne plus ultra* of disappointed hope when, time and money gone, pessimism found solace in copious draughts of ink. In the opinion of this morbid individual, "the country bears evident marks of having incurred the Divine displeasure," and for the enforcement of this extraordinary belief he urges that "the birds of Canada could not sing, the flowers emitted no perfume, the men had no hearts and the women no virtue."

The men who penned all this were highly educated; in many cases to a scientific degree. Their writings are full of literary allusion, and they give evidence of keen observation in their wanderings. They indulge in a style of description which brings out knowledge botanical, geological, zoological and anthropological, in spite of such slips as those quoted; but their tale of bad manners, snobbery, low ebb of religion and morals, is so uniform that we cannot but rely on their combined opinions, expressed at different times and in different places. Their chapter-headings alone convey a tale: "Obsequiousness of Husbands;" "Dearth of National Wit," and many worse. "The poetic quill of a Howison" and other contemporary pens were poetic at least in so far as license made them so. At times their

pages reveal an epidemic of nostalgia. "The very stones are not like those of England; . . . the grass is not of the same colour; even the very sunbeams are not as I have felt them." No wonder that one, more honest in his advice than most others, adjures those left behind: "Do not leave your country unless obliged. If you be so, go to Canada. Persevere, and you will attain a comfortable mediocrity."

The *Upper Canada Gazette* of 1818 says: "The swift steamboat *Walk-in-the-Water* is intended to make a voyage early in the summer from Buffalo, on Lake Erie, to Mackinaw, on Lake Huron, for the conveyance of company. The trip has so near a resemblance to the famous Argonautic expedition in the heroic that expectation is quite alive on the subject."

There was no more engrossing theme in the Company, once Galt and his helpers were at York, than this question of locomotion. In a measure, the possession by the Canada Company of the Huron Tract was due to the ever-vexed question of the Clergy Reserves, the tract having been thought an equivalent for them. To the west and north-west of New London all was unknown wild land. The office at York was a small room, some ten feet square. Here a quartette might be seen, deliberating, arguing; their system and plans regulated by the meagre facilities offered by the country, but their brains suggesting and elaborating schemes which are generally considered as belonging to latter-day wit. There was an experimental farm; a way to utilize rapids for power; and, most glorious dream of all, to go by canal from Quebec to Superior, pass the notches of the Rocky Mountains, and lock down the Columbia to the Pacific; Nootka would yet be as large as London, made so by the trade from the Orient; and with a steam packet line between London and Quebec, "we may come and go between China and Britain in about two months. The names of the stations will be London, Cove of Cork, the Azores, Newfoundland, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Port Dalhousie and Maitland, Erie, Huron and Superior, Rocky Mountains, Athabaska, Nootka, and Canton. Can this be called a foolish prophecy, an idle dream? By no means; it is perfectly practicable."

Seated at the table in that office was John MacDonald, surveyor and draughtsman, soon to be named "Stout Mac," from his feats of strength in taking loads up the steep cliffs at Goderich; large, fair, sanguine-complexioned, Highland in voice and accent, painstaking and a trifle slow. Up and down the confined space paced John Galt, keen of perception, of good constructive and administrative ability, and of cultured mind, as his books and the records of the inception of the Company tell for all time.

Now even his phlegmatic humour was tried by the Highlander seated at his little table; and as he paced slowly up and down he would say, "I'm not in a hurry, Mr. MacDonald." Gradually the pace increased with anxiety, but he still asserted, "I'm *not* in a hurry, Mr. MacDonald." He knew that to do a thing at the right moment was the soul of expedition, and he had come to that point when the amount already done seemed nothing when looking forward to all there was to do. Hard by was Charles Pryor, confidential friend and secretary. Of him, Mr. Galt's own record is, "Mr. Pryor's fault is to see things *too* well done." The last figure in the group was that of the Warden of the Forests of the Canada Company. This man's physique challenged inquiry: a remarkable man, and one destined to play the most prominent part in the history of the Huron Tract, his look inspired confidence and won affection and respect.

Already William Dunlop's Canadian experience had been great. He is one of the forgotten heroes of 1812, and he was the maker of the road to Penetang, when that lake point promised to become a place of defence and a dockyard for western Canada. He had then as narrow escapes from death as at the more stirring scene of the siege of Fort Erie. Once he and his dog got separated from his following of voyageurs and axemen; night came on, and in a temperature far below zero there was neither camp nor food for defence against it. He dug a hole in the snow, stretched himself in it, and the dog lay upon his chest. In the morning the little animal was dead, and he him-

self in such a state that later, when found by his companions, it took months of the best nursing to restore him and to save his members from amputation. At Fort Erie he was surgeon in the 89th—a raw-looking young man who appeared to have outgrown his clothes: his sleeves reached but a short way below his elbows, and his trousers refused to cover his ankles—in all, a military Smike. His proportions were herculean, and his strength the same; his movements and gait were ungainly, and showed little of his long military training. At the assault, our men were beaten back with many killed, and the wounded were still within reach of the enemy's fire. When daybreak appeared, Dunlop, whose avocation was man-curer rather than man-killer, ran through the firing to look closer, and saw some of the wounded who had been unable to get to the rear or even beyond gun range. He caught one man up, carried him to a place of safety, returned for another, and so continued until he had ten or twelve patients safe under the shade of a friendly tree. The last to be brought was struck in the knee. Dunlop heaved him upon his back, but on laying him on the ground found that a mortal wound in the back had been received *in transitu*. Thus the surgeon escaped a wound which would have terminated a most interesting career. He had six of the soldiers' wooden canteens slung over his shoulder filled with wine for the wounded; this he now administered and attended to them surgically. In after years it is recorded of him that it was his habit to raise his glass high before touching it to his lips, with an invariable toast, "The Queen, God bless her." The Victoria Cross could not have rewarded a braver man.

Now, as he stands in the Company's office at York, the high-pitched Highland voice of the surveyor, the measured accents of the imperturbable Galt, and the soft voice of the English Pryor, are interrupted often by chaff and badinage and the hearty "Ho! ho! ho!" of Dunlop. That laugh is one of the liveliest memories of him among the few who can remember him, which is somewhat remarkable, for an old family chronicle tells us that "Uncle William was never seen to laugh until he was

three years old, when he saw a woman at her door with two full water stoups; a man came up and kicked them over. An old friend commented that he had at last found a joke suited to his capacity."

His dress was characteristic. He at once assumed a Canadian aspect by wearing homespun garments, grey, with a large check; the big Scotch-featured head-piece, covered with a shock of red hair, was guarded by the broadest of bonnets, or on occasion with a toque, red tasselled, as Canadian as the homespun. Round his huge shoulders he wore a plaid; gloves he despised, but his boots proclaimed a wholesome dread of the possibilities under foot in the bush. He spoke the broadest of Scotch, rolled his r's and interpolated his h's till the oft-repeated "Huron Tract" became in his mouth a reverberation as sonorous as the long swell of the Mer Douce, upon whose beauties, grave and gay, he would discourse by the hour.

Galt tells us that he himself was not, and never had been, a politician, but Tiger Dunlop was a Tory of the Tories. He had now become an enthusiastic pioneer and colonizer, and his energy, kindliness, bravery and compassionate benevolence were to be taxed to the utmost in the twenty and odd years of remaining life. They were about to build Guelph, name-child of royalty, like Rome upon its many hills, and already had made preparatory expeditions into the woods. But Guelph, as a name, was not pleasing to the Directors, and they peremptorily decreed that it should be changed to Goderich. Galt's first consultations on Canadian affairs were held personally with Lord Goderich. His was a great name with the Company, and it was determined by the Directors to immortalize him by founding a city in his honour.

"The dodo is a clumsy bird," says a writer in an old magazine; "the Lord Goderich of the feathered creation, whose conciliatory politics have nearly, if not quite, occasioned its extinction." North's correspondent in *Blackwood's* of the same time maintains that the change from Canning to Goderich was a change for the worse; "the Government of the former

was dangerous, not contemptible; that of Lord Goderich is both." It was not till 1828 that they were able to say, "We have at last, thank God, got rid of the Liberals, and once more have the happiness to live under a pure Tory Government." But Guelph the infant city was to remain, and Goderich was reserved for the place which was to become "that pet and youngest darling of the Canada Company."

One night, after a late return from a long and cold journey, Galt and Dunlop found themselves hungry and exhausted, all shops and taverns closed, and the Steamboat Hotel, at which they lodged, unable to furnish them with refreshment. The sign was a spirited picture of a steam packet, perhaps inspired by the *Walk-in-the-Water*. It was of vast dimensions, extending the whole length of the building. At this inn Galt suffered much, as he tells us in his "Autobiography," from those habits of seclusion and quiet to which he had always been accustomed being broken in upon in that flimsy, mean, two-story wooden house. This made him represented as a victim to pride; and as a two o'clock dinner did not suit him, and he dined in the evening, according to habit, he was accused of playing "Captain Grand." The "conciliatory policy" quoted before came to bear upon him in letters from home, recommending more suavity. However, now in their extremity, they sent Mr. Galt's servant to forage. He returned with two large frozen herrings and two bottles of champagne. The herrings were soon cooked, and one bottle discussed; the other was reserved for a greater destiny.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FACE OF THE LAND.

"The great wide-spreading earth and the all-embracing sky—the birthright of all."

"York, 9th March, 1827.

"My dear Nell,—Yours, written soon after my sailing, I received only on my return to Montreal and Quebec, last week, and for the very good and sufficient reason that as the '*via* New York' was written upon it, it was sent *via* Halifax. Therefore, if you have no better shift, you may send your further correspondence to Hugh Mather, at Liverpool, who is the Canada Company's agent there, and who will forward it regularly by the line packets, their days of sailing being the 3rd, 9th and 16th of each month.

"You may tell Sandy his clients are not the kind of emigrants I desiderate. I have no occasion for a fine young thief of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts, and if I needed such an accommodation I have no need to import it. There is another class which I wish he would send by the first ship that comes with emigrants from the Clyde, that is, a breed of the Patriarch's and another of Rennie's of Phantasie's pigs. The latter he will procure through the intervention of his learned friend, Donald Home, and it will be a strong letter of introduction to any settler who will take charge of them to this place. For the expenses therefrom arising he may draw on my agent, Mr. Chas. Ogilvy, Salvadore House, Bishopsgate, London.

"I am now preparing to make a dive into the woods, and

shall not emerge, most probably, until midsummer, unless something extraordinary occurs in the way; but all letters sent here will be forwarded to me. In all your letters be particular as to the state of poor Mary's health, as she is the only one about home that I am at all anxious about, the rest of you being habitually in a most vulgar state of good health. I find your ex-handmaiden was, or is to be, married to Lord Dalhousie's gardener, and lives at———(illegible). Maule tells me she is still a beauty. My love to all the folks.

"Thine,

"Wm. Dunlop.

"P. S., 15th March. As the mail does not go till to-morrow, I left the letter open that any matter might be added. Tell Sandy that his Tulip, Wm. Buckly, made his appearance yesterday. I have procured for him permanent employment at 3s. and his rations per day, on the Rideau Canal, and that want of means 'enforce him not to evil.' I shall subsist him while here and send him off when the lake opens. The two pounds mentioned by Robert Ker I shall give him, and as much more as necessary to take him to his journey's end. The two pounds Sandy may make a set-off in my pig speculation.

"I let you know, to wit, that I have got, this day received, a great addition to my dignity, being appointed Justice of the Peace for every county of the province, and as I am busy in church matters I have no doubt will soon be an elder, and the pillars of Satan's kingdom will get a sair jog that day.

"Galt sends his compliments to the Patriarch."

This letter is addressed to Miss Helen Boyle Dunlop, Keppoch House, Dumbartonshire, N.B. It is folded so as to make its own envelope, and sealed with red, the device on the shield being the same as the seal, a ship without sails, as appears hereafter in this history. The Patriarch was his father, Alexander Dunlop, of Keppoch House.

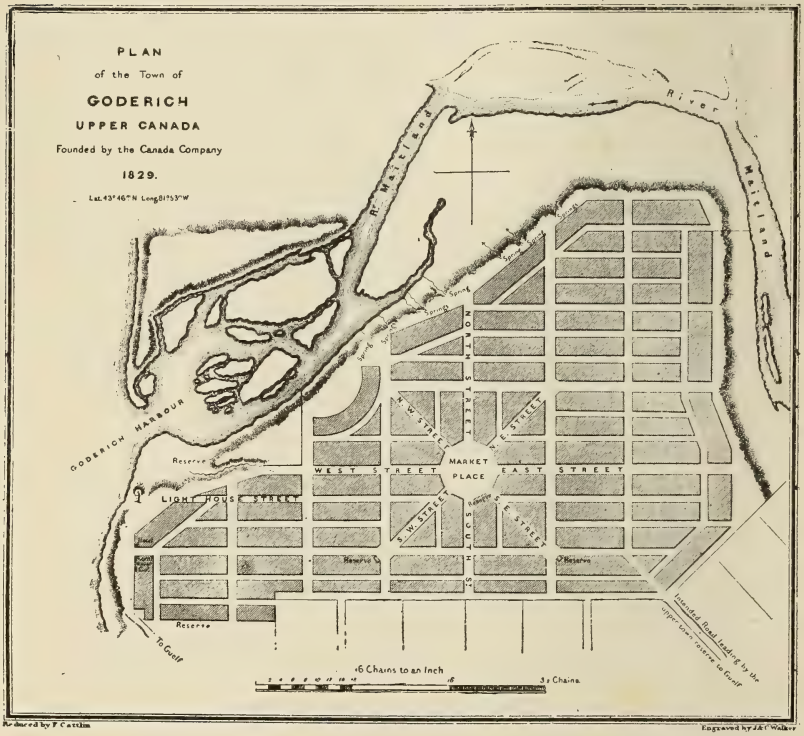
Dr. Dunlop and his friend Galt had a jovial time in the Quebec visit alluded to in this letter. After the farce at the

garrison and the jolly dinner following, they set out on their western journey homewards. Galt says "that visit to Quebec was a 'glaik' on the smoke here of a varied life, in which the shade has ever most prevailed."

The "dive into the woods" was taken. The only footway was the Indian path, but the energetic road-making British power was called upon to furnish communication between Ontario and Huron, an undertaking, when complete, Galt said was the one thing of which he was proud. And yet this "Cæsarian operation on the woods" resulted in only a single track, a track of variable width and which raised a succession of hay crops; by its side, too, weary travellers were often glad to refresh themselves with the strawberries which grew in abundance. Upon this road for years to come, it was no uncommon thing for wayfarers to be detained whilst the trees felled across it by storms were cut away. An old philosopher says a tree feels the first stroke of the axe. "Oh, the gloom and the glory of that vast forest where so many were waiting the axe and the torch." One alone, a kind of representative of royalty, was exempt. Towering above every other tree were the white pines; these were reserved for His Britannic Majesty's Navy. But, should a windstorm, as often happened, attack these giants and lay them low, they became the property of the person upon whose land they fell. Hence the word "windfall," meaning a stroke of good fortune, for they were very valuable.

As soon as the "Moon of Lard" was over—our February, so-called because the Indians then went bear-hunting and the grease pot was always full—Dunlop and his Indian friend, Captain Jacob, set out. He had many such friends with him that season and during those ensuing, when exploring was combined with more active labours. He selected, as the site for the new Canada Company town, a spot where Champlain was said to have halted while paddling and tramping his famous western journey of adventure. Here the Trader Gooding and one Frank Deschamp, a Frenchman, had already established a trading post and had built a hut close by the water's edge.

Before this the Jesuit missionaries, whose beat was from ocean to ocean, had been the only white settlers. Sproat, MacDonald, McGregor from Zorra with his yoke of oxen, and others, now joined Dunlop; supplies arrived for them by water, and on top of the cliff facing the lake and bordering the river they built a



small log house. This was known at once as "The Castle," and Galt, in York, advised of its completion, made haste to visit his friend and give his sanction to the choice of situation. Already the workmen were there, ready to begin at a word from him. His Majesty's gunboat, the *Bee*, was placed at Galt's disposal in

a letter from the Admiralty authorizing its "use from Penetang for a voyage on Lake Huron in Lower Canada." Stories of sheltered bays, camping on shore, tea and hot grog decocted on gipsy fires, red deer gazing at them from the covert, tell us of a romantic if not comfortable journey until, through a telescope, they made out a small clearing in the forest, and set on the brow of the cliff beheld Dunlop's new-made castle. In a canoe which put out to meet him, Galt found a strange combination of Indians, velveteens and whiskers, and discovered within the roots of the red hair the living features of the Doctor. McGregor's oxen must have been supplemented by horses, for the latter were then astray in the forest, much to the dismay of the new settlement. The evening closed with a feast, and at it appeared the second bottle of champagne left from the herring feast of the last chapter, presumably the first drunk in that very remote spot.

A day was spent in exploring the windings of the beautiful river and the many glades and bosky places which, even then, in spite of painted warriors and squaws, made the scene resemble some pleasant valley of old England.

After the founding of Guelph, Dunlop proceeded on his wanderings west and north, and by June was writing the following letter:

"Fort Gratiot, 2nd June, 1827.

"My Dear Helen,—Your letter and the Skipper's, by the *Favourite*, I received in the woods a week ago. I came to this place, which is a small settlement on the American side of the lake, to secure provisions and necessaries for the party. I shall only answer the one at present, leaving Bob until I return, when I intend to send out an Indian for despatches. By-the-bye, address me as 'Warden of the Forests of the Canada Company, Office, York, U.C.' We have had a most laborious journey of seventy-two miles through the woods, but have been rewarded by coming into the most beautiful country in Canada; and while so many poor people are in a state next to starvation

with you, I could easily set eighty thousand families in a fair way of making themselves independent in a few years here. I found that I could not, without incurring very great expense indeed, draw provisions from the east, so have come down with five Indians in a canoe to procure them here, and find I shall get abundance if I had only a fair wind to bring them up; and as it is at present blowing right in our teeth, I'm not in the sweetest frame of mind, nor agreeable. However, there are fellow-sufferers. I have wasted only two hours, and there is a party bound for Michilimackinac who have been here for a week, lounging along the beach and wishing the d—l had them. The day before yesterday, on my way down, I left the canoe and took to my trotters, as the sea was rough and I could not proceed, and walked through the woods thirty miles, and yesterday twenty, which brought me in. I had not intended to start, so had no provisions or blanket; but I had my gun, and shot partridges and ducks, which I broiled at my fire at night; so you may see that a privation of grog for three weeks has not injured my constitution to the extent that might reasonably be expected, for I look upon a thirty-mile walk through the woods as equal to fifty on a good road.

"On my route I fell in with many Indian winter settlements which are deserted now, the inmates being away on hunting excursions, and this is the country of all others for game. In sailing along in our canoe, three days ago, we saw on the banks no less than ten deer, and the Indians sold us two haunches for three pints of flour, value 2½d., so that food is not very scarce in these parts. As for fish, one man with a spear catches as many in two hours as thirty-five men can eat in a day.

"If the wind changes I shall return to-morrow, but shall be back in a day or two, as I have much to arrange here, and if I can so manage it I shall remain at the Red River the greater part of the summer. Galt is going to bring me four sailors and a good boat, so I expect to spend a very pleasant summer of it. Tell the Skipper that Alec Dunlop is going home to make his arrangements for settling here, and that he can tell him as to

Canadian matters, as to expenses. I landed in New York with forty pounds in my pocket on the 26th of October, and travelled, living in inns, etc., until the 10th of January, when all my expenses, including things that I bought, were covered, and I had twelve dollars in my pocket when I came to Montreal to meet Galt. Give my love to all at home. From the distance at which I write I suppose it will be August at least before you receive this.

"Your affectionate brother,

"W. DUNLOP."

Written in the beginning of June, as this was, he only allowed two months and a margin for its carriage to Scotland. Remote as the place was, this was a marked improvement on Archdeacon Strachan's express of not many years before, when the twelve months were allowed for transit. So far the postal department of the Huron Tract arranged for missives traced on bark to be placed in an office well known to the tribe—a hollow cedar or a stump, whose letter-slot was hidden by a waving aftergrowth. The skipper mentioned was his brother, Captain Robert Graham Dunlop, sometime of His Majesty's Navy, and then making preparations to join his brother on the banks of the Minnesetung. This last was known as the Red River, as mentioned by him, so called from the colour of the water, which, coming through swamps beyond Lucknow and flowing over the beaver meadows, was always of that colour and particularly bright in the spring of the year. Minnesetung was found to be unpronounceable, and as Red River was a name common to several streams it became the Maitland, so named in honour of the Lieutenant-Governor. A great volume of water then came down between its high wooded banks; and it crossed and re-crossed, and tore along in eddies and smiling rapids among its many islands, which were the camping and burial-grounds of the Indian tribes of the district.

Detroit was a favourite rallying point in the early days. Stores came from there, and it offered accessible city excitements when the great forests and the silence palled on these pioneers. Even

in the latter part of the eighteenth century the lands from Detroit to Lake St. Clair were cultivated on both sides of the strait in comfortable farms, lonely log huts peeping forth from small cleared spaces, while carts and oxen moved along the river-side roadway. In a succeeding trip for supplies, accompanied by whites and not red-men, Dunlop undertook the piloting of the small schooner which they had hired in Detroit, returning with it laden, instead of in the canoe in which the seventy-four mile journey down had been made. The Doctor alone understood the lake; he knew there was a shoal opposite Kettle Point; but he did not know how far out it extended. They soon found themselves among rocks. Luckily there was little wind, and the lake was so smooth that every stone could be seen below. Dunlop got astride of the bowsprit, his cap off and his red hair streaming to the wind. He roared his orders of "Starboard!" "Larboard!" "Steady!" as the rocks came to view, and made no bad figure of Father Neptune in a dilemma. It was no use. They grounded, had to manufacture a raft, which somehow they managed to load from the schooner, and in time got their stores to the Castle. That schooner Dunlop always spoke of as the "*Dismal.*"

Major Strickland,* who had some time before settled near Peterboro', now heard of the famous Huron Tract, of the author Galt and of the facetious Dunlop. In 1828 he sought the Commissioner at the Steamboat Hotel, and was received with the greatest kindness. His answers to questions put showed him to be the kind of man the chief was in search of, with active disposition and knowing many particulars of bush life, a knowledge quite foreign to most of those already in the Company. Suddenly Mr. Galt turned to him and asked him if he would like to enter the Company's service. "I want," said he, "a practical person to take charge of the outdoor

* Samuel, son of Thomas Strickland, of Reydon Hall, Suffolk, England, and brother of Mrs. C. P. Traill, authoress of the "Backwoods of Canada," and of Mrs. Moodie, authoress of "Roughing It in the Bush," came to Canada in 1826. He obtained his rank of Major in the Canadian Militia, and published his "Twenty-Seven Years in Canada West" in 1848.

department in the absence of Mr. Pryor, whom I am about to send to the Huron Tract with a party of men to clear and lay out the new town-plot of Goderich. You will have charge of the Company's stores, keep the labour rolls, and superintend the road making and bridge building, and indeed nearly everything with the practical part of the settlement."

So far the *personnel* of the Company embraced men who had little or no knowledge necessary to their positions, ignorant of woodcraft and unable to direct the workmen under them. Major Strickland set off, accordingly, in the Company's waggon from Toronto, with the Doctor and Mr. Pryor. He found the former all that contemporary sketches and friends had represented him to be, as a good fellow; but he also found him full of sound information, with an inimitable way of telling stories and an inexhaustible supply of them. With them were two Indians, magnificent specimens of their race. Strickland could well believe that when Benjamin West first saw the Apollo Belvedere, he said (much to the astonishment of the Italians) it could best be compared to a Mohawk chief. These two mentioned may have been John Brant, son of the famous Tyendinaga, and Louis Cadotte—the former a great friend of Dunlop's, with him in many of his wanderings, and the latter his devoted follower, himself the hero of a very romantic story mentioned elsewhere in our story.

The Major was now to witness the Doctor in his capacity as a practical joker. A porcupine happened to be caught alive and was put in a barrel, already half full of nails, in a dark corner among the stores. The Major and the Doctor sat drinking cider, made into "stone fence" by application of the Doctor's pocket flask. In came Fielding, the porter; he was sent, an unsuspecting victim, to the cask for a nail, and drew away his hand stuck full of quills, his face full of consternation, for he thought nothing less than Satan himself was in the tub. Each visitor that afternoon was served in the same way, for the animal seemed inexhaustible in quills. Again, one day when bound on an expedition to Wilmot, the dividing

line and beginning of the Huron Tract, the Doctor said to the Major, "The Accountant has taken it into his head that he will accompany us, and as he has never been in the bush before, won't we put him through his facings! Mind and keep your eye on me. When I am ready to play him off I will give the signal to you. I'll make it all right with Galt if he complains. In the meantime, order my man to saddle the horses, and let the Cockney have the roan mare. You can take your own pony, and don't forget to tell Hinds to bring the brandy. Should we have to camp out all night, a small soupçon of the creature will do us no harm."

This refers to the bad-tempered Accountant mentioned very bitterly in Galt's "Autobiography," "devoured by vanity," full of "airs and arrogance," "by this time an affliction;" and doubtless Dunlop felt he was now paying off some of his friend's grievances.

They started about 2 p.m., going through the Guelph settlement and the fine townships of Upper and Lower Waterloo, by the narrow bush-road, where there was hardly room for two abreast. The Accountant looked as if he had never been on the back of a horse before; every time he rose in the saddle he revealed a sad want of mutual understanding 'twixt man and beast. The Doctor signed to the Major to fall in the rear, while he rode abreast of the other and began operations by sticking pins in the roan mare, exclaiming, "Come, man, if we don't push on we shan't reach Blenheim to-night." The mare bolted, the Accountant in vain trying to pull her in, for the Doctor prodded her as before, and a neck-and-neck race began, lasting for more than two miles. Smith hung to the mane by both hands, and the servant, John Hinds, brought up the rear in roars of laughter. When at length they dropped to a walk the Doctor gravely remarked, "he had never known the roan to behave like that before, but, no doubt, she knew the Accountant was a Cockney."

Darkness fell as they reached Blenheim woods. The Doctor now asked Strickland if he could "howl." The latter professed

faith in his own ability. "Then," said the other, "second my move, and push on to Springer's. But mind you stop within half a mile of his clearing, and when you hear us coming, howl with all your might, and leave the rest to me." With last directions given to order supper and have the old man tap the whiskey forwarded the week previous, the Major and the servant did as directed. "We will follow at our leisure," said the merciless Doctor, "for our friend is not used to travel in the dark on such roads as these." Soon most unearthly howls and yells came back on the air. "Wolves! Wolves, man!" cried Dunlop; "ride for your life!" It was easy to outstrip the Accountant, and soon, in response to his agonized supplications, came back howls, set in the same key as before, but gathering terror from the strength of the Doctor's lungs. The dismal concert went on, and, losing his presence of mind, the unfortunate man wheeled into the woods, where he was soon swept off the roan by the branches. They heard him roaring for help, which the Doctor administered, while the other two pressed on to Springer's. It took three glasses of whiskey punch to work a restoration, and they gave up the only bed as a slight compensation. The Doctor and the Major slept in a hayloft, soundly, with no compunction, until, as the former said, they were awakened by an "unmusical ornithological set of fiends," his name for cock-crow.

Across the Nith some former traveller had felled a tree. On the middle of this bridge next morning out came the Doctor's snuff-box, "the Coffin," choosing that of all places to regale himself with a pinch of his best Irish. Their horses had been left at Plum Creek, and they were now on foot for four miles. The "Coffin" slipped and fell with a splash. Dunlop was ever a man of decision. Without a second thought, nor waiting to cast a thread, in he pitched headlong after it. He quickly came up with his rescued treasure; and then there was a fire to make, and the brandy flask came out.

They were not yet done with the Accountant. Part of the object of the journey was to see about making a bridge over

the Nith. The stream ran in the centre of a narrow valley below the level of the surrounding country, bordered by trees which held, hung from stem to stem, great trailers of wild grape—all pure wilderness, not yet broken by a single farm. When time came to prepare camp they found poles and bark left by the Huron road-makers. Hinds carried that universal implement, the axe, and produced a good supply of blankets. Strickland, who, like Dalgetty, was never far from the provender, made it his especial care. Hinds cooked the supper; and Strickland did house-maid by first laying a fine lot of hemlock boughs to ward off the damp; topped by blankets, never was there a drier nor a better bed. The hemlock came in for tea as well; a dash of whiskey in it improved the flavour, and drunk hot it was a sure specific against cold. Supper over, the Doctor kept them in fits of laughter over his stories, while Hinds brewed the punch. Then the former engaged the unfortunate Accountant in some learned discussion, and plied him with the punch, all too successfully. The others slept; but these two did not until either the Accountant's capacity or the improvised punch-bowl gave out. The spot where that bivouac was held is now a smiling landscape, which takes in mills, village, farm, and church spire.

The expeditions through the woods from where the first blaze was cut until the second roadway—altered in course and improved upon the first—was finished, were numerous, and took place at all seasons. By April, those in charge with voyageurs, Indians and surveyors, were filing as best they might over fallen trunks and sprouting underbrush, where the wild grape hung in festoons ready to catch unwary feet. The grand summer concert of the woods was in preparation. All damp and swampy places were alive with frogs, ranging from five pounds in weight to those the size of a wren's egg. The silence of winter was broken by the first running water; and howling, quacking, groaning and piping below, with the greetings of robin, blackbird, crow and bluejay above, was not unlike the tuning of an orchestra. Summer came, and the festoons

were bowers of green; the oaks, maples and beeches, all so many tokens of riches, spread into leaf. In sunny places the wild plum burst into snow-drifts, white as those just gone; and from its hiding-place the Canadian rossignol sang to the exploring party, "Ha-ard times in Kennedy, Kennedy, Kennedy;" and at night all the forests swarmed with myriads of scattered lights, fireflies, with which the glow-worms and flies of Europe could not compare.

The workers were as adventurous as their leaders. There were John Cameron and Captain Jacob, Indians after the style of Cooper, with tomahawks and scalps at belt, and John Brant, son of the famous warrior, a man who had many of the characteristics and more of the manners of an English gentleman than of those of his own race. There were some half-dozen of those happy creatures, French-Canadian voyageurs, "always drunk and always gay," careless as to whether they poled up a stream or shot down a rapid, so that the drink was unfailing and the "pipes" not too long. So they measured their tale of time and work when on water: a certain distance, and they lit their pipes for about five minutes; then out shot the paddles merrily again, at fifty strokes to the minute. "*Trois pipes*" meant about twelve miles. The common paddle, Canadian *aviron*, Indian *admee*, was about two and one-half feet long, the steersman having one double in length. All had untiring arms, and still more untiring lungs and spirits. On land the voyageur, like handsome Louis Cadotte, then the Adonis of the wilderness, was picturesque enough; but on the water his bared arms, red-sashed waist and long black hair, as he took his place at the stern of the canoe, now twisting and turning with the lithe agility of a snake, striking the water first on one side and then on the other, made him equal in interest with the romantic environment.

A judicious mixture of Indian and *Bois Brulé* was attempted in forming a party. Very different in character, they were good friends, the Frenchman being the best voyageur and the best drudge; but as pilot the Indian was superior. The

Canadian excelled at a portage; the Indian was best in a rapid. Both could endure extraordinary fatigue. The Indian was the most wakeful, but serious, and by his grave countenance kept the stranger at a distance; while Baptiste slept well, and when awake made the life and merriment of the party. The heavy-framed Scotchmen, with all their look of strength, were scarcely a match for these when the length of strain and hardship from deprivation began to tell upon the party. Yet, as had happened in Hudson's Bay history, in the end the staying power of the Indian was rivalled and outdone by what is known as "Scotch pluck." Van Egmond and his men, Dutch and Irish, were the road-builders; and a fusion of inharmonious sounds, which Babel itself could not have surpassed, was heard round these camp-fires, where all, scattered in work, gathered for food and rest.

Three went as axemen, a couple more carried provisions, and another, understanding the methods of an engineer, carried the instruments. The axemen cut continuously down a line through the underwood, and a flying level was taken. Sometimes to get their bearings they selected the highest ground, found a tall pine, piled the trunk high with dry brush, and as night came, applied the torch. Up flamed the pyramid of fire, by which these modern Israelites spied out their promised land. For days the fagging work went on, with occasional detours made by one or more of the party to gather information concerning this seemingly inaccessible Canaan. It was groping for clues. Not only was there a course to be kept, but a course to be discovered. As night drew on, a couple of axemen were sent on ahead to prepare camp. The shanty was built near a swampy spot, because water was to be found there and the boughs of the hemlock grew more thickly for the beds; and there was plenty of dry cedar for firewood in such places. The axemen were capital purveyors of forest comfort. There was an inviting fire blazing against a maple back-log twenty feet in length, where fish and partridge and pork were roasted on wooden prongs, where the kettle hissed and sung, sending forth savoury

odours from the tea plentifully strewn upon its troubled waters. Every man roasted for himself, and took his turn at the tin mug; each bush knife cut up its own roasted pork on slices of bread; each thumb was used against a "pushbit" to prevent the burning of that member; and as a last dainty, a crown to good-fellowship, came the grog. Then, with feet turned to the fire, the Huron road-makers, following a fashion of the day, reclined like a parcel of spoons, sound in sleep, till the first to wake cried "Spoon," and over, like automatons, they turned in a bunch.

The strong constitution and extensive knowledge of the Warden of the Company's Forests stood the party and himself in good stead, for they traversed thousands of acres, wandered out of the game region, and came near perishing from want. The growth became denser, and they could walk upon the tops of the juniper as they neared the lake, its even, interlaced surface making a yielding but firm surface. The two voyageurs who bore the canoe, bottom upwards, their heads under cover, let their half-run dog-trot (like the bearers of a sedan chair) grow quicker as hope came to them on breezes fresh from the waters they sought. Thus would they go for hours together, winding in and out of the close passages without a scratch. The Doctor wore, and always recommended, a large-pocketed shooting-jacket, stout boots and coarse canvas trousers, with the inevitable plaid. Once, when off on a solitary jaunt on the confines of comparative civilization, he came across a stranger, alone, like himself, in the woods, whom he recognized as an Edinboro' man he had met at a dinner party in Scotland. Dunlop was dressed as we have described, and unkempt from long outing. He had an immense logging-chain wound round his body, and in his hand a large chunk of meat, which he ate with great gusto. He hailed his friend, unrecognized in return, spite of the dinner party, and asked after his Scotch friends. After a long talk and tendering the stranger an invitation to visit him at the "Castle," they parted, Dunlop

bidding him tell them at home that he had been found "in chains," but well and happy.

Once, when near the St. Clair, he met Bishop McDonell, who, though knowing him well, failed to recognize a face whose growth of hair had remained undisturbed for months; clothes almost torn off the back of the wearer, and good London boots with morocco bindings having arrived at a cross between moccasin and sandal. The Bishop's companions, "some genteel Americans," stared when they saw him speaking to this wild man of the woods; but when they heard the latter's voice and his scientific language they forgot he was unshaved, and gathered round to hear of his last wild adventures. Some time before this, Brougham had told the Doctor's friend, Jeffrey, that he had "emigrated" when he left Edinburgh for London. The Doctor's ideas were built upon a more liberal plan. Had he agreed with another contemporary opinion that "gaslight and macadamization led to all the evils of the times," his life must have been virtue itself.

"About the middle of the Huron Block they came upon an extensive swamp of nearly twelve miles square, in which many streams had their origin, some running by Lake Erie, others by Lake Huron, presenting a summit level of a most remarkable kind, but in the present state of comparatively little value, as settlers will never locate themselves in swamps, so long as they can keep out of them; so although the swamp be fat, strong land, as all swamps generally are, yet until all the rest of the block be cleared, it has little chance of finding a market."

In coasting about the lake they reported slate and granite and salt; and last, but not least, a volcano!

It was now that the report went abroad that Dunlop and his party were murdered, and would be heard of no more.

"Not being restricted in any means which could be employed in the country," says Galt, "I certainly did indulge myself in the rapidity of creation." It was but fifty years afterwards

that the land of "comparatively little value" was broken up into farms which have not yet fulfilled half their possibilities —one, now, with a pasture field upon it of twenty acres.

But as Strickland tells us, his first journey through this "bridle path" came to a happy ending. The lengths of wood passed, the rapids of the Minnesetung were heard; and soon Huron—the Mer Douce—the Ultima Thule of these wanderers, stretched across the horizon like an ocean waste—an ocean waste unshadowed by a sail. The ever-moving paddle and incessant boat-song came as a blissful rest after the torment of the almost invisible sand-fly and the mosquito and blood-thirsty black-fly left behind them in the woods.

"Never shall I forget the moment when that inland ocean met my sight . . . I thought Canada then—and I have never changed my opinion—the most beautiful country in the world."

CHAPTER V.

FROM CHAMPLAIN TO GOODING.

"Canada is emphatically the poor man's country."
—The Backwoodsman.

When as yet the Castle was not comfortable for winter residence, Dunlop spent the coldest days with his friends the Van Egmonds. With them he would remain a week at a time, drinking great quantities of milk and enjoying himself immensely. "The pigs, Madame Van Egmond, will be glad when I'm away back to the Castle," he would say, with his usual diapason of "Ho! ho! ho!"

Van Egmond had early proved his thrift; for, foreseeing the great rush of emigration, he had laid in a stock of five hundred barrels of flour, and after 1832 he had twenty four-horse teams on the road to bring settlers and their goods from Toronto to Goderich.

Dunlop and his Indian friends carried the logs upon their backs for the shanties intended for the trader Gooding's stores. Gooding then was the only citizen, and his was the honour of having been the first Anglo-Saxon resident in a place whose first white visitor had been no less a personage than the great Samuel de Champlain. It was Champlain who bestowed upon the lake its name Mer Douce. It is supposed that on this journey he lost his astrolabe, the instrument having been found as recently in 1867, in a resting-place made more secure by rust, decayed vegetable matter and soil. This, as a learned archæologist tells us, may account for the journal showing less precision in the entries subsequent to the date of the loss—

surely conclusive evidence that the instrument was the great explorer's own.

Carver had voyaged in Huron waters during the year 1768 in the schooner *Gladwyn*, and Henry, later; but except from a kind of internal evidence derived from his particularizing the few rivers he found with wooded banks, with harbourage or with impassable sandbars, one cannot ascertain that the last-named anchored near the Minnesetung. The legend is that Champlain landed at the mouth of that river in 1618, when no doubt the islands and glades were the homes of the brave Hurons. But 1640 saw Huron scalps hanging at the belts of the ancestors of these same Mohawks who were now toiling along the lake bank and up the Castle hill laden with logs. The country to the west was the Chippewa hunting-ground, and the wide-spreading flats and woods about the Red River their camping-ground. Wawanosh, the name of a famous chief, perpetuates another memory in a township.

Their mode of counting money was by cops; one cop, two cop, three cop, and so on up to twenty, when Chippewa arithmetic failed, and they began again.*

"*Bojoo*," said they to these newcomers, when they met; and as friendships were formed between white and red, after an absence the dusky hands were extended, with the significant greeting, "We see each other."

Of course whiskey was a commodity in the log storehouse. As Dunlop's followers were chiefly Mohawk and half-breed, so were those of Engineer MacDonald mostly Highland. These last gave freely to the Chippewas that which they appreciated highly themselves; and therefrom arose a night of terror to the small community.

* It appears that such a method of computation is still in use. In a settlement not far from the line of railway in our North-West Territories, one rancher adopts a simple, if somewhat tedious, device to count cattle for sale. A number of beasts, estimated at ten, is driven into a corral. If the number exceeds ten, the surplus is "thrown back into the bunch," the special ten being specially corralled. This is repeated until enough tens have been checked off as having been separated from the bunch, and the seller renders his bill to the purchaser accordingly.

When the Castle's four walls, compactly put together by Dunlop, Brewster and Pryor, stood ready for furnishings, it became a question how the flour and pork, waiting in barrels below at Gooding's, should be brought up the steep little hill upon whose crest the Castle stood. "Ach!" quoth MacDonald, "a' ken tek one up"; and he did, not one but all, on his brawny back. Dofish, one of Dunlop's Indians, equally big and strong, performed marvels of strength with logs and stores. But strong, active and hardy as they were, they were but thirty souls, white and red, and on the Flats below the Chippewas numbered five hundred. The former had no weapons but that convertible implement, the axe. They saw with dismay the small fires dotted all about, and heard night made hideous with drunken cries and blood-curdling warwhoops. War was declared; and the settlers watched through the darkness, not knowing what the dawn, that favourite time of Indian attack, might bring them. At length faint streaks of daylight began to show, the atmosphere kindled with gradual light, the purple fringes of the shore paled to green, and the blue of the water flowed into the full radiance of morning. Dunlop, Dofish, John Cameron, Brewster, MacDonald and his Highlanders looked out from their eyrie with anxious faces; and Gooding, in his office of trader, sent two of his subordinates with offerings to the chief, and instructions to sue for peace. The haughty chief sent back demands for a goodly amount of the stores, flour and pork, which was gladly given; but still the watchers were anxious, for the moral atmosphere was not all peace.

One night, not long after, an old warrior, very excited, paddled out into the middle of the river and delivered a lengthy oration. He knelt in his canoe, praying to the Great Manitou for an abundance of meat and game, and made him offering of that which was most precious to the white man, and therefore most likely to be acceptable to the white man's God—rum and tobacco.

Gooding was trading in the good old ways described by Carver and Henry. The Hudson's Bay Company then sold small

packages of tea, lump sugar, cinnamon and pepper, as specifics against danger, physical and spiritual; also, small pictures such as children use in decalcomanie. The last were talismans; that of a sailor kissing his sweetheart on his return from sea, when worn by a brave, ensured safe return and a kindly welcome; the picture of a soldier under arms poured into the heart of the wearer sentiments of valour and the strength of a giant.

At St. Anne's, "scene of our parting hymn, eight gallons of rum and much prayer were dispensed, with a scene of revel and drunkenness to follow." However, Henry's writings have a good, wholesome "Protestant" smack, which forbids entire belief when missionary work is under consideration. Certain it is that in the two hundred and ten years elapsing between Champlain and Gooding, the Minnesetung was a frequent calling place for the Jesuits on their way from Georgian Bay to Detroit. The fur-traders, too, made it a stopping place, and it was through the Hudson's Bay service that the site had upon it the huts of a few half-breeds, as well as Chippewa wigwams, when Galt and Dunlop took it. These employés, when discharged—for the term of service was short—happened to settle there on their course downward to Montreal, the point of return.

Gooding himself, after 1826, often brought a priest with him from Windsor. In that year, accompanied by Frank Tranch, he had come from the mouth of the Grand River in a small vessel laden with stores for the Indian trade. He threaded the water-chain, whereof the links were Erie, Detroit, St. Clair lake and river, and Huron. Gooding came originally from Onondaga, N.Y., a British subject and a U. E. Loyalist. His three sons, William, Jasper and Edwin, joined him later in his business; while Ronald Goode, an emigrant from Ayrshire and one of the first comers to the Tract, came with four daughters. Young William married Jane Goode; Jasper won Mary; and Edwin, Nannie. Two of the brides were in Detroit, and the grooms, at different times, made their way there along the shore in a log canoe. Two of the sons were afterwards

drowned from the same canoe, the distracted father walking up and down the beach wringing his hands. All labour was stopped, and watch was kept for any signs of the missing men. The excitement lasted for some days, but no return rewarded the watch.

The first death in the settlement was by drowning, the victim Jim Hales, who, when skating on the river, fell through the ice. He was one of two brothers—Benjamin and James Hales—belonging to an English family who arrived before 1833.

John Cameron, the Mohawk chief, was also a trader. He is remembered as an extremely handsome man, not of the ordinary sinewy Indian type, but portly and with a "presence." He was Dunlop's chosen friend and companion, never away from him when canoe, wood or hunting expeditions were on hand. He and his dogs, with the laden sleds of goods, passed regularly on the ice every winter between Saugeen and the Minnesetung. He had come originally from what is now Winnipeg, and with his party and their boats took six weeks to make the journey.

Another trading memory is preserved in tales of the dual role of smuggler and bailiff.

Down the river, near to Ben Miller and his mill, there was a settlement of the Fisher family, well-to-do Dutch people, who were rewarded for revolutionary services with five thousand acres to each of the seniors, John, Michael and Valentine, the last best known as Feltie. Michael rejoiced in a numerous family with Biblical names; and their Dutch mother of a morning could be heard crying to her boys, busy felling "the clearing," "Shacop, Shoseph, Michael, Feltie, Seth and Enoch, come in to brakfasht." A pioneer with a large family of boys was a rich man.

Michael Fisher discovered the creek which traverses the Colborne lands, and was guided in his choice by it; for, owing to the many windings of the Maitland, the edges of the township were very ragged. Some five years afterwards he built a stone house which still stands, his mechanics and much of his material having been brought from York.



"Down the river, near to Ben Miller and his mill."

Feltie Fisher's log inn, at the harbour, was an historical place, an hostelry where political meetings, dinners and routs were to be held; where shipwrecked settlers, who chose the uncertain terrors of the lake in preference to the certain terrors of corduroy, took shelter; and where handsome John Cameron was to break his neck, by falling over the stairway, which was unguarded by rail or balustrade. "Tippling and shooting were of one family," says an old chronicle; and poor Cameron, guide, hunter and scout, was a prey, like the majority of his contemporaries, to the former.

Feltie was a character. He boasted that he had taken the oath of allegiance three times, and was about to take it for the fourth. When remonstrated with, he replied that this was hardly an oath at all—"only one schmall damn." His English wife was as clean and tidy as the Dutchman was careless. She tried to give her guests all the rude comforts possible, and went the length of providing wash-basins and ewers. Feltie pitched them out of window, as innovations unbecoming hardy times, pioneers and wilderness. In the breakneck road which was cut down the harbour hill there was a spring, which had worn for itself a basin just below its vent. By this was a trough.

"You vant to vash," said Feltie to a party of travellers—English gentlemen, who had left York on a fishing tour, bound up the lakes—who saw nothing nearer than the lake for their purpose. "You vant to vash? Vell, I show you goot pure vater, straight from heaven. The longer it runs the purer it is, and the longer you vash the purer you gets."

He bestowed a towel upon them, and left them to wash in public as best they might.

Meantime, while these oddly gathered inhabitants were forming themselves into a settled community, Galt, at York, was giving an entertainment known as the Canada Company's Fancy Dress Ball. The social stream there had been much disturbed by the rivalry of Lady Mary Willis with Lady Sarah Maitland on questions of precedence. The former and her husband were the Commissioner's close friends, and he asked Lady

Mary to be his hostess; for the ball took place on New Year's eve of 1827, and his wife and family did not arrive in Canada until the spring of 1828. The sober masculine dress of modern times makes the day costume then seem fit for *fête* more than for the extraordinary wear and tear of colonial life; but even in the bush, though it pleased those who played the backwoodsman to adopt the red shirt, costume was a thing of moment on occasion. Sir Peregrine Maitland, in his square-cut, olive-coloured velveteen jacket and waistcoat, and Judge Willis, in black velvet, were imposing figures on the promenade.

Mr. Thompson, a clerk in the York office, was given commission to issue invitations, and the general management of the ball was his. Such things were not to the taste and cult of the novelist Commissioner, and were undertaken on the score of *noblesse oblige*. The event took place at Franks', one of the inns whose comfort is so criticized in the "Autobiography." Like all places of the kind, it had its large assembly room. The decorations were elaborations of the Company's Arms; the floor had an immense representation of them in coloured chalks or water-colours; "the supporters of the shields were of colossal dimensions, two lions rampant bearing flags turned opposite ways; below, on the riband, in characters proportionately large, was the motto of the Company, '*Non mutat genus solum.*' The sides and ceiling of the room and passages leading to it were made bowers of green with hemlock and spruce, lit with innumerable coloured lamps bearing floating lights." Lady Mary appeared as the Queen of Scots, but history does not say how the Commissioner disguised himself. Judge Willis was the famous old Countess of Desmond in her hundredth year; and Mr. Thompson, who was doubtless delighted at the success of his efforts, played Rizzio to Lady Mary. Miss Willis, sister of the Judge, was a marked figure in York society at that time, a very Diana Vernon, who lived in her habit. She was Folly, with cap and bells.

After this, the Commissioner's troubles came not as spies but in battalions. He resolved to leave the Company, but wished

first to make a journey along the Huron Road and re-visit Goderich. "Accordingly, . . . I took my departure from Guelph in a sleigh. In the journey itself there was nothing to render it different from ordinary travelling in the woods, for at convenient distances a species of log taverns were erected, and the accommodation, though rude, was still such as took the chill . . . off the wildnerness. . . . In the course of the journey a heavy fall of snow, which often wreathed itself to impassable heights in the forest glade of the new road, obliged the sleigh to deviate into the woods, and we lost, in consequence, our way for some time. It was then near midnight, and the situation gave 'ample room and verge enough' to the necromancy of imagination. We were about sixty miles within the depth of the primeval forest. The moonlight only served to show the falling flakes of snow. All around was silence, and the wind slept even in the branches. We halted where, by a strange glare reflected from the ground, we seemed to be in the spacious court of a college, solemn with overshadowing trees. To proceed or remain till daylight was about to be discussed, when the noise as of some huge wading animal arose, coming towards us. We had no arms. Presently a hoarse voice, uttering maledictions becoming an Italian bandit, was heard. . . . The sounds proceeded from teams with provisions going our way [Van Egmond's waggons], and fortunately they had not wandered; but the incident, which no telling can make awful, was truly sublime. We soon reached one of the receiving houses, where we slept for the remainder of the night. When we reached Goderich, I took up my abode in the same log house where I had stayed with Dr. Dunlop when formerly there, in the course of the exploring expedition of the *Bee*. The landscape was now covered with snow and Lake Huron with ice as far as the eye could reach; but the scene had undergone a greater change than even that produced by the procession of the seasons. A large portion of the spot allotted for the town was cleared of the trees, several houses were built, and the whole aspect of the place, owing to these social circumstances and the

beautiful cheerfulness of the situation, was uncommonly inviting. Next day the wind blew so violently that I was obliged to keep within doors—the snow, dry and penetrating, drifted with afflicting acerbity; but, since I had been there before, news were to be collected, if those can be called such which related to merely better acquaintance with the neighbourhood. The following morning, bright and calm, was spent in viewing the localities and progress made in the settlement. . . . My adieu to Lake Huron was a final farewell; for from the moment I lost sight of its waters I considered my commission with the Company as closed."

". . . Brought up near a seaport town in England, and within sight and sound of the German Ocean," Major Strickland now found himself in a congenial scene. In June, 1828, in company with Mr. Pryor, he took his journey there to settle, along the seventy-mile road, a straight line from Wilmot to the lake. The road was a mere sleigh-track, twelve feet in width, newly cut. With the road were built small log huts, provided with hosts, Dutch emigrants, and a primitive furnishing, chiefly of bottles and glasses. Tea, fried pork and bread and butter were great luxuries; but a tramp through the woods of seventy miles, in the invigorating air which soughed above in the hardwood branches, cultivated appetites which looked askance at nothing. Crust coffee without milk or sugar, heavy Indian meal bread, wild chocolate, beef tallow, made their appearance on the *menu* cards of 1828 at these primeval inns. Van Egmond, with his ox teams, kept them supplied as regularly as the distance and the difficulties permitted. The Canada Company gave a cash bonus of £40, £50 and £60, respectively, for the three kept by Helmer, Fryfogle and Seebach, with the stipulation that travellers should be entertained therein at prices usual in the older settlements.

The Easthopes, Ellice, Logan, McKillop, Hullett, names commemorative of the Directorate, were each side of them. They crossed several streams, the Little Thames, the Big Thames, the Black Water, and in the hardwood forest stopped to measure

some of the giant black-cherry trees. One of these grew close to the narrow roadside and not far from the banks of the Big Thames. Its girth, as high as could be reached, was ten feet seven inches; and the height of the trunk where the branches began to spread could not have been less than fifty feet. This wood, when dressed, took a polish which rivalled mahogany; and yet its destiny was to furnish a certain quantity of fence-rails.

This was a baby in comparison with the Beverley oak, which Galt records as the "most stupendous" he had ever seen. The trunk reminded him of a London monument; its girth at a man's height was thirty-three feet, above which the trunk rose without a break to at least eighty feet more; then came its crown of vast branches. This patriarch of the woods made those about it—large in any other forest—appear pigmies; and Galt supposes it to have been the scion of a growth which had passed away, the ancestral predecessors of the Canadian "bush." His wish was to have it cut into planks and sent home to Windsor Castle; and even this he deemed a profanation. But destiny had in store for this Goliath of oaks the ordinary fate of conversion into fence-rails. Major Strickland had called the owner a Goth. "I don't know what you mean by a Goth," replied the man, "but I do know that if I could get a cross-cut saw long enough to cut that tree I would not let it stand there long; for you see it is mighty straight in the grain, and would split like a ribbon." Evidently the saw of requisite size came in time.

The Castle and some half-dozen log cabins constituted Goderich. French and half-breeds, Indians, and the few Europeans belonging to the Company, made up the inhabitants. Louis Belmore, Frank Tranch, Frank Kneshaw, Peter Andrews, Feltie Fisher, Jasper Gooding, were some of the early names. Gooding's big canoe was in the harbour, and Crabbe's schooner, the *Mary Anne*, rode at anchor there. Read, a jolly, handsome Englishman, had the year previous opened a tavern in one wing of the Priory at Guelph. He now came up to Goderich with

Major Strickland, and built the first inn, down by the harbour. Afterwards the Harbour Inn was kept by Feltie Fisher, and Read—by that time known as Judge Read, a name which he kept until his death—had made a clearing farther over on the bluff above the lake, and built himself there an hostelry, in which many Goderich doings, famous in their day, and some brought into this history, took place.

Major Strickland had found by experience elsewhere that all the description in the world could not teach a man how to swing an axe or build a shanty. He was now an experienced immigrant. He bought a plot on the plateau at once, near what soon became known as Lighthouse Point. The lot had upon it a log house, built by the Frenchman from whom he bought it; and as he had left Mrs. Strickland and their child behind him in Guelph, he set about adding to it and making a home for them. He found his place also contained the remains of a sugar camp; the hooked sticks, which had supported the pots and kettles, still hung from a pole above the hearth, and there were the remains of bed-berths, made with poles, covered with bark, and raised about fifteen inches from the ground; these had evidently served as seats as well as beds. The dimensions of the camp had been 30x16 feet. Below this bluff the land was clear of trees and shrubs, having been tilled by the Indians in fields of corn, and still covered with their huts.

This flat was at once ploughed up by the Company and sowed with oats in the spring of 1829, being the first ploughing after new principles in the Huron Tract, and the first oat crop. Four acres around the Castle were also broken up for wheat, and had a yield of forty bushels to the acre—a good yield when about one-tenth of the ground was cumbered with stumps and stones. A lumber mill was already working, up the river, in a particularly picturesque spot even in this country of lovely situations, by Ben Miller, whose name was thereafter to be given to the place. The mill was close to a fine pine grove, which grew near the mouth of a troubled little stream that tumbled and frothed into the larger Minnesetung. Strickland and his man-



"A particularly picturesque spot, even in this country of lovely situations."

servant went by the pathway, that being a short cut of seven miles. They came out opposite the mill and waded across, not without some danger, for though the spring floods were abated the stream was swift, and in some places reached to the waist. "Setting poles and pluck" got them across. The purchase was made and the lumber put into raft shape—three cribs connected by short pieces of scantling, and an oar fixed at either end. The upper fall was six feet, and the lower one three feet in depth. Down the rapids they went, soused, but coming to the surface safely, and making the run of nine miles in an hour. The new part of his house was made of cherry logs, counter-hewed, inside and out, and pointed with mortar. It was but one story, with a loft for storage purposes. The flat was divided into parlour, kitchen and three bed-rooms. As a boy the Major had been rather a torment, owing to his carpentering tastes, but now the benefit of his experience in that line came in. He set up his bench and did the doors and nearly all the woodwork. A man who was Jack-of-all-trades had best chance as pioneer. The new house was scarcely finished, when one day, on returning from the Company's storehouses, which stood near the top of the harbour hill, he saw the door of his log-cabin open, and a golden-haired lassie sitting on the step. A second glance told him it was his own child. Inside the door sat his wife, surrounded by the boxes and packages containing her household gods, busy looking into what corners this or that, not yet unpacked, might be put. The intention had been to delay their coming until such time as the snow would make an easy transit; but loneliness, and a letter which announced the completion of the log house, decided her upon an attempt to join her husband without further instructions. She engaged a settler who owned a waggon and yoke of oxen, and she, her nursemaid and child, all seated on top of the bedding, boxes and furniture, set out. Into the second day the journey went smoothly enough, for the route lay through the settlement; but the new-cut Huron Road tried the possibilities of strength, in waggon and dispositions, to the utmost. The

former was upset twice, and fears for her baby prevented Mrs. Strickland mounting it a third time. There were sixty miles yet to cover; these she walked and carried her child. The man had all he could do to manage his load, and the nursemaid more than she could do to manage herself. Fifteen miles a day was the utmost of which the oxen were capable; so there was camping in the open for nights. Happily the weather was dry and warm; but the mosquitoes made dreadful havoc on the tender flesh of the baby. When they were within six miles of Fryfogle's they were overtaken by a man going in their direction. He very politely and good-naturedly offered to relieve Mrs. Strickland of her charge; but when too late, she saw he was quite tipsy. She asked to have her baby back; but the new-made nurse liked his work, and went on unheeding. The baby at once made friends with him, evidently liking the change from tired arms to strong ones. When within a mile of Fryfogle's inn he disappeared from sight. Her sobs and cries had failed to stop him. She was midway 'twixt the inn and the van, and in the fast growing twilight had hard work to keep upon the road. When the log inn was reached, she found the man with the child seated upon his knee. He restored her, with the remark that he hoped she would give him the price of a quart of whiskey for his trouble, "for the child was main heavy, God bless her." The price was willingly paid, and the tired arms could not have been urged into giving up their burden for the remainder of that journey. The end of the last day saw the faithful woman down-hearted and weary; but when, the South Boundary passed, she caught a glimpse of Huron, she knew her troubles were well over and the log cabin somewhere near.

When winter came, the harbour hill proved a fine place for coasting. In the smooth and icy side Strickland made a course, and down it he never wearied of sliding with his friends. Sleds were the chief vehicles, summer or winter, but for such work as this, those of Indian make came in. The ordinary Canadian summer sled used for heavy work was easy enough to make. A crooked stick found in the bush was quickly

turned into broad, flat, low runners; cross-pieces were fitted into grooves; the pole was a straight young ash with the butt sawn down the middle for about a foot, and spread for the insertion of the wooden tongue, which was fastened by a pin. When complete it was almost as high as a modern winter sleigh.

With summer the mania for exploration broke out again, and these old records and diaries are a daily chronicle of all things new, the temperature, the rise and fall of the lake, the blocking of the ice, a fleet of Pottowattomies, the unusual wild flowers, and the habits of the birds. There was the carrier pigeon, with its long forked tail and lovely pink breast, incredible in number. The beech trees swung low with their weight, and the bright sky was clouded by their flight. Their breeding grounds lay all along the upper lake shore, where the small trees were covered with the nests. The flights began in the early morning and continued, flock after flock, until sundown. They sometimes flew so low that a long pole would bring down all that a pot-hunter required. From twenty to thirty were thought a good addition to the larder. Once, when they were not so conveniently low, and being out of shot, the Major loaded his gun with shingle from the beach and brought down his usual marketing. But as the wheat on Pryor's Point, or, as it was more often called, the Baron's Hill, ripened, they could be found and bagged without either gun or pole, and such leisure taken as to secure only the youngest and most tender.

Once, when off on an exploration, the Major and Dunlop came upon such a rookery. Sleep there was none, for besides the usual song, one not calculated for a lullaby, the breaking branches and the constant flutter of wings made an incessant noise. Near daybreak they made off to their feeding-grounds, the sound of their wings like that of thunder. Flock after flock took its departure eastwards, keeping up an incessant roar. One single wedge was observed at least one mile in breadth. It took four hours in passing, which, at the rate of

one mile per minute, gives 2,040 miles. With three pigeons to each square yard, a moderate allowance of room, the number in all was calculated to have been 2,230,272,000 in that single flock.

One good point about the carrier pigeon was that he spared the standing grain. Not so the blackbird, especially if decorated with an orange bar across his wing. Indian corn or oats, all was palatable to him. The smaller blackbird, much like a starling, and a frequenter of reeds and marshes, was equally destructive to the first wheat fields, and his black brother with the cawing rook-like voice, little better. The woodpecker, with his black head, white breast and scarlet wings and back, was called the Field Officer, and amused the people greatly. The cock of the woods, or, as one traveller puts it, the coxcomb of the woods, would have suited him better.

These pioneers preferred the canoe called a dug-out. There were three kinds of these vessels made by the Chippewas on the Flats, the birch-bark, the dug-out and the elm canoe. The second was used for all practical purposes by the settler; but the Indian, and the newly-arrived who "posed," preferred the birch-bark. One famous dug-out was a pine tree twenty-six feet long and three feet nine inches in the beam. It could easily carry nine barrels of pork and four or five men to paddle. Pine, black walnut, basswood, and a tree for which the Flats were famous, the buttonwood, were all esteemed good, the two last named especially, as they were the lightest and not likely to split from exposure to the sun. They were also the best in the rice and weeds, as there was no swish against their sides, as with the birch. The Chippewas often made theirs from one roll of elm, sewn up at both ends and gummed, the thwarts keeping it spread. But the Minnesetung was too rapid for ascent, and when on the hunt or in the sugar season they went unencumbered, made these temporary elm-bark affairs, and came back from headquarters laden with sugar and game, afraid of neither rapid nor current. The squaw invariably steered, and did her duty admirably. One enormous Indian

canoe emerged from the fog one morning and made for the harbour, the people ashore mistaking it for a schooner. It had crossed from Saginaw Bay with twenty-five Indians aboard, and a load of bales of furs. There were main and top sails, with an ingenious contrivance for hoisting them and lowering them instantaneously, a good precaution for squally weather. On dark nights they fixed a bark torch in a cleft stick in the bow.

The squaws were most industrious fancy workers in beads, coloured porcupine quills, and bark. They traced their patterns upon the last with their teeth, after folding it many times with fancy angles; the corners, once bitten, when opened formed a regular design. Their dyes were the hemlock for red, the root of the white ash for yellow, and indigo for blue, or mixed with yellow for green. Like the blind they worked; daylight and dark were one to them. On the north side of the Colborne boundary, upon a high cliff overhanging the lake, there was an ancient Chippewa burying ground. The waves had undermined the cliff, and the ends of several rude coffins stuck out of the crumbling sand and clay. Coffins were modern, the originals of these having been sheets of cedar bark above and underneath the bodies.

Some nine miles up the same shore a bright little stream bustled into the lake. This was the destination of an exploring party, and a day was fixed for the expedition. They made the mistake of only taking rations and accommodation for one day and night. Gooding's big canoe, the *De Witt Clinton*, with himself and eight others in it, set out; Mr. Fullarton was captain, and Brewster, known as "the Professor," because he was a cousin of the famous Sir David, was of the party. With daylight one fine sunny morning in June, they set out of the harbour with a light wind, having rigged up two blankets as sprit-sails. These answered as long as the breeze endured, but that soon died away.

"Come, boys," said the captain, "we must raise a white ash breeze, or we shall not see Nine-mile Creek to-night."

Eight paddles in vigorous hands made the canoe fly through

the water, which by this time was placid as a mirror. With the fallen wind came intense heat, and by noon huge double-headed thunder clouds came out of the still north-west. This meant a change of wind, as well as storm. A narrow channel, some ten feet wide, let them into the creek through the mass of sand and gravel which choked the entrance. Across the bar they found a snug basin, and landing on the little peninsula began to prepare camp. They dined, and explored; found a beautiful waterfall, and then, warned by the thunder, made preparations for the night. The Professor brought out a small tent-cloth, and the canoe, turned bottom upwards and supported on forked sticks, made a second shelter. Then came a warm discussion as to the disposal of the party in them. Delicious beds of hemlock-brush and fern invited them to recline, divan fashion; and here they drank whiskey-punch and told stories far into the night. The lightning became incessant, illuminating their tiny harbour till every bit of shore and dipping branch stood out; and above, dark masses of piled-up clouds made a spectacle grand to look upon, but unwelcome. An hour's anxious expectancy and a few large drops of rain made them secure the rag of tent and upturned boat as well as might be. Just then the Skipper, to keep their spirits up, appeared with a fresh brew of lemon punch; but in a deafening roar and one blinding flash the tent was whisked across the harbour, and the boat become their only refuge. Adjust themselves as they might, three had to be left outside; and there they remained, pelted upon by a pitiless wind and storm of rain till daylight came. The prospect then showed an angry lake, white with breakers, and no chance of the possibility of a launch, barely enough provisions for breakfast, and, as the Professor said, "worst luck of all, not a single horn of whiskey left in the jar."

Gooding and three others took to the woods to try to reach Goderich by the shore, leaving Strickland and the others to follow by the canoe when possible. Their larder contained but half a loaf of bread and a few lumps of sugar. They had neither line nor hook; no one had a gun, and they were five

hungry men with one spear for weapon. It was too windy to use the last in the little harbour, but up the stream they speared a few suckers. Suckers in June! But they were better than starvation; so boiled suckers for dinner, with a little bread and a cup of hemlock tea, boiled suckers for supper, with no bread, and tea without sugar, and another night was upon them. But their camp was luxurious; for they had spent a long day preparing it, and they were a merry party, ready with new stories for the dark hours, despite the absence of punch. The second morning bore no better promise, and the sight of more suckers to boil for breakfast decided them upon following Gooding and his party through the bush. After crossing the harbour, they hid their canoe in the shrubs and began their land journey. They travelled for the most part along the natural terraces overhanging the water, sometimes one hundred feet above its level, sometimes so low that they had to climb to avoid the breakers. Along the banks were patches of luscious strawberries, large and delicious, a most seasonable change from the day before. The prospect before and around them was magnificent; they rested now and then upon the slopes, enjoying their fruit and gazing their fill across the blue expanse. About four in the afternoon, the white cabins dotted about the Goderich cliff were welcome to the sight, and the travel-stained, half-starved explorers found hearty welcomes therein.

There was now a grand encampment of Chippewas upon the Flats; and pending the arrival of white missionaries, one of their own blood, the famous Peter Jones, from the Credit, came to preach the Gospel to them. He was Strickland's visitor, and seems to have left agreeable impressions on the minds of his hosts. On the Sunday morning he met his congregation, all the community, red and white, and gave them a most powerful and eloquent sermon, first in English and then in the native tongue. The Indians listened with the deepest attention to a forcible setting forth of the sins of drunkenness. He told them that Christ had come upon earth to save the red man's soul as

well as that of the white; he entreated them to repent of their sins and be "saved through Him." His similes were beautiful and well chosen, and his language impressive. Then he gave out a hymn in the Chippewa tongue, and the squaws, who sang very sweetly, led a melody wherein all joined. At the giving of another sermon elsewhere on the same sin and its consequences, a chief gravely rose and said: "My father, before the white man came, we could hunt and fish, and raise corn enough for our families; we knew nothing of your fire-water. If it is so bad, why did the white man bring it here? We did not want it!"

About this time Dunlop writes his sister, the same "dear Nell," but in the meantime transformed into the mistress of Roseneath Manse, Dumbartonshire: "I have written divers letters touching ministers and schoolmasters to David Welch and Dr. McGill. I wish you would ask your husband or Sandy to enquire about them, as Sir John Colborne is education mad, and is collecting the scattered tribes of Indians into villages for the purpose of civilizing them, and as I promised to get him schoolmasters, I may look for a wigging on my return to York if I can tell him nothing about them.

"I had intended," the letter continues, "to go home for a couple of months, but as Mr. Jones, one of the Commissioners, goes home, I must stay while he is gone; besides, I do not wish to go until I have a most accurate and minute acquaintance with every acre of the colony, and in the winter I shall probably arrange the notes I have made for the purpose of publication, tho' that is probably remote. I have also promised Dr. Buck, of Albany, to write the surgical part of his book on medical jurisprudence, so that I shall have enough to do to keep me from hanging myself from *ennui*."

The surgical part of the book was written, and also the notes compiled into that little book known as "The Backwoodsman," the latter giving Dunlop a Canadian title by which he was as often described as by his East Indian one of "The Tiger." 'Tiger" Dunlop, the "Backwoodsman," and "The Doctor,"

were names familiar in this part of the country during the first half of the century.

The little book did great work in its day, and was instrumental in bringing out settlers of a different stamp from those then on the way or in the humour for emigrating. It had been said that no man had a greater talent for throwing an air of romance over the stern realities of settlement-founding than had Galt; that with his genius and spirit the reality seemed a romance. But it was reserved for the pen of the "Backwoodsman" to put upon paper an accurate, even if sometimes a highly coloured, account of life as he had found it, a tabulated statement of the resources and appearance of the Tract, and a list of minute directions as to the *modus operandi* necessary in transferring families, capital and brains, energy and industry, from one hemisphere to the other.

CHAPTER VI.

THE KINGS OF THE CANADA COMPANY.

"Goderich, where the Canada Company have shown how much can be done by enterprise."

PLEASANT Judge Read early established himself as postman to the community. This meant that he kept a leather bag, in which to carry letters to and from Goderich. When it was reasonably full, he mounted his horse and made his way to Galt, thence to Hamilton. The "office" in time came to be located on Read's twenty-acre lot. Perhaps letters did not give as much pleasure, at any rate did not furnish the same general excitement, as a well-chosen bundle of Old Country newspapers. To be sure, the news in them was at least eight weeks old; but receiving and reading them did not leave these inhabitants like Colonel Talbot in his chosen fastness, the Talbot country. No post, no newspaper, brought him tidings of victory or defeat, of revolutions or of wars in contemplation. When he took to the bush, Napoleon was Consul; when he heard of him again the game had been played out, and Napoleon with his panorama of dynasties was a thing of the past. So that, comparatively speaking, Judge Read kept Goderich up to date.

One morning as Major Strickland was busy in the storehouse, Mr. Pryor entered with a newspaper in his hand. It had just arrived. George the Fourth was dead, and this was their first intimation that they were eight weeks old in a new reign. Galt's opinion had been that "it required not the wisdom of Solomon to see that occasional amusements were necessary to promote content." Pryor and Strickland thought the same.

"I think we must give the workmen a holiday on this memorable occasion," said the former. "I have been thinking of making a little *fête*, and inviting all the settlers within reach to the Buttonwood Flats. We shall have refreshments; and if the day is fine, I have no doubt we'll enjoy ourselves."

The Buttonwood Flats was a part of the ground about a mile from the mouth of the river, and on it grew some immense buttonwood trees. One in particular, near a welling spring, had left a shell trunk so large that Dunlop and eleven of his cronies tested it by standing in it at one time, and drank a quart of whiskey in honour of its size. Doubtless they would have been willing to celebrate a larch as readily. This tree had an arched doorway high enough to admit a tall man. In it, not long after, a little lad, Murray MacGregor, and his friends crowded when tired of playing shinty. On top of one buttonwood still swung securely an eagle's nest. Another trunk had been sawn off, and its goodly circumference was the pulpit from which Dunlop and others gave forth their oratory to the loyal assemblage.

Due notice having been given, upon the appointed day everyone within a radius of ten miles gathered to do honour to the new King and to show their loyalty in any way Mr. Pryor might dictate. He ascended the buttonwood rostrum and gave a loyal and patriotic speech. He then read a proclamation, which was received with nine rounds of British cheers. The party formed a circle by joining hands, and sang "God Save the King," accompanied by the Goderich band, which was composed of two fiddles and a tambourine.

"Rule Britannia" followed, as appropriate to the sailor King, loyalty and enthusiasm making up for any lack in the parts. Then came a pail of whiskey with a teacup floating in it; and another pail filled with water, for those "weaker brethren" who diluted their toasts if not their loyalty. All present drank to His Majesty's health before attacking the heavier part of the refreshment. They seated themselves on the grass under the grateful buttonwood shade, while the Union Jack floated in the

warm summer breeze and gave a glint of bright colour to the picture. The day was perfect, even in the perfection of a Canadian June; the spot chosen, lovely at all times, was a smooth, green semi-circular meadow, ornamented with the groups of giant trees; the steep bank rising like an amphitheatre, thickly wooded, tier above tier, from base to crown; the rapid waters of the Minnesetung—a name changed by 1830 to the Maitland—within sight and sound, all formed a prospect to make the colonist happy and loyal.

A Yankee millwright, employed at that time by the Company to erect a mill, contributed to the fun by his quaint remarks. "I declare," said he, "if this don't *almost* put me in mind of the Fourth of July. Why, you Britishers make as much fuss proclaiming your King as we do celebrating our Anniversary of Independence! Wal, it does me good to look at you. I vow if I don't feel quite loyal myself. Come, let's drink the old gentleman's health again; I guess I feel as dry as a sandbank, after so much hollerin'."

His toasts to the good King's health must indeed have put him in good humour; for although a man of much travel, he told them he had never seen a section of country which pleased him like the Huron Tract. "I guess when this country o' yourn is once cleared up, and roads made and the cricks bridged, there won't be such another place in all creation." As a reason for this last broad statement, he continued: "Wal, just look what a fine frontage you have on that 'ere big pond (Huron), and good harbour, and land that can't be beat nohow. All you want is to go ahead; and you may take my word for it that this will be the garden of Kennedy yet."

They danced that day under the shade, "country dances" and reels to "The Wind that Shakes the Barley"; there were good old English games and ball-play for those who did not care to dance the old King out and the new King in; and all went merrily under the greenwood tree until Charles' wain came out, and the dew under foot warned the revellers that it was time to return to the white cabins on the hill-top.

Mr. Pryor thanked them for their attendance and for the smooth way in which his programme had been carried out, calling upon them to give three cheers for the King, three for Queen Adelaide, three for the Canada Company and the Commissioners, and three for Doctor Dunlop. The power of lung and enthusiasm spoke volumes for the floating teacup.

But this was not all. A ball followed at Read's hotel, by now removed from the harbour to the bluff. Dancing was kept up until daylight, and there was no halfheartedness in ushering the new reign in with proper spirit.

Poor Read's hotel, the best hostelry in the place and scene of most of the revels of after days; where the Clinton people and those outside of the town "put up;" where the Commissioner and his charming wife, Dr. Hamilton and the Otters and Bignalls, the Evans, Galts and Lizars, beautiful Jane Longworth, the lovely Reids, the lovelier Campbells and a host of others, laughed and danced and sang many pleasant hours away; where the green in front was used for cricket and quoits by the Lysters and Dixie Watson and genial Charlie Widder, Daw Don, and others of the beaux who missed their club life; where Judge Read and Woodliff and their cronies sat on the benches and sunned themselves of bright afternoons; where the seats along the bank were filled evening after evening with people who never wearied of that gorgeous pageant—not colour but conflagration—which the sunsets furnished. These sunsets were so famous that travellers hearing of them made the detour to that out-of-the-way corner of the world on purpose to enjoy them. But the lap and the boom of these crimson-dyed waters which the musical Read loved to hear, as in the pink twilight he sang "A Rose Tree in Full Bearing" and crossed their monotone of accompaniment with the keener edge of sound from his own violin, were telling of a time when all these familiar names, which made the life of that day, would be but memories; and the sward, and the inn itself, undermined, would crumble and disappear, with no sign of life remaining save the busy sand marten burrowing in the face of the

new-made cliff. Then, and for some time afterwards, this cliff front was one thick growth of juniper, wild raspberry and gooseberry and other shrubs, the roots making the warp and woof of the matting which held back the sliding clay and sand. "Clearing," and the action of the water, literally changed the face of this part of the land.

Truly the Canada Company furnished a panorama of life never seen elsewhere in Canada, and impossible under any other conditions. On the slides were names and faces, some famous in their day and quickly forgotten, others made famous by subsequent history.

To illustrate the first; in 1827 an old Belgian nobleman, the Baron de Tuyle, made an arrangement with the Canada Company whereby he was to have a choice of their lands in the Huron Tract. To ensure a right judgment he brought out Captain (then Lieutenant) Bayfield, R.N., whose name, "dear to Canadian science," is known still as an authority from Huron to Gaspé. Bayfield made a survey of the lake and of the rivers running into it, cruising about in his surveying schooner, the *Gulnare*, and under pressure of difficulties taking to canoe and bateau, making his way much after the manner of Dunlop, with Indians and half-breeds; and as a result of his labours made charts which were in use upon the lakes until 1884, and which are still looked upon as authorities. In his count of islands he persevered to the number of thirty-six hundred, and then gave up the task. His minute inspection of the Company's coast line resulted in his advice to the Baron to purchase extensively upon the lower coast, and also at that point which thus early was known as the Ridge, in position opposite to Dunlop's Castle Hill, upon what became known as the Colborne side of the Minnesetung. In the larger tract purchased, choice of a town site was made at the mouth of a river smaller than the Red, but much the same in giving situation and appearance, cliff and harbour, in miniature of Goderich. The river and town site were given the explorer's name.

The little hamlet of Bayfield consisted of lumbermen's shan-

ties, log huts put up for the Baron's men, who at once began taking out timber from the estate. But the work seems to have been ill-advised; for in 1836—the year of the fat, dark little Baron's death—the logs were lying rotting, the buildings consisted only of his store and a few huts, and in the year following, the Rebellion year, but fifteen able-bodied men could be found for the defence of their country. At the Ridge, on the contrary, a commodious log cottage was put up, the rooms in it large, and somewhat resembling Galt's Priory at Guelph. The hall was square, with sliding doors on either side, which opened on good rooms available as one when so required. The French windows admitted to a broad verandah, from which beautiful views up the river were always before the eye; while to the right a narrow peninsula of sand and gravel, partly wooded, divided from or gave glimpses of the blue and white of the lake. The estate was soon put into new form, all in the German style. Felling, burning, oak avenue-planting, cottages, a house for the Baron's factor, and other things novel in the wilderness, soon made the Ridge more than a rival for the Castle opposite. The latter had meanwhile developed into an abode of trefoil shape—three square log-houses so laced together with porches, vines and rustic work that the separate parts of the clover-leaf were hard to distinguish. Bachelor's hall was kept there in a lively manner. The bachelors were served well in kitchen and dining-room, and had gathered about them good appointments and not a few luxuries.

Dunlop had taken land on the Colborne side, farther up the river than the Baron, and was preparing Gairbraid as a home for himself and his newly arrived brother. There the underbrushing, felling and burning were each made a merry piece of work by the workers blackening their faces to equal the complexion of a coloured fellow-labourer, while the latter was chalked into a white man. The Castle became Pryor's especial home, and was planted with fruit and flowers, which throve in the rich soil; gardening in every form was his hobby, and the little point soon was a spot of cultivation in a wild setting

The Baron returned to Belgium in 1836, and died there in the same year. But in the meantime a new and remarkable figure was added to the social *pot pourri*; an odd mixture the latter was, contributed to from both Goderich and Colborne sides. The appearance of many was foreign to those surrounding them. Most of them aped the backwoodsman of the pamphlet, and dressed themselves in red shirts open at the throat; swung axes in their soft and blistered hands, and, rumour has it, wielded them sometimes standing in a tub, to prevent all possibility of cutting a shin instead of a tree trunk. Others took the Indian of Cooper's tales for model: adopted a hybrid dress of fanciful cut according to the season, blanket coat or belted shirt; turned in their toes even when shod in London boots, and replaced the single eye-glass, which dangled from most necks, with a small compass for forest guidance. This last gawd often took them to spots whence it seemed powerless to effect a return.

Many stories were told of the most striking and notable of the newcomers, all believed at the time, but not hanging together in an after light. "Rumour with its coat painted full of tongues" was abroad, and tales seemed to spring as rapidly from this strong virgin soil as did the roots and grains.

Vincent Guilderminster de Tuyle, the new Baron, had been outlawed for debt; he belonged to that happy class whose high estate could not suffer imprisonment for that offence. One of the many stories told of him was that he had been Ambassador to the court of England, and had been commanded by the girl Queen to dance with her. He was handsome, charming, tall and dark, the very type of a hero of romance, with beautiful long-lashed dark eyes and a head of curly hair. He spoke English well, and was physically very active, an expert in fencing and all gymnastic exercises. No better sailor, or one more conversant with all appertaining to sea affairs, ever perhaps came to this country. The late John Beverley Robinson tells that he planned and superintended the construction of Captain James McGill Strachan's yacht, the *Iroquois*, a vessel famous in her day; and that Charles Widder told him

how, once in the Mackinaw boats, during a great storm on their way down from the Fishing Islands, they would surely have been swamped had it not been for the Baron's great skill in seamanship. He was, above all, remarkable for his distinguished bearing. He at once adopted the blanket coat and close cap, the latter adorned with a squirrel's tail, and heavy leathern belt—naturally, and aided by costume, a picturesque figure.

Doctor Dunlop, who had the Scotch fondness for nicknames, dubbed E. C. Taylor, the Baron's factor, "*The* Jew." Without being a Jew, the Baron himself had all the methods of a wily modern speculator. He had clearings made in his lands of a couple of acres each, put huts upon them, and trusted to the tired immigrant greedily taking what was at least a shelter. Inspection might prove the house but four log walls without doors, windows or chimney. Sometimes the immigrant saw the clearing green in grass, or a crop of hay awaiting him. The word "shelter" has lost its force; it then meant much.

E. C. Taylor was a rather good-looking, blustering Englishman. He had a house provided for him at Bayfield, but, with his wife, lived most of the year in the log cottage at the Ridge. They were both remarkable for good and gay clothing, in a community where broadcloth was relegated to the cedar chest. His burnished beaver and immaculate linen, and her rather mincing gait and fashionable attire, shone by contrast with their setting. Taylor died, and his funeral, which took place from the Canada Company's office and residence, was made a great affair by his seniors. By that time the Rebellion had converted many peaceable citizens into colonels and majors. He was a colonel, and by virtue of his title received military burial and honours. "Bill," a horse famous in its day and a very beautiful animal, borrowed for the purpose, followed the body, bearing boots reversed. Uniforms were brought out and worn by his friends, and a pageant made which the school children witnessed with awe. A volley fired over the grave closed the scene. Motives of economy prevented the destruction of "Bill."

Taylor, who was sent to this country with £17,000 by the elder Baron for investment, at first began business as a merchant and banker, young Griffin acting as his manager.

After his factor's death, de Tuyle took up his residence at the Ridge, with Mrs. Taylor to keep house for him. Dinners and many gay gatherings followed. "Ah," says an old inhabitant, "the Baron played high and flirted strong. I mind some of his pranks well; and there was the time when he and his friends paraded the town in outlandish dress, with oxtails in their caps." "And the Baron for sure was a nice man; the kind, of course, that couldn't *do* anything; and I never seen another man with as long a fut."

Before going to the Ridge he lodged with Feltie Fisher, or spent much time at Colonel Van Egmond's house on the Huron Road. Like Dunlop and many others, he varied immigrant life by trips abroad, to New York State, where he visited the Van Buren family; and to Toronto, where he was a prominent figure in society, and where he made his fellow club-men stare at his performances on parallel bars.

Colonel Anthony Van Egmond was another peculiar presence, his history bound up closely with the hard work and material progress of the Tract; a history with a mournful ending. His career prior to emigration was an eventful one, active and varied. He is said to have been lineally descended from the Count Egmont who figured conspicuously in the "History of the Fall of the Dutch Republic," who, perhaps, is better remembered through Goethe's tragedy than as the hero of St. Quentin and Gravelines. Our Van Egmond was born in Holland, at the close of the last century. His military career was a varied one. He first served as an officer in the Dutch Army. After the domination of Napoleon there he served under the latter in the Dutch contingent required by him, and went into the disastrous Russian campaign of 1812. After that he took his place in the Allied Forces under Blucher against his late chief. At Waterloo he was severely wounded, and carried from the field. His military career on the Conti-

nent covered a period of twenty-five years, a time of blood in European history, during which he received fourteen greater wounds and many lesser, "and all in front." After the defeat of the French he emigrated to America, and remained in Pennsylvania for eight years. He then came to Canada, and finally found his way to the Huron Tract, where he engaged to build the famous Huron Road. He inherited and brought with him considerable wealth, and was, for the times, a rich and prosperous man. He was always the friend of the settler. Once, at Niagara, when on the move himself with his family, he found a load of settlers who were especially anxious to get through, and in order to help them he left his own belongings behind. Among the latter was a large portrait of himself, which, being a personal matter, he did not value. When he returned to Niagara the people with whom the portrait had been left were gone, and it has never been heard of since.

His were the first horses brought into the Tract and the only waggons. He built the wayside inns and established in them Fryfogle, Helmer, Seebach and others, and made his own home, nearer the lake, a place where travellers were sure of welcome and comfort. In appearance he was a tall, fine, soldierly looking man, but age gave him a stoop. His features were good, with large nose, and he always wore a close cap, even under his hat. He was never seen without this cap, and the legend is that his ears had been cut off. He spoke English fairly well, and was considered eccentric. He was the first agricultural settler, and there is an interesting story of how the first sheaf of wheat grown in Huron was cut by Madame Van Egmond in the year 1829 or 1830.

Like his famous ancestor, he was to undergo trial for treason; and like him, too, he, was to die in a cause which he believed to be a righteous one. He was a pushing, clever man, and had he not taken up misunderstood politics in a foreign land would have remained a successful one.

The great wheat sheaf event was celebrated by a dinner party. The guests were "the usual Canada Company lot,"

Dunlop, Pryor, Brewster, MacDonald, Strickland, and the newly arrived Commissioner, Thomas Mercer Jones, who now reigned in Galt's stead. Galt had sailed for England, leaving "the gathering of the freightage of the vessel which I had planned and had the laborious task of building and launching, by which my health has been vitally injured and my mind filled with rancour which has embittered my life." As he justly said, the true way to earn disappointment is by an ardent desire to please. This last sin could not, by all accounts, be laid to his successor's charge, admirable man as he was in many respects. They walked to their dinner party this hot August day, eighteen miles through the bush, their hats in their hands and their coats over their arms, pausing every now and then to rest in the shadiest spots. The dinner was cooked and served in Madame Van Egmond's best manner and amply enjoyed by her not too particular guests. Then came the great ceremony of the day. A sickle was handed to her and she was asked to cut the first sheaf, an honour of which she was justly proud. Cheers and fresh libations to Ceres followed the act. But the Colonel had yet another agricultural display—his stump field of potatoes. Some of the tubers were seven pounders, and were put on exhibition at all the ten-mile-inns. One acre, says the chronicle, measured by MacDonald, turned out seven hundred and twenty-four bushels and three pecks. Like Fisher of Colborne, Van Egmond was rich in the possession of a number of sons. Their early boyhood was spent in labour for the Tract and its people. One of them carried the first mail, before Read's "post-office" was established, from Galt to Goderich; he was a fleet-footed boy, and made good time over logs and through swamps, with the bag upon his back. His was the honour, too, to drive the very first load of provisions from the Line to Goderich. Everything with these people dated from the Peninsula or Waterloo. They had either fought, or had just missed fighting.

On the 14th of October, 1828, Sir John Colborne was gazetted as Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. He was

a distinguished officer of His Majesty's 52nd Regiment, and had fought in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo. He was an excellent soldier, "a man of war from his youth," and one to remember comrades. It so happened that on the day of Corunna a British lad bent on military life found himself there and enlisted. The subsequent fortunes of war threw him in with one of his seniors, Jack Colborne; and on one occasion, the junior, who was the possessor of two pairs of trousers, was proud to lend a pair to the senior, whose wardrobe was unusually scant at a most inopportune time. Within twenty-four hours after the loan, fickle fortune had separated the friends, who met no more until both were in Canada, retired military men, one the Governor and the other in search of employment. The latter, newly arrived at the seat of government, heard of the coming of the Governor.

"What!" said he; "Jack Colborne? I shall go and ask for my breeches."

The answer to his demand for an audience was that His Excellency was entertaining a dinner party; but the visitor would not be said nay, and sent in his card with a short memorandum pencilled beneath his name. In a moment Sir John himself appeared, table napkin in hand, and soon the denied caller was seated by him at the table, when the guests enjoyed hearing a rare interchange of war experience and old-time stories. Whether the matter of the loaned garment was amicably settled or not, history does not say; but the visitor, John Longworth, became Engineer for the Canada Company on Strickland's retirement, and upon Commissioner Jones' appointment took his place in that office. In 1831 Dunlop writes to the Engineer, the letter evidently dated from some far-outlying post, asking that a variety of necessaries may be despatched to him for use in camp, the letter concluding with a paragraph designed for Mr. Longworth, in the latter's capacity of Engineer: "I have sounded the bar, and have to report that it is of considerable extent, and the shallowest water is four feet. The channel, however, is not yet formed, and as soon as I discover any improvement I shall report it."

Pryor still lived in his clover-leaf log castle, not far from the log office of the Canada Company. During his residence at the various settlements he had made many friends for his Company, visitors afterwards testifying to his fitness for the position. Fergusson, in his "Tour in Canada," says: "I spent the evening [at the Priory, Guelph] with Mr. Pryor, the acting-manager, who has many arduous duties to perform . . . His opinion coincides with the general conviction that no steady, industrious man can fail to prosper in Canada, according to his means. The Commissioners are now greatly more circumspect in the character of settlers than was the case at first; and it is a leading object to obtain sober, moral, correct men, that a good neighbourhood may be everywhere secured. This must, of course, impose a painful and difficult task upon the agents, requiring much firmness and discretion. Mr. Pryor told me that during a temporary absence, a party of bad stamp had located themselves at Goderich. Having satisfied himself of their character, he sent for a vessel and, almost *vi et armis*, shipped off fourteen families at one sweep."

About this time another British traveller, *en route* from Montreal to York, says: "We had with us a sort of public character in a journalist of the Upper Province, noted for principles by some called liberal, by others denounced as breathing sedition itself." Party feeling ran so high in Canada then, that no one could credit impartial observance or disinterested action.

Galt had shaken hands with William Lyon Mackenzie, and Thomas Mercer Jones reigned in his stead. These new appointments take one into a fresh phase of Canada Company life. Hitherto the tone had been distinctly Scotch; now power had passed into the hands of two Irishmen.

In front of the Company's office, which stood near the side of the Harbour Road, were two huge posts, whereon were nailed all notices of marriages, boys lost in the woods, cattle strayed, or other matters of public importance. The marriage notices were left there for a certain time to challenge enquiry, and the

ceremony was performed by any magistrate, generally Pryor or Dunlop. Among the notices was one in which the bride's name was set as Matilda Selina Salome Royal Bangs S. P. Cuyler. When questioned, she said she did not remember what the S. P. represented. Mr. Brewster replied that that was well, as the blank forms did not provide space for such signatures.

"And were these posts used for all *public* notices?" was a question put to an old man who remembered Miss Cuyler and her names.

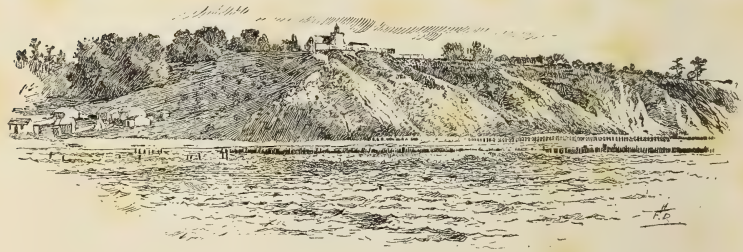
"Why, dammit, there *was* no public," came the answer, with a fire which had burned not less brightly for being sixty years old; "there was no public; you were Canada Company or you were nothing."

An element was now about to be added to Goderich life, in which Canada Company methods had no share, and from the mutual antipathies arising therefrom grew consequences grave to the community and highly exciting and interesting to look back upon.

Opposite the offices was Rob Roy MacGregor's store. He was the incomer after Gooding, travelling from Zorra through the woods with his oxen. Farther up the bank came the Stricklands' little house; and beyond that, one put up for the new Commissioner, where two trusty servants, Michael and Granny Kelly, kept house for him when he made sojourns in Goderich, his home as yet being in York. Then came Read's hotel, with its beautiful bank full in the blaze of the setting sun; and beyond Read's, the stables and workshops of the Canada Company. When excavating at this part of the coast in 1833, the Company's workmen had come upon an interesting relic of a time even prior to the red man's occupancy. This was a vase, made apparently from feld-spar, or some granitic composition in which feld-spar held the chief place. It measured ten and one-half inches in its largest diameter, eight and one-fifth in its shortest, was oval in form, six and one-half inches high, and one-fifth of an inch thick. It was perfect except in part of the

lip, was apparently without handle, and had been coloured; in shape it resembled the vessels used to this day in the East for cooling water. It was afterwards given to Lady Colborne.

On the bank by the workshops two figures were one evening seen pacing up and down, both tall men of good carriage, with handsome features. Both spoke unmistakably of O'Connor's "land of the valley and the rushing river;" one was distinctly giving directions, while the other listened with the attention which bespoke complete trust in his superior. The dress of the latter was peculiar, almost more military than civil, the former appearance heightened by a long blue cloak and a dashing cap set soldier-wise. Behind them an employé walked a handsome grey horse up and down, the saddle and all appointments without a fault of fashion; and a closer examination would have discovered good weapons, in the shape of highly polished pistols. These pistols were to be the toys used in all the duels that were to form one of the exciting features of the coming time. The sun sank lower; but these men did not spare many glances for the exquisite scene and sounds about them, wooded shore and scroll of heavens, lapping waters and the boom that marked the seventh wave. They were deep in giving and receiving commands and making preparations for new work, fresh labour and a new system. As they stood silhouetted against the sky, black figures in the deepening twilight, the superior, with arm outstretched, described where pier and lighthouse yet should be. These were "the Kings of the Canada Company."



CHAPTER VII.

THE COLBORNE CLIQUE.

"Contact with the powers of others calls forth new ones in ourselves."

THERE seemed to be a simultaneous movement towards Goderich of Scotch gentlemen with families in the years 1833, 1834 and 1835, who took up their lands in the township named in honour of Sir John Colborne. Many of them had been friends at home, and were by acquaintance or correspondence known to Dunlop, the prime mover by his book "The Backwoodsman," and in other ways, in peopling the forests of which he was as yet Warden. These families soon became fused into a strong federation, known as "The Colborne Clique," antipathetic to the Company. From petty causes of annoyance, and also through the principle that blood is thicker than water, Dunlop gradually lost faith in the latter, ceased to be Warden of its forests, and finally severed his connection with it, to turn, or to be turned, into the head and front of its enemy. Before this took place, Fergusson says of the Company and its officers: "I found the Commissioners communicative and truly obliging. Dr. D., who acts as Warden of the Forests, has spent much time in their depths, and gives the *seria mixta jocis* in the happiest style, when recounting the progress and adventures in the backwoods. The Canada Company, I should think, is calculated to forward the general interests of the country, although there are certainly those who think otherwise; and if it shall continue to be prudently administered will in time yield handsome returns. The exertions made to facilitate the transport and settlement of emigrants, and the

liberal terms held out, cannot fail to secure the confidence and good-will of intending settlers." But as late as 1835, *The Reformer* remarks that "the English press is still devoting its attention to Canadian affairs. A long, lying article from *Blackwood's Magazine* is now going the rounds of the Tory journals of both provinces."

"Why," asked the elder Mrs. Hyndman once of Dunlop, "why did you write as you did? You must have known that all of 'The Backwoodsman' was not true."

"Oh," was the reply, "I knew I didn't tell the truth; but I wanted good settlers of the better sort."

The Hyndmans, Lizars, Kippens, Lawsons, Clarkes, John Galt, jun., and a host of others were of the Clique; while some among the English contingent of gentlemen emigrants, though not of the Clique, were anti-Canada Company. The Clique had friends on both sides of the river. Dissatisfaction began early, chiefly from disappointment at finding things not as the Company's maps and illustrations in London and Edinburgh led purchasers to expect; in many cases, because reality did not tally with scenes conjured up by imagination. Froude says somewhere that when the wise and good are divided in opinion the truth is generally found to be divided, too. The young sons on the long outward voyage beguiled the hours with "Robinson Crusoe." It therefore seemed but a proper part of the expedition when they saw, on the Colborne road, a post with sign pointing the way to Juan Fernandez. The emigrant who had so called his place became known, and lived and died, by the name of Crusoe Miller. To complete the illusion, he had a man Friday. Minds, young and old, were in an inflammable state.

The first arraignment against the Company carried three indictments: bridges, roads and mills. One tale told that in the London office, as an inducement to intending purchasers, an illustrated map showed a drawbridge at the mouth of the river: beneath the town of Goderich a fleet of vessels rode in the harbour; the draw was open, and a fine vessel was passing through. What they found was a Highland fisherman plying between the

Ridge and the Goderich side, who charged a York shilling as his fare; sometimes he was there, sometimes not, but in either case, "she would not pe long whateffer," and the Colbornites were often dependent upon a friendly Indian or squaw to paddle them across.

Dunlop, as usual, was independent. Once when the Highlander was absent, he called no Indian, but took an inoffensive cow, that was chewing the cud of reflection on the bank, by the horns, and when he got her well in the water sprang upon her back. He got over safely, and comparatively dry.

The complainant first heard publicly was Henry Hyndman. Matters mended so far as to see a floating bridge at the same point, which parted in the middle to let passing boats through. Strangely enough, the only person to come to grief was Mr. Hyndman himself. He fell in in broad daylight; but his character was, like Cæsar's wife, above reproach. "Ah," says one who remembers the circumstance, "if it had happened to any of the rest of us they'd have said, 'He's *drunk*;' but no one ever said that of Henry Hyndman."

The Maitland was a stream with frequent windings. To go across its meadows and ford the water farther up stream, as the crow flies, meant not one but many wettings. There was a saying that if you wanted to cross to the Ross farm you must wade fourteen times. Handsome Colin Ross, standing six feet four, never bothered to look for a ford, but walked straight through, so the story goes. Another Colbornite waded up to his middle waist-button, as his limit.

The Ross farm, in which Mr. Kydd was a partner, did not last long. They built their log house, and when the building was finished they began their felling. The first tree selected was very near the house; the two new settlers set about cutting it in such an ignorant way that it fell over the new house and smashed in the roof. It is said that that was the last of the Ross-Kydd farming venture.

The matter of bridges was the primary difficulty, because without them no grist could be got to the mill. But the road

provided for travel when the river was crossed, and the mill itself, were equally unsatisfactory; the roadway was often an impassable series of mud-holes.

"Their little tuppenny mill down on the Flats was worked by a spring, not by the river, so it couldn't always run. 'Twas just a little two-stone mill."

Naturally, it did not supply the demand for flour—which one family put, as their own estimate for use, at one barrel per week, as sometimes there was little else for food.

"Pyper's mill was a humbug of a mill. We did the best we could, and ground our own wheat in a coffee-mill fixed on the wall, or pounded it with a stone in the hollowed top of a stump."

Others crushed it between two stones, and made a kind of porridge, and baked in kettles a mixture which resembled bread inasmuch as it was made from wheat; and some hungry ones dug up potatoes already a month in the ground. Mr. Mountcastle, on the Huron road, once tried the experiment of sending his little girl with the grist. He maintained that it was fairness and not disagreeableness which caused delay. The mill was certainly inadequate for the custom, but the rule adopted was, first come first served. At this time the family was entirely out of flour, and he sent his daughter with the sack of wheat balanced before her on the horse. He knew they would not keep a child waiting; and the small horse-woman accordingly returned the same evening, at a foot pace all the way, with her quantity of flour. The father would probably have been kept two or three days. Alexander Young made as many as seven or eight trips after ten bushels of wheat. Sometimes he would return with a bushel, sometimes with none at all, the excuse generally being the rush of work and occasionally lack of water, for the spring which fed it sometimes gave out. A site was staked off for a new mill, and hungry people were shown the stakes, and promised there would be no delay once it was up. That new mill never grew beyond the stakes. In a letter written to the *British Colonist*,

Henry Hyndman eulogizes the Honourable Adam Fergusson and his management of his Fergus settlement. The mills there had been burnt down; but as soon as the rubbish was cleared away, new mills, phœnix-like, appeared—"would that such a man were a Commissioner of the Canada Company, to urge the repair of some slight damage of the Goderich mill, which has been closed for two months, and Lord knows when it will be open again."

Mrs. Pyper, wife of the miller, was a sister of "Stout Mac," MacDonald of the first surveys. Because Pyper was a Kentishman, and had married a Hieland woman, Dunlop nick-named him Bally Pibroch. Mrs. Pyper was as ingenious as her brother, but knew less English. Although her larder would often be laden with venison, pigeons and other meats, it too had its barren times; and a fresh-killed beast was soon cut up and a part exchanged for something which would furnish variety. In one neighbourly exchange after the killing of her husband's pigs, Mrs. Pyper offered the other "some of my sow's mutton for a quarter of your sheep's beef." At the Mountcastle homestead on the Huron Road, a groundhog was caught and shared with a hungry neighbour, "and never a more tasty morsel." That some of the emigrants did not know how to make the best of what they had did not cross their minds; the Canada Company was the root of all evil.

Before the days of the Colborne Clique, the populace was one day brought out by the arrival of a party of Chippewa Indians with the carcases of five bears. For a month salt pork had been the only meat, so the Indians were beset on every side. The chief was a fine looking warrior, wearing a large silver medal with a figure of George the Third which had been given him for gallant conduct in 1812. Wearied by much asking, he stepped upon the heaviest carcase, and gracefully waving his hand to command attention, began an oration. He was very animated, and pointed often to the cows and oxen belonging to the settlers, grazing near. John Got, a French-Canadian, interpreted that he said, "Indian very great hunter, kill

plenty bear and deer; white man kill beef. Sometimes Indian very hungry, see his white brother kill an ox. He asks for piece, but white man say, 'No, no, go away.' By-and-bye give him paunch and say, 'Plenty good for blackguard Indian.' If Indian kill bear, white man say, 'You my friend, give me a piece.' Indian great hunter, he no tell his white brother to wait for paunch, but give him leg or some good piece."

The Company's stores furnished another ground for complaint. The settlers could find no commodity there but fish. Meadowlands, the Lizars homestead, and Lunderston, the Hyndman place, became centres of discontent and protest. The *British Colonist* of Toronto, the paper of the day, was called upon to issue articles setting forth grievances, and the muse at home wrote pamphlets, squibs, and parodies.

"Sweet Goderich city,
So sweet and pretty,
I'm sure no ditty
It's praise can declare.
The stores where the fish are,
And the great Commissioner ——."

Stories went the rounds of how the Company did not keep faith in doing work and in distributing money, which faith, if kept, would destroy these causes of complaint. Not so, said the Colborne Clique; they were

"Standing still
And doing nothing with a deal of skill."

It was told how, on a hot summer day, John Longworth, one of the "Kings," came to the Company's warehouse, "looking as fine as a fiddle." Inside the big door, in the shed, sat John Crowley, one of the Company's men. The latter were all Irish, the saying on the Colborne side being that none other need apply; equally, on the Company's side, it was averred that Dunlop had vowed the Scotch should drive the Irish out of the country.

"What are you doing, John?"

"Nothin', sorr."

Gallagher, another employé, was upstairs, also in the shade, and also idle.

"Are you there, Paddy?"

"Yis, sorr."

"And what are you doing, ye spalpeen?"

"Helpin' John Crowley, sorr."

"And *where* are you?"

"Above you, thank God, sorr."

The bar formed at the entrance to the river by the action of the north-west wind caused the swamping of four schooners which attempted to cross. The Canada Company applied to the Legislature for permission to levy tolls on incoming vessels, in order to obtain interest on the expenditure necessary on the harbour. The bill was thrown out, the bar increased, and the summer of 1835 saw the *Minnesetung* laid up within, to the great cost of the Company as well as the inconvenience of the settlers. Flour, in consequence, was eight or nine dollars per barrel. The Company got a lease afterwards of the whole harbour, and charged wharfage to those landing goods. They had the water's edge; but the river, being navigable, could not be made over to them. But the Rattenburys paid fourteen dollars for their first barrel of flour—a valuable which they divided with brother and brother-in-law.

The fleet of boats, presumably belonging to the Company, in the London office picture, was for long centred in one keel which, once laid, remained rotting on the beach. But the impetus to be given to affairs by this single vessel doubled the price of land in one day.

Her successor, the second *Minnesetung*, made her first round trip July 20th, 1834. Her christening was quite a *fête*. The young Van Egmonds, Jimmy Dickson, and many other young men, walked some miles to see the sight. Pretty Helen Lizars stood by John Galt the younger on the deck; Doctor and Captain Dunlop, red-shirted as backwoodsmen, and the Colborne Clique and the Canada Company men, all expectant and

all more or less picturesque in appearance, stood about. The young girl broke a bottle of wine as she pronounced the word *Minnesetung* in a sweet treble, and the vessel was launched. Her sailing life was short. She was run into by a United States vessel near Fort Malden, and blown up. It is said that her owners were never able to make good their claim for the amount of her insurance, £4,000.

But roads or no roads, the gentlemen settlers must have their mails. Once a week a party of them would make a trip to Goderich, some going by the Lakeshore road, on which lay Lunderston, and which continued to be merely a blaze for many a day, its streams bridged by unsteady crossways. Those whose lands lay up the river, on the road towards Meadowlands, came by the Khyber Pass—a truly awful spot, the epitome of what causeway, quagmire, cedar swamp and corduroy combined could do, so named by David Lizars. It was the scene of many stirring events.

But Mr. Hyndman, though he grumbled and put his grumblings into formidable shape, did not expect all and give nothing. After his death, regard for his constant work on his own roadside and the improvements he made and aided others to make, caused the Council to give his widow a year's immunity from statute labour.

Some one, signing himself "A Huron," furnishes very spicy pamphlet reading. Whatever else was lacking in Colborne, strong words were plentiful: " . . . until they go back to the liberal system chalked out to them by the talented Mr. Galt, let the noble lords remember that the Directors of the Canada Company have acquired for themselves the style and title of 'rapacious land-jobbers, peddlers and hucksters' . . . a want of individual responsibility, which sets honour and virtue alike at defiance . . . the Lord Bishop, who may be found everywhere directing the energies of the Family Compact, which is one and the same thing as the Canada Company."

In 1839 there was still no bridge, and the colonists petitioned Sir George Arthur . . . "that the Township of Colborne,

in which your petitioners reside, is bounded on the east and south by the broad, deep and rapid river, Maitland . . . that your petitioners were induced from various circumstances to settle on the land belonging to the Canada Company, more particularly from the great advantages that corporation held out to emigrants, in which your petitioners regret to say they have been miserably disappointed; but more particularly from the want of a bridge across the River Maitland, which debars them from all convenient access to Goderich, and consequently to other parts of the province, except in the middle of winter, when Goderich harbour is frozen across, and is safe for teams on an average of about two months in the year."

But by the following year the fame of the Canada Company's Maitland bridge had gone farther abroad, as the following extracts from the *British Colonist* show. The circumstance which drew such writings forth was that Mr. Absalom Shade, member for Galt, had in the House said: "That the Company had paid £43 per mile for cutting and clearing out a road, one chain in width, from Wilmot to Goderich; that the tender for the same work at £40 had been rejected, because the person tendering had refused to receive three-quarter payment in land, and the person doing the work had accepted that condition: that causeways for which the Company paid fifteen shillings per rod, giving three-quarters in land, had been tendered for at ten shillings cash. Therefore, as it was money that the Company promised the Government to spend, the Company was now only entitled to receive from the Government the sums of forty pounds and ten shillings per mile and rod."

Those persons who quoted the "talented Mr. Galt's able management" evidently forgot that he himself boasted that his chief road was cheaply constructed under this same system. But at that time the "Autobiography" was not before the Canadian public.

Mr. Commissioner Jones replies to Mr. Shade at length: ". . . Indeed it is difficult to imagine that a man could be found base enough to make such a charge unless he had

indisputable evidence to support it, and which he had himself thoroughly investigated; and still more difficult it is to conceive that such a charge, so gravely asserted, should have no foundation whatever in truth, and that it was made purely from personal and vindictive motives."

The records show the sums of £220 for four log bridges; £1,347 for a road to London; £145 for four more bridges; £227 for opening road to Bayfield prior to 1838; and in 1838, about the time of most bitter complaint, various other large sums for similar work.

Then follows a series of letters. "No. 1, Canada Company Challenge" to the *British Colonist*, signed Henry Hyndman, says:

"I have no doubt the charge against him (Mr. Shade) will be triumphantly refuted, and it will be shown that Mr. Jones, priding himself on his skill in navigation, has, in attempting to avoid Scylla, plunged himself and the Canada Company into Charybdis. My present business with him will remove him from the Straits of Messina to the waters of Lake Huron and the rapids of the Maitland, which he may find as deep and dangerous, and though not so salt, much more bitter. . . . The taunting challenge to you" (the *British Colonist*) "of the 23rd February, 'that the more the official conduct of the Canada Company and their Commissioners in this country is enquired into, provided only the result of those enquiries be faithfully communicated, the higher will be the situation of the Company in the estimation of the public—.'

"This, sir, is a challenge which I will not suffer to pass unnoticed, a challenge I never expected to receive from the Canada Company, and which will be cheerfully answered from all parts of the province, especially from the devoted Huron. . . . The first bridge in importance as in extent is that across the Maitland, at Goderich, which the Canada Company have been so anxious shall be well built that its erection has occupied them nearly five years, and thereby procured it the name of Suspension Bridge." He goes on to show that in

September of 1838 he had expressed his opinion of the workmanship of the bridge to Mr. Jones; and thereby annoyed the latter so that he feared the Commissioner and his *fidus Achates* (John Longworth) would have pitched his "unfortunate carcase from the Baron's Hill into Lake Huron." The anger of both was scarcely unnatural, perhaps, as Mr. Hyndman characterized their ignorance as belonging to the fifth proposition of Euclid. They had driven iron bars through the squared logs prepared for the bridge, "after the workmen had levelled the bed with garden rakes," and used other methods suitable to the construction of a *pons asinorum.* When remonstrated with for placing the bent in a certain position in the river, the hot-headed Engineer replied that "the bent should be there in spite of the river, Euclid, the Colborne people and the devil."

"Alas," says Mr. Hyndman, "alas for his vainglorious boasting—he defied three powerful opponents; for the first, without any assistance from the other two, whom he classed as leagued together, upset his favourite bent on the 10th November, 1838, . . . the error was not repeated. . . . Mr. Jones, like the Engineer, appears to have studied architecture in Laputa."

Then followed "a large and highly respectable meeting of the inhabitants and freeholders of Goderich, Colborne, and Stanley," to take into consideration the conduct of Henry Hyndman and others who were authors of certain statements appearing in the public prints. Mr. Richard Lowe proposed, etc., "that this meeting have read with indignation and disgust, etc."

The meeting then dispersed in a "quiet and orderly manner," the record signed by J. Strachan and John Bignall.

But Mr. Hyndman in his next letter contended that all resolutions flattering to the Company, and so derogatory to himself, were manufactured in the Company's office by the Commissioner and his brother-in-law, John Strachan. He says, "I beg to remark here, that if a public meeting is to be called on every occasion that an answer to the challenge of Mr. Jones makes its appearance, there will be a heavy account against

the Company for extra wear of Sunday clothes, in addition to the Under-Secretary's charge for the distribution of grog . . . the red cross flag waves in our hearts as well as over our heads . . . the loyal county, as some have called it . . . I take this opportunity of stating that I bear no enmity to the Canada Company, and have no personal ill will against Mr. Jones. . . . Let the Company for the future carry out the true spirit of their charter, and I am silent."

The gibe about the distribution of grog is scarcely fair. Among other papers is a bill dated 1833, receipted by Arch. Gibson:

To share of wine with Mr. Jones - -	£12	6s.	0d.
To 5 gallons brandy - - - - -	3	2	6
To 6 bottles wine - - - - -	1	10	0

and so on, the sharer being Doctor Dunlop. The data throughout does not warrant the Colborne side in indulging in jokes about grog to the detriment of the Goderich side. As one old settler says, "everyone was just like everyone else in those days, for they drank whiskey every half hour, and there was no exception." That there were some exceptions universal testimony allows to Henry Hyndman, and a choice few.

The letter from "A Huron," following Mr. Hyndman's, is not so peaceable in tone. He calls upon the press and people to be still on their guard: "Let them bear in mind that *one-seventh part of Upper Canada has been most unfortunately left to the tender mercies of this grasping association* . . . and sending their money out of the province . . . thrusting their minions into the Legislature and magistracy of the country, they employ parties exceedingly well paid, surrounded by hosts of tools and parasites, men tied by the teeth, who follow their employers as the crow follows the carrion."

Apparently the press at that time did not make use of the editorial blue pencil. Everywhere the tone is the same. A paper contemporary with the *British Colonist* says of a rival editor, "He is a smart little chap, about the size of a stunted

mosquito, with the amiability of a porcupine and the politeness of the great white bear. He has the whole wisdom of the country under his tongue, which is placed on a pivot in the middle and talks at both ends."

So far there was no public defence of the Company, of which Dunlop was a member and which he must have heard roundly abused in his own house and all along his country side. He prepared a document for publication, a copy of which we here give; but for some unknown reason it never saw the printer's office, and the intended public vindication lies a tattered, discoloured relic in pale blue paper and browned ink.*

"THE CANADA COMPANY."

"Moralists and casuists in all ages have held that man is an uncharitable and vindictive animal. This is true to a certain extent, but not by any means to the extent that these gentlemen would have us suppose. When neither respect, nor fear, nor envy have a sway in his mind, man is as forgiving an animal as could well be desired. The knave is forgiven his crimes when they have safely conducted him to the gallows—

* Since writing the above it transpires that the document did see printers' ink, and provoked much comment and debate in the House and out of it. A number of valuable papers found since this chapter was in type throw a good deal of light on Huron complexities and Dr. Dunlop's ability to maintain his own side of an argument, however much his point of view might change from time to time. In 1845, Commissioner Widder, in a "memorandum for the information of the Legislative Council of Canada, in reference to the Canada Company's position with the Municipal District Council of the Huron District; to which is appended the defence of the Canada Company by Dr. Dunlop, M.P.P.," says: "Dr. Dunlop made an attack upon the Company in his speech at the Assembly last month, which was calculated to create a strong prejudice against the Company, and the more mischievous and unfair, because he was the only person present who knew that his charges were unfounded." A note to the memorandum says: "This memorandum and Dr. Dunlop's defence of the Canada Company had not, unfortunately, reached Montreal when the debates on Dr. Dunlop's bill took place in the Legislative Council, otherwise it is believed that the sentiments expressed by some honourable members would have been very different from what they are reported to have been."

forgiven by all, from the tender-hearted girl who weeps the untimely fate of a 'proper young man,' to the stern judge who seasons the unpalatable condemnation of his perishable and worthless body with an emphatic prayer for the future welfare of his precious and immortal soul; from the kind-hearted prosecutor whom a sense of duty compelled to bring him to justice, to the mawkish, maudlin parson who records his exemplary penitence and the pleasant frame of mind he exhibited between the sentence and execution, for the edification, as the indictment hath it, 'of all persons in like case offending,' and who proves to the satisfaction of all whose hearts are not hardened by common sense that the prophet Balaam was a much greater ass than that on which he rode when he prayed that he 'might die the death of the *righteous* and his latter end be like unto his,' seeing that had he lived in these enlightened times he must have known that he might have rioted in sin and self-indulgence until within twenty-four hours of his death, and then, by the help of an evangelical parson, have died a death of confidence and assurance in salvation more firm and sure than the majority of the righteous ever are favoured withal.

"But human forgiveness, like all sublunary things, hath a limit; and whatever remission may be bestowed on crimes and follies, the world knows none for that greatest of sins in its decalogue, Success. If prosperity comes by good fortune it produces simply envy, and the arrow that wounds carries its salve along with it.

"We may remark that there is a special providence which watches over and protects the interests of fools, and we humbly thank God that we are not one of the corporation who enjoy such an enviable privilege; but where prosperity arises from conduct and judgment, gall is added to bitterness, for the very fact infers a superiority in the offending party, which, as it lowers us in our own estimation, inflicts the deadliest wound on our own self love, which is, of all parts of our moral organization, the most sensitive and easily irritated.

"The Canada Company is a fair example of these moral truths. When it first commenced its operations in this colony it was an universal favourite with all, save those happy few who surrounded the pro-consular throne and basked in the reflected rays of majesty that emanated from it. These saw in a moneyed company who bought what they and their friends were in the habit of getting for nothing, a set of interlopers who, whether they did good to themselves or the colony or not, did undoubted harm to them; like the silversmiths of Ephesus, they felt that the 'craft was in danger,' and there being no town clerk to moderate their wrath (Toronto not having then got its charter), it raged against the Company and all that aided, abetted, comforted and assisted it, with unmitigated fury; and the effect of that fiery indignation was not confined to the province alone, but reached London, and had the most unpleasant effects on the well-being of some of the Company's highest officers in this country. For the rest of the province, they looked on the undertaking with the most benign aspect; firstly, because it annoyed their betters, and secondly, because they considered it as the project of a parcel of Cockneys to whom God had granted infinitely more money than wit, and they saw that their operations, however long or short might be their continuance, would be the means of imparting to each of the parties what they individually were so eminently in want of—as money, they rightly agreed, has a natural tendency to gravitate from the pockets of those who do not know its value into those of such as Providence has blessed with so much sense as to be fully aware of its importance and utility; and wisdom, they know, when bought at some cost, was always more valuable than when more easily acquired. Accordingly, the Company and its officers were in high favour; their healths followed those of the King and the Governor (and sometimes with more applause than either) at every public dinner in the province, and nothing could exceed the cordiality with which they were received, so long as it was the general opinion that the colony had everything to gain and nothing to lose by them.

"But these halcyon days, like those of the golden age, have gone by. It is supposed that the Company has been eminently prosperous, and those who would have pitied the fools and pocketed their money, now feel that they have been grievously injured by the result of the Company's proceedings, belying their predictions, and therefore it is naturally and necessarily abused and vilified on all hands. Of course, in this proceeding there is much that is false represented as true, and much that is true exaggerated and distorted. It must therefore be our duty to enquire into what this corporation has done, and how far the accusations that have been brought against it are just or unjust.

"These accusations have come in forms so various, and from such different and even opposite quarters, that it is difficult to classify and arrange them. But they have never come, in Parliament or out of Parliament, in newspapers, in slang-whanging speeches, or in private communications, in such a shape as to be tangible, and that gives the opponents of the Company all the advantage that a party of skirmishing partisans would possess over a regular body of troops in a rough country —they can neither see from whence the attack proceeds nor effectually return it. Their only shift, therefore, is to attack them wherever they are grouped, so as to draw them out and compel them either to defend the ground they pretend to occupy or at once and forever to abandon it.

"We shall therefore endeavour to sum up the various charges that have been made against the Company and its agents, and reply to them *seriatim* as they occur. They consist, as far we can gather, of the following assumptions:

"1st. That the Company purchased their land at too cheap a rate.

"2nd. That the colony has received no advantage adequate to the advantages accruing to the Company.

"3rd. That individuals have received no adequate advantage.

"4th. That the Company is a monopoly.

"We shall now consider the first of these allegations, that

the Company has not paid to the Government a sufficient value for the land.

"When the plan of the Company was announced in London, the capitalists who intended to embark in it, being totally ignorant of Canadian affairs themselves, naturally consulted every person and every document that might throw light upon the subject. From people connected with land companies in the State of New York and other parts of the United States, many of whom had purchased their lands upon the most advantageous terms when the Government were straitened for money to pay the debts and obligations contracted during the Revolutionary war, they learned that no land company in the States, however judicially or economically conducted, had ever realized as high a profit as if the money employed in it had been lent on landed security at what is the legal interest on mortgage in the State of New York.

"Another class who in London are held oracular on all matters connected with Upper Canada, the merchants of the Lower Province, were, of course, consulted. They spoke feelingly on the subject, having settled many bad and doubtful debts by taking land that they could not sell. Indeed, in the palmy days of Governors Hunter and Gore it was a favourite mode of paying a grocer's bill in Montreal, for a person about the Government to get a grant of land and make it over to the Montreal merchant, who gave him credit at the rate of a York shilling per acre. Most of these offered to give up all the land they had to the Company at the price fixed by the Commissioners, and one of the most eminent merchants Lower Canada ever produced declared that he would not give a web of Russia sheeting for the best ten thousand acres in Upper Canada, for he could double the one five times over, while the other lay consuming the interest of money. And although this is certainly hyperbolical, yet time has shown that it savoured much of the natural shrewdness and sagacity of the man; for though he has been dead for upwards of twenty years, yet four-fifths of his lands remain unsold to this hour. Now, though the web

of Russia sheeting only cost £1, if he could double it once a year, the curious in geometrical progression must be aware that in twenty-five years it would amount to a sum that would purchase the fee simple of all the land in Upper Canada.

"The mode in which the price to be charged for the lands purchased by the Canada Company was determined was as fair as under any circumstances could be devised. Two commissioners were chosen by the Crown, two by the Company, and a fifth, to act as umpire between them, was appointed by Government. These met at Toronto during the sitting of the Legislature; examined witnesses of every description, among whom were members of both Houses and every other person whom either the Executive of the province or the favourers of the Company chose to present, besides all who chose to come voluntarily forward and give their evidence. This evidence was taken at the time and duly engrossed, and upon this was the report of the commissioners predicated. The evidence and the report having necessarily been delivered into the Colonial Office, have become State papers, and are liable to be called for in the proper quarter, and their reasonings and findings discussed and animadverted on before a competent tribunal. But one point was still difficult to be determined. It was impossible from the evidence to strike an average, and at last it was determined to strike a mean. This was obviously to the disadvantage of the Company, for all the best lands and the most saleable were left out of the mean in so far as the Company could profit by them; for they had been given away, leased or promised long before. But nothing better could be done; a mean price was struck at 3s. 6d. per acre. The Government party were exceedingly wroth at this decision and they determined to mend it. Wherefore a circular was sent to the magistrates in Quarter Sessions assembled, these going over the same grounds for their own particular districts, as the commissioners had done at Toronto for the whole province, found that the value of lands in their several districts had been overrated, and made returns which showed the mean value of

the province then to have been 3s. 4½d. per acre, or 1½d. less than the commissioners at York had made it. Now, when we find that eight or ten different bodies of men, acting without concert, and at a great distance from each other, come to a conclusion so nearly alike, it must show that either they are very nearly correct, or that, if they have erred, there is an unaccountable coincidence in the sources of their error.

"Very soon after the establishment of the Company the whole policy of Government in granting so large a portion of their lands to a corporation came under the consideration of the House of Commons. In the debate, Mr. Hume stated his opinion that to do justice both to the Government and to the purchasers it ought not to have been sold, without competition, to a great moneyed company, but exposed to sale by auction, and in such parcels as might suit the public. This has since been done. The absentee tax has caused much of the land held by persons who had procured it from Government to come into the market in lots generally not exceeding two hundred acres, and these were sold at various times after, being advertised for at least twelve months—the average or mean (for in this case they were nearly the same) was about 6d. per acre, or 1s. 7d., what the commissioners valued them at several years before; and we can point out one instance among many where three thousand acres of the most valuable land in the western district were sold at sheriff's sale for £57, or about 4¼d. per acre. We are now told that not only had the Canada Company made a most exorbitantly advantageous bargain, but that everybody in Canada saw that they had done so. How came it then that out of ten thousand shares of stock of the Company only twenty-five were taken up by a resident of Upper Canada? Why was it that two years afterwards, when £13 10s. was paid on each share, though they were actually sold for £1 to £1 10s., and shares were in some instances given away by the holders rather than pay the instalment of 10s. a share; why was it that the people of Canada, knowing the advantageous bargain the Company had made, did not rush forward to participate

in the spoil; and why, during the long period that the stock of the Company was below par, did those who were so well aware of the enormous profits to be realized decline to participate in them? They had an infinitely more promising affair of their own—the Welland Canal was their then El Dorado; and when an investment of capital was proposed to one of the most enterprising men of business that has ever appeared in the province, in the depreciated stock of the Company, his answer was, 'I enter into speculations only when there is at least a probable chance of gain, not when there is a certainty of loss.'

"We have said that from the very beginning of the undertaking out of 10,000 shares only 25 have ever been held by an inhabitant of Upper Canada, and that small portion was abandoned totally and without any consideration rather than pay the third instalment. Nay, so little did the good people of the province know of the matter that the Company's officers were taunted at Toronto with their being taken in when they abandoned their portion of the Clergy Reserves for the Huron Tract, and they were assured from unquestionable authority that what portion of it was not an unpracticable swamp was rock and sand; and one of the largest shareholders in the province, and one who lives and holds land within the breadth of a township of the confines of the Huron Tract, said that from what he had heard from men who had traversed it, he would not give 100 acres of his own township (and God knows, there is better land in the colony) for the best thousand acres in the Huron Tract. When, then, the Company purchased their lands so entirely haphazard, what right has anyone to complain of the goodness of the bargain? Suppose the land had turned out as they said it would, would they have been willing to release the Company from its part of the bargain and refund the money paid for the land or expended for its improvement? But in every case where the Company's purchase is estimated, it must not be by what is the value of the land in 1836, but what it was in 1824, more particularly when it is remembered that the increase of value has been caused by the enormous

increase of emigration which the exertions of the Company in bringing the colony into notice in the Mother Country has produced.

"But take the bargain as it stands. We defy any man who has anything like a competent knowledge of the business of the province to assert that the Company has any probability of realizing an exorbitant profit. From March, 1824, till the present day, in various instalments the proprietors had paid £25 sterling per share upon 9000 shares, amounting to £225,000 sterling, to which add 20 per cent. for difference of currency and exchange, and the total amount subscribed will give £271,000 H.C., of all which enormous sum (exclusive of the home expenses of the Company), and all which the Company have received for the sale of their lands for the last ten years, not one farthing has been remitted to England. All has been expended in the colony, an expenditure greater than that of the Legislature of the colony itself during the greater part of that period. During the two first years of the Company's operations they paid £31,000 to Government and £12,000 more on roads, bridges, mills, and other improvements, salaries, office expenses, surveys and exploring parties. The profits of the sales (even had they been realized, which of course they were not, being made on five years credit), amounted to £7,000 per annum, a sum which would not have more than paid the current expenses of the Company at home and abroad; and had emigration continued at the same ratio it then was, the Company ere this must have sunk nearly half a million, to be recovered as best it might. The increase of emigration which was caused by exertions of the Company has lessened this expenditure, but by no means supplied it entirely, seeing that the last call of £2 per share was paid in the January of the present year. The payments to Government must continue until the year 1842, when a final adjustment must take place; allowing that £90,000 more will, with the money received for sale of lands, cover this outlay, it will make a total expenditure between the years 1824 and 1842 of £361,000. Now, suppose

this to be repaid at the average rate of £25,000 per annum, with interest, it will take fourteen and one-half years to repay the whole, that is, under all these circumstances the profits of the Company would commence in the end of the year 1856, or after thirty-two years from the commencement of the undertaking, and the profits would need to be something considerable to pay for the delay.

"Take in contrast with this the only other moneyed institution then or for a long time after in the province, the Bank of Upper Canada, the whole capital of which did not amount to so much by £20,000 as the two first instalments of the Canada Company paid in the months of March and April, 1824. The profits of this concern have averaged 12 per cent. per annum, which without calculating compound interest would nearly quadruple the capital originally invested, before the Canada Company has repaid itself that which it had expended. Taking these and the circumstances of the province into consideration at the time the Canada Company commenced operations, we think it will hardly be asserted that they have made an enormously advantageous arrangement.

"The second subject of vituperation against the Company is that the province has received no adequate advantage by their means. We can only judge of this by comparing what they have done in settling their lands with what the province did of itself. Young street is one of the oldest settlements in the province, and notwithstanding all the statute labour (which, if faithfully expended, might have paved it ere this), all that private subscription and provincial aid has done for it, it is not at this hour so good a road as a line three times its length which the Canada Company have constructed in the Huron Tract between the years 1830 and 1834. As to the main road through the province, which was commenced by Governor Simcoe, it would be folly to talk of it, seeing that you have only to quit Toronto a mile on either side to find yourself in a wilderness, where not only the road is not turnpiked but where the very trees of the forest are not cut down to the statute width.

"The city of Toronto was commenced in 1792, and though the seat of government, of the courts of law, and having in addition to nearly the whole revenue of the province the expenditure of a large garrison, at the end of twenty-four years (in 1816) contained seventy-eight inhabited houses; that is to say, there were seventy-eight human habitations (from the then only brick house to the log shanties occupied as temporary shelter by the officers of the Army who built them), between the Don bridge and the garrison.

"The Canada Company have in eight years established two villages, the one of which, though commenced seventy miles from the nearest available human habitation, now contains double the number of houses and inhabitants that Toronto did in 1816; and the other, though thirty miles from water carriage, is equal, if not superior, in houses, churches, schools, stores, and everything that can conduce to the comfort or conveniences of life, to what Toronto was in 1827, when the other was founded.

"When the Canada Company was established there was not a harbour in the province which owed anything to art, the one wharf of Toronto alone excepted. In three months (during last autumn) a pier was constructed by the Canada Company at Goderich at a greater expense than would be required for all the wharves of Toronto combined.

"We have already alluded to the increase of emigration in consequence of the exertions of the Canada Company at home. Formerly it rarely exceeded five thousand per annum; now it rarely falls short of three times that number, besides that which comes by New York. Generally speaking, Canada was only known as an eligible settlement to the labouring classes of Scotland and in some parts of Ireland; the very existence of the country was not known to the labouring classes in the interior of England. The Canada Company, between the years 1829 and 1832, had published in every city, market town, village and hamlet of the three kingdoms intelligence in the shape of advertisements, prospectus maps, and pamphlets,

respecting the capabilities of the colony; and the result is that whereas former emigration consisted almost exclusively of Scotch, these, though their numbers have by no means diminished, form but a small fractional part of the emigrants to this country. But it is not the working classes alone that the Company have been instrumental in bringing to this country; men of capital, and what was of even greater consequence to the colony, of education and intelligence, have been induced to emigrate, and though their intellectual qualifications are as yet but partially felt, the beneficial result of capital thus introduced is everywhere acknowledged. Land, cattle, and all kinds of agricultural produce, not easily brought from a distance, has risen from fifty to eighty per cent. in value, and improvement has gone on in a ratio so accelerated that in one year more is done now for the advancement of the province than ten in former times would have accomplished.

"3rd. The benefit the operations of the Company have conferred on their individual settlers can be very shortly discussed when we state that, generally speaking, there is not a settler in the Huron Tract, who has purchased a year back, who would part with his farm (his improvements being paid for) under fifty per cent. advance, and that one, two, three, and even four hundred per cent. have been given for farms not in the occupation of their owners a greater number of years. We could mention an instance when 1,500 per cent. was given on a lot not more than four years in the occupation of the proprietor; but as this was counted extraordinary, even in the Huron Tract, it must be held as the exception and not the rule.

"4th. The last charge we shall notice against the Company is that it is a monopoly. This accusation can only have arisen from the miserable ignorance of the English language which exists in all classes of the colony, more particularly in its legislators. Monopoly, as its name implies (being compounded of *monos*, alone, and *poleo*, to sell), signifies one person or corporation possessing the exclusive sale of any article in a nation or community. Such was the privilege of the E. I. Co. with regard

to the importation and sale of teas; such of the Bank of England in the circulation of their notes within sixty miles of London, and such of the Government in the sale of lottery tickets. But when two or more exist who have the power of selling a commodity, it ceases to be a monopoly; and were we given to the literary felony of coining or counterfeiting the King's English, we should designate such a state of things as a duopoly or a polyopoly. Now precisely in this situation does the Canada Company stand with regard to land. The Crown, the clergy, the college, the schools, have all of them large tracts of land, and among them perhaps ten times as much as the Canada Company. But besides these, every merchant of both provinces, every shop-keeper, every lawyer, and a great many who are none of these, have lands for sale; so that we might as well talk of a monopoly of groceries as of lands in Canada, seeing that there are more persons and companies who dispose of the latter than the former.

"To conclude, we think that we have made out our case by proving that the Canada Company has, to say the best of it, only made a fair bargain for their lands; that their operations have been highly beneficial to the province, as well as to almost every individual in it; and lastly, that under no construction of the English language can it be with propriety designated a monopoly.

"Gairbraid, 1st April, 1836.

"*Rec'd 20 Feb., '37.*"

Pamphlets, like curses and chickens, have a trick of coming home to roost. By 1845, when the District Council of Huron was in hot water with the Canada Company and the Government in regard to the taxation of waste lands, we see by an old *British Colonist* column that Mr. Henry Ransford, Treasurer of that Council (in general a most temperate man), has this to say: "In the assessment returns, the uncultivated land in Huron owned last year by resident settlers amounted to 257,910 acres; what right, therefore, has Mr. Widder to complain

of the unproductive land of the Company being unjustly taxed? If injustice exists, or the burthen presses heavy, it is on the rightly-styled, by Mr. Widder, 'poor and ignorant settler,' who, trapped by the alluring advertisements of the Company stating, 'no money to be paid down,' takes a twelve years' lease of a lot five or six concessions back from a road, for which in the end he will pay up over forty dollars an acre. This is the party who has a right to complain, *but who has nevertheless paid his taxes,* not the large corporate body who bought at 1s. ½d. an acre, and retail at the *unproductive* prices of ten shillings to ten pounds, and in the town plot of Goderich at £3,000 per acre, whose instalments and interest drain the country of every shilling of ready money. Not a single District Councillor, or individual ratepayer, is a repudiator; that Pennsylvania distinction belongs to the Canada Company. Now then, can Mr. Widder say 'they have thrown the public burdens from themselves upon others who cannot resist?' It would have been time enough to make that assertion when the Company's taxes are paid, for so far from having borne any part of the burden they have made money out of it, charging the District the Canadian rate of interest, six per cent., for the money lent to build the gaol, that they can borrow in England for three or four. Mr. Widder attaches great importance to Dr. Dunlop's defence, written nine years ago, when he was receiving a handsome salary from the Company. It must strike everyone on perusing it to be simply a cleverly written advertisement, in the shape of a reply to some *imaginary* slanderers of the Company, who could not be found 'in Parliament or out of Parliament, in newspapers, slangwhanging speeches or private communications,' as one often reads in English newspapers now-a-days, where some vendor of a vermifuge or wonderful hair restorative vents his indignation at unprincipled rivals, cautions a too-confiding public against their tricks and slanders, and winds up by telling you what his specific has done in the way of expelling intruders from the internals of the rising generation, or enabling a bald-headed old gentleman to outrival Absalom in the display of new hair.

"In two long columns that you have devoted to 'The Canada Company and the Huron Tax Bill' there are many remarks that might be objected to, but one sentence cannot be passed over, viz., 'Yet this dark taxation, having for its object the oppression of the Canada Company, without plan, without estimate, without project, is said in the absence of all these only to be informal, and illegal only in point of form—shame on such legislation.' I do not know, although I could give a shrewd guess, from whence you procured your information, but you should be more careful for the future, for the opinion of everyone I have heard refer to it is, that a more incorrect or untrue statement was never published. Even Mr. Widder's memorandum refutes it, for he tells you that the District is indebted to the Company £3,100, with interest for some years; that the officers and dependents of the Council are unpaid; and the gaol architect (to say nothing of the builder) seizing the District property for his claim. How, then, could the proceedings of the District Council be *without plan, estimate* or *project?* They first make an estimate of their debts, and then projected a plan to pay them by taxing the District, the only available and legal source they knew of, and much time and trouble was spent on this subject. This you term 'dark taxation and shameful legislation!' If in your next you will enlighten their dark minds and mend their morality by telling them of some more ready and correct means of obtaining money to pay the District debts, or the creditors where they may get their 'depreciated debentures' cashed, you will confer a lasting obligation on the County of Huron, and should you ever after visit Goderich you will receive a heartier welcome than any man ever yet met with. It will very likely be said or thought that as Treasurer I am interested in getting a heavy tax laid on the Company. To set that matter at rest, I beg to state that instead of a percentage, I receive a fixed salary, so that, be the amount of taxes more or less, it makes no difference to me. My reason for addressing you is, that when I see such a glaring attempt to mislead the Legislature and the country, and a large corporate

body trying to evade the payment of their just and legal taxes by every imaginable device, I consider it a duty I owe myself, as well as the District of which I am an officer, to state the *real facts,* and endeavour to disabuse the public mind at a distance, and although Mr. Widder states in a note that the sentiments of some honourable members would have been different had they previously read his memorandum and Dr. Dunlop's defence, I feel just as sure that had the *real* truth been known to all, the bill would have passed the Upper House as easily as it did the Lower, and I trust another session will prove it. If Mr. Widder would devote his energies in convincing the inhabitants of Toronto that Goderich is the best terminus for their proposed railroad to Lake Huron, no one would dispute the correctness of his statements, and he would be serving his own interests and those of his employers much more than by endeavouring to evade taxes that sooner or later will have to be paid.

"In conclusion, I think that if Mr. Governor Franks and Mr. Secretary Perry, of St. Helen's, London, appreciate the acts and doings of the servants of the Canada Company in this country —of course, in accordance with their instructions—if they have common gratitude, they will send them all out a splash uniform of real Pennsylvania drab, of genuine repudiating cut, with a corresponding beaver of suitable dimensions; the button should be a large brass one, having on it the figure of a 'cute chap' holding out his right hand, with twelve years' lease in it, his left behind his back, holding a deed, the motto round, 'I wish you may get it.'

"I am, sir,

"Your very obedient servant,

"HENRY RANSFORD,

"*Treasurer Huron District.*"

Through the *pros* and *cons* of the whole discussion the reader's heart goes out to the penniless settlers. They could suffer and die, but they could not pay. It is also just, in regard to the allusion to Doctor Dunlop's salary as Warden of the

Forests, to say that a writer, who has made Canada Company affairs somewhat of a study, states that his high-sounding title was more honourable than profitable.

To return to the affairs of Huron in the last years of 1830, an old *Globe* says in *re* the friction between settlers and Company, "We cannot help thinking that the *British Colonist* newspaper has contributed to it in no small degree. The Huronites seem to have regarded that paper as the organ, in some way or other, of the Canada Company, and several impertinent flings at the Huron District Council which have appeared in it have been regularly placed to the debit of the Company."

Mr. Hyndman's third letter is chiefly devoted to "the craziness of the Bayfield Bridge."

When Lieutenant Bayfield advised the purchase of the Ridge and a similar site at the village of Bayfield, he deemed the two points suitable for forts and likely places to be bought by the Government for that purpose. It was then supposed that these points would hold sister forts to "the remotest and most inland dockyard that owes obedience to the meteor flag of England," Penetanguishene—"Bay of the Falling Sands."

In 1814, when his active military service was no longer needed, Dunlop had contracted to build the road from Simcoe which was to reach that station. The work was one which no one envied him, involving such hardship that his experiences in the Huron Tract afterwards must have seemed as child's play. It came to an end, from "the appalling intelligence that peace had been concluded between His Majesty and the United States," and the regiment to which he belonged was moved to England. A change in the date of departure debarred them from joining in the greatest action of modern times, "and his Grace, the great Duke, would have been none the worse of from fifteen to twenty thousand of his veteran troops, on whom he could depend." It was fated otherwise; and Dunlop concludes his long and interesting account of that year by a philosophic "Thank God, he managed to do without us."

By this time the *Bee*, Galt's transport from Penetang to Goderich, had been sold at auction, and a great reduction had taken place in the naval and military post. But it was still thought that Goderich and Bayfield were eligible points for fortifications. Sir John Colborne and suite visited both places. Standing on Jewett's Point at Bayfield, the Governor said that he had never seen a place better adapted for defences, or a better harbour. Goderich was about to be honoured with a second visit from vice-royalty, after Sir Francis Bond Head, who "appears to be a very mild, but active man, unfitted by inclination for revolutionary times," had made his hasty exit. The Goderich pier had been finished in 1835, the much-discussed bridge was up, and, according to the Colborne Clique, was as unsatisfactory as possible; and it was hoped that the eye accustomed to give stern glances to the inhabitants of Van Dieman's Land would be equally severe in Goderich. Sir George Arthur made his visit, and was fêted by the Commissioner; a cortége, consisting of the Canada Company staff, all mounted, rode through the town; and as his business there was to see that Government money spent in public works under the management of the Company was judiciously used, he was no doubt gratified at the scene of labour at pier and bridge and intermediate points. It will be remembered that shortly before this he had been petitioned in regard to the bridge.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Longworth made the most of work already done, and the men who took part in the little farce managed by these officers afterwards acknowledged, with a laugh, that all the deception laid to their charge was true.

One of the "characters" then in Goderich—and there were many—was a Mr. Roderick Slattery. He had a literary ambition, and was willing to gratify it by allowing others to write while he supplied the signature. The consequence was that his name appeared under sentiments which he did not always approve. The real author of the following letter was one of the Colborne Clique—without doubt, Doctor Dunlop himself:

"GOODRUTCH, 13th Augt.
(I think I'm not sure.)

"MISTHER EDITER,—I rite yees the more readily becase I see youre mighty badly off for a correspondent in these parts—them long bethersheen letters of Misther Hyndman's are all collywhish, & he has no call to be making a Judy Fitzsimmons mother of himself atalking against Mr. Longworth, who is the top man of the Canada Company, & Mr. Jones, who's next to him; and if you go on in that way both me and Paddy Gallagher & Mike Donovan 'll withdraw our countenance from you entirely and patronize the London *Gazette*, & we're the boys that can do it. Now, what I was going to tell you at this present is that we're in a bit of a botheration here becase we hear that the big Gineral Guvernor is coming up, & we can't just make up our minds how we are to resave him, as they say he's mighty cute and that we can't be after humbugging him as we did ould Sir George Arthur."

Poulett Thomson had succeeded poor Lord Durham, and his presence so far had not been a soothing one in circles sympathetic politically or socially to the Canada Company. Already, on the Goderich side, little echoes from York had come anent "that fellow, Poulett Thomson." It is not difficult to imagine the good Doctor taking time for bursts of hearty laughter as he penned this letter. He goes on to say how the employés were told that "they must make the ould boy belave they were doing a power of work in the way of improvements, though not a haporth had been done for a twelvemonth." They pitch "all the rubbage that had gathered on the pier into the say, only it's fresh water," and all the tools from the stores and offices above are brought down as soon as the steamboat—an American vessel chartered for the purpose—bearing His Excellency and suite is in sight. An auger is put into one fellow's hands, a broad-axe into another's, and a mallet and chisel into a third's. When all are armed, the order is given: "You blackguards, though I know you'll handle your tools as nately as a bear would a tayspoon, no matter—work away for bare life whinever he

comes, and so as you look busy he'll never find you out." The Kings themselves were to "resave His Elegancy," and a very smart pageant they all made—Governor, Commissioner, suite and staff. Fine horses and good riders, gay saddle-cloths and uniforms, flags flying and band playing, passed along the freshly-cut streets, under the admiring view of employés who were faithful to their institution and chief with a fidelity brought with them from the "ould sod"; or under the keen, critical and wholly disapproving glances of hard-featured spectators from farther north, who looked upon all such trappings as child's play, and devoutly hoped the "ould Governor" was not as pleased as he looked.

"So," Roddy goes on, "when the steamboat comes, we all bored and chipped and chiselled and hammered as if the devil kicked us—och, it was a beautiful sight for the Governor—fifty new-made carpenters all as busy as the old boy in a gale of wind. But this is not the best of it, for when they got the ould Governor ashore and mounted, and Mr. Longworth on a beautiful horse on his right hand and Mr. Jones on his left and all the eddiscamps and quality at their tails, says Paddy Gallagher (he's Misther Longworth's eddiscamp) says he, Now run, ye devils, with the speed o' light to the bridge and take yer tools with yees, and Mr. Jones and Mr. Longworth 'll blarney the ould man to give you time to get there afore him—well, off we started like three-year olds and we got to the bridge before him and there we at it again hammer and tongs when he came, so he must have thought there was at least a hundred of us—well, he went away mighty pleased with us and the Company and Mr. Jones and Mr. Longworth, but sorrow the hand's turn did we do when once we got his back turned."

In the meantime, between these two vice-regal visits, the bridge had been improved upon in a way which called forth fresh protests from Mr. Hyndman—it was lopsided, and everything that it should not be.

"So two days ago we heard the Gineral Governor was

THE COLBORNE BRIDGE TO-DAY.

coming—well, Mr. Longworth he sets half a dozen of the boys to screw up the bridge so that when he does come he'll find it as straight as my leg, and the d——l a word he'll believe of all that Misther Hyndman said of its being lopsided and made like the roof of a house to cast the rain off. Now, Misther Editer, if you'll give us a hint how we could get the blind side of the Gineral Governor we would not only be obliged to you but you might depind on having myself and Paddy Gallagher and Mike Donovan to write for your paper, and that will be a feather in your cap, or rather three of them, as the Prince of Wales used to have rist his soul.

"I remain your obedient servant,

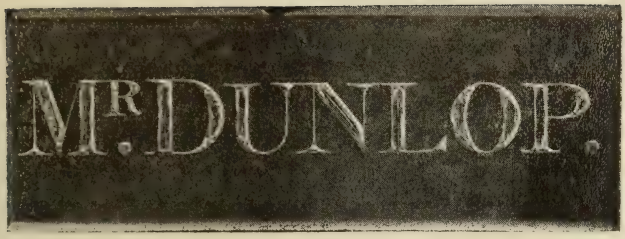
"RODDY SLATTERY."

There is such a spice of fun in the whole letter that the gall is bearable, and no doubt the principals named in it enjoyed the laugh made at their own expense; it was easy to feel amused when the power was theirs. But "A Huron" follows with—"when the mendacious Canada Company direct their servants to thunder forth their auctioneer-like rigmaroles." Verily, the violent selfishness of one side had led to remonstrance equally violent.

Pages of entertaining stories might be written on Dunlop, showing his ability and his devotion to a cause in his soldier life. His genius was of a composite order. With him the pen was to be mightier than the sword. His "Backwoodsman" was as heavily scored as was the more active part of Canada Company work scored again by him. "This book, although written with much ingenuity, and in some instances very amusing, is evidently a piece of as complete quackery as any of the 'puffs' which have been written upon Upper Canada; the writer is certainly very inexcusable, as he has much opportunity of seeing the country . . . as glaring an attempt at gross deception as can anywhere be met with;" and the extracts made by Inches, the traveller and reviewer, show,

according to him, "that the book contains throughout the most glaring contradictions, and the most palpable evidence of its having been written for the express purpose of entrapping the unwary."

Dunlop's "inflated, gasconading style," when he writes seriously, makes the reader of Roddy Slattery's epistles careful. As was in after years sometimes said of him in the House, "Doctor Dunlop had delivered himself of a tirade in his own eccentric fashion."



CHAPTER VIII.

GAIRBRAID.

"Colonel Dunlop, a name perhaps as well known as any in Canada, commanded six hundred and fifty fine fellows on the St. Clair frontier."

THE first authentic mention of the Dunlop family is made during the reign of Alexander III. At that monarch's death, Baliol comes on the scene; and we wonder to see, among many Neils, Malcolms, Alexanders, and other Scottish names, Neil Fitz-Robert Dunlop as one of the signatures on the Ragman Roll:

JAMES = Jean Somerville.
1526–1574

4th son, ROBERT =

A younger son,
Rev. ALEXANDER = Elizabeth Mure, descended from
Minister of Paisley. Marjorie, dau: of ROBERT BRUCE.

WILLIAM = Sarah Carstares, *sister of*
Principal of Glasgow College. *Principal Carstares.*
1654–1705.

ALEXANDER = Abigail Mure.
Professor of Greek in Glasgow Coll:
1682–1747. *11 children.*

2nd son, JOHN = Jean Fisher.

Janet Graham = ALEXANDER = Margaret Colquhoun.
1769–1795. of Keppoch. *11 children.*
1766–1840.

3rd son, WILLIAM.
1792–1848.

At the third point in the tree, the Dunlop name touches the royal one of Stuart; and farther on, also in the female line, one well known to Scottish memory, that of Carstares, nick-named Cardinal, because adviser-in-chief to William of Orange. It will be remembered that this man was greater as a politician than as a divine; and his troubles in both characters implicated him in the famous Rye House Plot of the preceding reign. He was put to the dreadful torture of the thumbkins, endured most heroically. After he became chaplain and private adviser to William, he was complimented by the present of the thumbkins, a gruesome memento of pain and fidelity. The King wished to see and to judge for himself the measure of fortitude necessary to their use. He placed the Royal thumbs within, and desired Carstares to turn the screw. This the latter did, with that degree of politeness observed towards royalty. "It is unpleasant," said the King, "yet it might be endured. But you are trifling with me; turn the engine so that I may really feel a share of the pain inflicted upon you." Carstares felt the implied stain on his own reputation, and turned the screw so sharply that the King cried for mercy, owning he would confess anything, true or false, under such pressure. Carstares was made Principal of Edinburgh University. The family of Dunlop was always attached to the Church and universities of Scotland, and among the elder Dunlop's most precious possessions were the portrait of Carstares and the said thumbkins. The Keppoch House mentioned in these pages, where these relics are kept, was built by Mr. Dunlop, father of our "Tiger." He purchased the estate from the Ewing family, in whose possession it had been for some three hundred years. The Tiger's diary, of which no trace seems left, contained, besides much else, a daily register of the weather, a habit learned from his father, for there is a record of such still extant from 1826 to 1832, with its headings of "Yrs., Bar., Ther., Winds, Weather."

In this house then, under the eye of Carstares, and with the thumbkins in sight, was spent the early boyhood of our two Dunlop brothers, William and Robert Graham.

There is a legend that Margaret Colquhoun did not make a very kind stepmother. At any rate the eldest boy, Robert Graham, and William, the third son, ran away from home, independently and at different times. The former was never heard of again until he was a Post Captain in the Navy, having joined as cabin boy. His record before he came to his brother in Canada was a full and varied one. Although he had been in ninety-two engagements, he was only wounded three times; but the wounds were very much in evidence for the rest of his life. One in the knee, from a musket-ball, caused a permanent limp; and a bayonet-thrust in one of his hands left it partially disabled; but he boasted that he could still handle anything from a needle to an anchor. The third might be termed an escape rather than a mishap, as a cannon-ball, passing between his arm and side as he was in the act of throwing a grappling-iron on the enemy's ship, did but break three of his ribs. He once swam three miles with a two-inch auger hung from his waist, and with it sank three French vessels off the coast of Spain. Discovered and fired at, he escaped, to appear later in the streets of London, where, attacked by a rowdy, he used his steel-pointed umbrella with such effect that he ran it through the fellow's skull. He left his assailant lying there, but took his umbrella with him. He was a dapper little man, kindly and gentlemanlike; fond of reading and of a quiet life, after taking a brave part in the times made famous by Nelson and Wellington.

The first glimpse we have of William Dunlop is in 1813 at the Army Depot, Isle of Wight. There, at Parkhurst Barracks, he seems to have had the usually exciting life of a sub. He mentions that one day at dinner they saw an officer "shy" a leg of mutton at another officer's head; "this we took as a notice to quit, and never again returned or associated with a set of gentlemen who had such a vivacious way of settling a difference of opinion. The fact is, all the worst characters in the Army were congregated at the Isle of Wight." He took his departure from "that military paradise" for Canada in the

beginning of August, 1813, in a small, ill-found, undermanned, overcrowded transport, as transports in those days were very apt to be; and after a long, weary and tempestuous voyage of three months, landed at Quebec in November. They there heard of the advance of General Wilkinson; but in spite of many efforts failed to reach the fighting ground. Dunlop was stationed soon afterwards at Fort Wellington (Prescott) in a farm house, where he, as medical officer, "attended to the wounded fresh from Chrysler's Field." He grew quite fond of this clean, comfortable Dutch farm house and his kind hosts, and evidently enjoyed life there. "From the end of the first few weeks, my patients began gradually to diminish—some died, and these I buried—some recovered by the remedies used, or in spite of them, and these I forwarded to join the regiment." From there he went to the Block House at Gananoque, where his quarters were in an old forge. Duck and partridge were plenty, but the cold was intense, and they "cut their frozen beef with a handsaw." For the remainder of that winter he "shot, lounged, flirted," and in the spring went on to Cornwall. He gives a long account of his hotel hostess there, Peggy Bruce, an Irish Meg Dods, who had all the virtues, culinary talents, and conspicuous likes and dislikes of her prototype, which she emphasized with tongue and broom. She was devoted to a scarlet coat, and had a keen personal liking for Dunlop. She thought his presence provided opportunity to cure the Cornwall neighbourhood of pains and aches, and when he demurred at midnight visits sharply asked, "What the devil does the King pay you for if you are not to attend to his subjects?"

So intent was she upon the comfort of his would-be patients that she never forgave him for bolting the door upon her after she had called him at an unseemly hour. Thereafter she made sure of him by standing guard while he dressed; when ready she linked elbows, and armed with lantern and staff, and the pockets of her Trilby coat loaded with food and wine, she dragged him forth on his errands of mercy. A queer pair they

were, he in homespun or shabby regimentals, she with fishwife skirt and shawl pinned across, her cap awry and brogans clattering.

Kingston comes next in mention, with a series of disappointments at not seeing a battle-field, until, exasperated at the checks, he and a subaltern friend, when *en route* to the frontier *via* York, seized horses not intended for them and accomplished their design with such a flourish of trumpets that the news spread like wild-fire that the great General with one of his staff was on his way to join Sir Gordon Drummond. By dint of unparalleled cheek, and hard riding at the rate of seventy miles per day, they reached York. At Niagara he prepared his hospital. He says, "One of the great drawbacks of the service in Canada was that we got the rubbish of every department in the Army. Any man whom the Duke deemed unfit for the Peninsula was considered quite good enough for the Canadian market." From Niagara he was sent to Toronto in charge of thirty men of his own regiment; "Toronto was then a dirty, straggling village, containing about sixty houses. The church —the only one—was converted into a general hospital; and I found my lodge in the wing of the Parliament buildings, which had escaped when the Americans burnt the rest of that fabric." It was now November of 1814. Then came his arduous undertaking of building the Penetanguishene road, the recall to England, and the battle of Waterloo missed—for they heard of that great victory at sea—a misfortune ever regretted.

After eighteen months, spent "greatly to his unsatisfaction," but of which he leaves no record, he went with his regiment to India. There he edited a newspaper, hunted, and lived convivially. The Island of Saugar in the Ganges was infested with tigers, and he made an offer to the Government to rid the place of them. Snuff seems to have been the chief weapon employed against them. Once, in a boat with some brother officers, he saw a "bunch" of tiger pups near by. A young officer got out and brought back two of them. The mother presently came plunging along towards the boat; but the

Doctor drew out his snuff-box and so threw the dust in her eyes that they escaped her fury. Again, he was sleeping in his tent, and awoke to see a tiger looking in at the opening. He had no weapon at hand, for his sword hung on the canvas behind him. He cautiously drew his snuff-box from the pillow, and keeping his eye on that of the beast, flung the contents in its face. Then he took his sword down and despatched it. From that time he was known as Tiger Dunlop. Jungle fever soon laid him low, and the work had to be given up. He returned to Britain on half-pay, and seems to have spent some time in editing newspapers and writing medical works. But he did not give proper heed to the dignity of the editorial chair; sometimes the *British Press* would appear with leading articles, sometimes without, and on a significant change of ministry under the Bourbons he wrote: "We perceive that there is a change of ministry in France; we have heard of no earthquakes in consequence." Naturally, he was soon out of the *British Press,* and after some time given to medical lectures and publications he started the *Telescope,* a Sunday paper, "the history of which would be a comedy of the drollest kind."

At home or abroad, anecdotes all testify to an unfailing kindness of heart and a tender solicitude for the weak. An old nurse who had become blind knew of one of his visits to Keppoch House, and was asked to come to see him for a few days. He would give her his arm, walking up and down with her, talking kindly, and no doubt relating some of his many adventures. His sister, whom he had left behind him an infant when he first went from home, could not recognize the bearded stranger who now lifted her in his arms to kiss, saying tenderly, "Ah, you little know what the memory of your wee face has kept me from."

Such an interesting character as Dunlop's would be spoiled in its story without a love affair. But beyond the fact that he had "certain love passages of the most romantic interest," there is little known. The lady's name was Jane Cunningham; and in a letter from a sister to the Captain there is mention of

"a letter from William. From its contents it is evident he thinks that in giving him up Jane Cunningham was actuated by religious motives. She told Jane—[another sister]—when she was in Edinburgh that she thought William's affection for her was not what it had once been; and if this were the case she thought it her duty to allow him to be free." After this, says *Fraser's* sketch of him, "he shook from his shoes the dust of Modern Athens, and made his first appearance at the Pig and Whistle." This was the name of a Club made famous by him and his *confrères.*

In 1826 he was entertained by a distinguished party at a farewell dinner in the Blue Posts, and departed with "the genial author of 'Lawrie Todd' for Canada." In 1836 he is back again; for *Fraser* says, "This remarkable biped, who is now in London for a week to worry Goderich and Howick about some beastly proceeding of our degraded Government, stands six feet three inches, and measures two feet across the shoulders; 'lightsomely drops in his lordly back;' the calf is just twenty inches in circumference—*ex pede Herculem;* the paw would have startled Ali Pacha; the fur is of the genuine Caledonian redness and roughness; and the hide, from long exposure to Eurus and Boreas, has acquired such a firmness of texture that he shaves with a brickbat. . . . Farewell, noble savage, wild as thy woods! When shall we again revel in the wild luxuriance of thy anecdotes, or shake under the Titanic bray of thy laughter? Sooner, perhaps, than thou expectest; for verily, in the day of dispersion, we mean to beat thy jungle. *Deus dabit vela!* Though Toryism were expelled from all the rest of the globe, it would find shelter in the log house of Dunlop. *Vivat Victoria.*"

Schemes such as the Canada Company have employed the cleverest brains ever since the primal command was given to subdue the earth. Paterson, inceptor of the Bank of England, was the author of the Darien Company, in which one of Dunlop's ancestors, in common with Fletcher of Salton, the Master of Stair, Campbell of Finnab, and many of his countrymen,

was a loser. Its history was one of clash between Scotch and English; its sad ending a theme for an anonymous letter in an Edinburgh paper, which gave the design for a monument to be erected to William of Pious and Immortal Memory. William, alone, was held responsible for the death of many Scotchmen who perished in the working of the scheme; so this letter-writer ironically suggested that two subjects of the inscription should be the Scottish colonists of Darien and the Massacre of Glencoe. The books and documents of the ill-fated Company still lie in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh; while three fair Canadian counties of grain, pasture and wood land are the records of the second colonizing venture of Dunlop of Keppoch.

In 1832 the settlers were coming in as quickly as the Warden of the Forests could desire. The Castle was vacated by him, and left to a succession of hosts who reigned in solo or by twos and threes—Pryor, Widder, John Strachan and others. He took up a block of land bordering the de Tuyle Ridge property, farther up the river, and set about establishing there a second Gairbraid—the name of his mother's (Janet Graham) old home in Dumbartonshire.

In those days Canada had scarcely ceased to be a geographical expression. To one who had seen all that was to be seen and who hungered for new experiences, it offered the attraction of an unknown quantity. To rise with the dawn, to couch with the sun, to dip into unfathomed forests, to blaze a track, to found a city, to be powerful and useful, all appealed to a jaded appetite and a vigorous mind. Lord Edward Fitzgerald's letters had done by Dunlop as he was to do by others with "The Backwoodsman." "Western" is a comparative term in Canada. Now, it means the Pacific slope; then, Lake Huron seemed very near the setting sun. The points of the compass had not been demoralized. "Oh, the east is but the west, with the sun a little hotter;" and William and Robert Graham Dunlop, on the hillside which looked straight into the abyss where nightly day's king seemed to make a final plunge to extinction, felt they had chosen well for a final halt.

In talking, over a glass of brandy-and-water, of his early Canadian trials, Dunlop always made light of them, remembering only the victory and sinking the failures; but as the most welcome sight to the eye of a settler was the sky where the blue pierced through the space made by his own axe, time could not have been one long joy in the days of the Canada Company.

The following letters from McTaggart, in 1827, of and to Dunlop, give us glimpses of him and his doings:

"Waggon-borne, once more I reached Hamilton and Dundas, and there met many of my old friends whom I had not seen for years. . . . At this place I met my notable, worthy friend, Doctor Dunlop, on his way, like Romulus of old, to lay the foundations of the great city of Guelph, in honour of our illustrious Royal Family. The Doctor and I, as usual, cracked our jokes, shot ducks in Coot's Paradise from Burlington Heights, and explored and examined the whole surrounding country. In this neighbourhood I fell in with Captain Brant, the famous Indian chief of the Mohawk nation. He is about thirty years of age, straight as a rush, about six feet three inches high, of strong make and interesting countenance. In truth, I have not met a more polite gentleman or a better scholar in all Canada. I went with him to his house; all there was neat and comfortable; three nights did I sleep beneath his roof and never slept more soundly. Well knew I the noble worth and independence of my protector—if you cannot trust an Indian chief you can trust no other being on earth—not a hair of my head could be disturbed there. His mother yet lives, and he has a sister married to a young Scotchman."

"My worthy Doctor,—Allow me to pay you my best respects. I am got into the world of civilization again, so I must behave like a friend and a gentleman. Like yourself, I have been rummaging since May, and have discovered many what I conceive to be curiosities. How came you on by the

Huron? I heard of your murder, but disbelieved the statement. Heaven keep you well! I long to crack a night or two with you. Is it not astonishing that you and I keep our health so well? To think of persons like us, inured to all the sweets and luxuries of London, launched out to Canada to raw pork, Yankified rum and a soft bed of leaves beneath the wild-wood tree! True 'tis, habit is everything. How is our dear Galt? I have written to him, but as yet got no answer. Has he finished his novel of "The Settler"? That character, the Indian witch, is true poetry, Doctor. Has he a play ready for Quebec this winter? If he has not, stir him up, or write one yourself. Keep out Yankee characters; poor creatures, they cannot (like the Scotch and English) bear to be laughed at. The good people of Montreal are to be treated to a comedy of the Commissioner's. You have seen the sketch, "Humours of the Grand River: or, A Trip to Athabaska"; the thing is now in rehearsal. The land, you say, is good about the Speed: I always thought so; settlers will do well there. On the whole, your Company is going to do wonders in Canada. There never was a better one formed; I think more of it than of the East India Company. Canada is a valuable colony; in fact, she is at the head of all the colonies, for she has the means to protect all the rest and to give a consequence to Britain not to be sneezed at. . . . When we meet, which will be before Christmas, I hope you will give me a glimpse of your journal; it must be extremely amusing, and no doubt you have curiosities of the greatest value extracted from the depths of the forest. A Society of Natural History has been established here, and we have the honour to be elected members. I like this very well, and am only sorry that we have bound ourselves so firmly to the Royal Society at home that I am afraid we cannot do our duty towards it as we ought; however, we shall do our best. . . . Peace be with you. Amen."

Kingston, traveller and author, gives an account of the museum and library of "The Literary and Historical Society of Canada," the chief object of which was to illustrate points

connected with the country in all departments. This society was formed with great enthusiasm. The buoyant air of the country, the novel air of adventure, made all things seem not only possible, but easy; "the Rocky Mountains ought certainly to be explored, and as soon as possible"—evidently an easy, before-breakfast undertaking, as casually phrased as in an enumeration of game, "nor is the buffalo to be excepted." McTaggart speaks of gold and many precious minerals as if they lay ready to be picked up. He displays a minute knowledge of every bird and every living creature that he has come across, with a desire to learn still more and to diffuse such knowledge far and near. He speaks of the salt, the deer licks where the hunters gather, sure of plenty of game, foretelling fortunes to be made in the Canadian future. A Canadian encyclopædia was to be published immediately, with a department of "Furrology, or Science of Furs," and "Stumpology, or Science of Stumps." All enthusiasts in natural history, natural philosophy and mathematics are called upon, will receive encouragement, and will be fitted out for expeditions for exploring woods, waters and wilds; and, it is added, they will be liberally rewarded and all contributors paid. He discourses whether the partridge belongs to the pheasant or the turkey brood, and upon the habits of the latter shy bird; bees come under philosophical examination; spiders must be laid under the microscope; and Nootka Sound and Cook's Inlet be explored by rummagers. He skips about from Columbia River to Fort la Prairie; asks who will write him an essay on Athabaska, its boundaries and its Indian tribes; asks for an analysis of the American cocktail; and dilates at length on the mysteries of bitters. Lake fever, ague, the rivers flowing out of the Rockies, the man who first saw the frozen ocean, windfalls, and whether there are frost-blows as in tropical climates there are sun-blows—all are mixed for consideration, but show in every line the thought of a man who loves his work and never wearies of it. All these questions and many more were published, and judging from the fund of knowledge

displayed, raised exhaustive answers; and he tells how "sugar-maple rum may be made of excellent quality, but whether to match Craigdarvroch of Perth, I cannot say; the latter is the name of a whiskey made after the Glenlivet mode by Mr. Fergusson, of Perth, Upper Canada; the flavour is very good; it is by far the most excellent spirit distilled in the country." There are some answers received which he cannot credit: "That Mr. Thompson reported on the Columbian boundary between Canada and the States pine trees that it would require a cross-cut saw sixteen feet in the blade to perform the work. . . . Now, this gentleman is considered to speak something like truth; however, I should be glad to see these large pines with my own eyes." What would this enthusiast have said if he had known that that river and pine tree tract was lost to us because "salmon would not rise to the fly."

In 1836, Dunlop founded "The City of Toronto Literary Club," before which "this very able and gifted man" lectured on a variety of subjects.

In spite of these various societies, some would-be teachers evidently remained ignorant. We are told that "the plumage of the humming-bird is very indifferent; barley will not grow in Canada;" and one man makes the astounding assertion that "my land is silesia, and has a great bed of sulphuret of pyrites."

Gairbraid was built of solid oak logs, the house in form somewhat like the letter H. It contained eight or nine roomy apartments, and like the Castle, on a larger scale, was a series of house, lean-to, porches and passages. The double door of the hall carried a door-plate in brass, "Mr. Dunlop," and the windows looked out upon a scene which even in Canada was not often equalled, and which was said to resemble English scenery more than any other spot in America—up the valley of the Minnesetung, through lovely glades where the red waters glinted against the green, across to the white-washed cottages of the new-made hamlet; and away to the right were the waters of Huron, bluer

than the skies above them, white with breakers, sullen as smoke, or wild as the German Ocean itself.

At Gairbraid the two rooms most characteristic of the times and of the occupants were the dining-room and kitchen. In the former stood a large, round dining-table of solid mahogany, fitted to seat twelve persons; and ranged round the room were twelve most solid chairs to match, upholstered in Brussels carpet. In them the Dunlop brothers and their cronies were to gather by that second Table Round for wassail, merriment, and a new series of *Noctes Ambrosianæ (Canadensis)*. The huge fireplace in the end of the room was flanked by large walnut presses, wherein a wealth of china, silver and glass, was stored, and beside them a napery chest which testified to Scotch thrift and the spinning wheel. In front of the fire was an apparatus, in appearance something like a fender-stool, where plates and hot meats were placed for warmth; for the Dunlopian sense of comfort was well developed. In the centre hollow of the sideboard stood a huge liquors-stand made of mahogany, brass bound, with large brass handles. It measured seventeen and one-half inches high by thirty-three in length and twenty-three in width. It was simply a monster "traveller" on wheels, built to hold twelve gallons of liquid, containing a dozen large bottles from a converted military chest, each carrying a new label and measuring a good sixteen inches by nine, with a half-pound stopper, in itself a handful. These were termed by the irreverent Doctor the "Twelve Apostles"; the brandy bottle was Paul, and Peter held the whiskey, and they went the rounds of the room in pilgrimages suitable to the disposition of the company. The flowing bowl flowed too freely in the days of private stills and whiskey at a York shilling to a shilling per bottle. When hot punch was too hot to be quaffed it was the fashion to cool it with cold whiskey.

On summer evenings the friends would gather at the low windows and look at the lovely view framed in by vines which grew luxuriantly in the new-turned earth, or in winter before

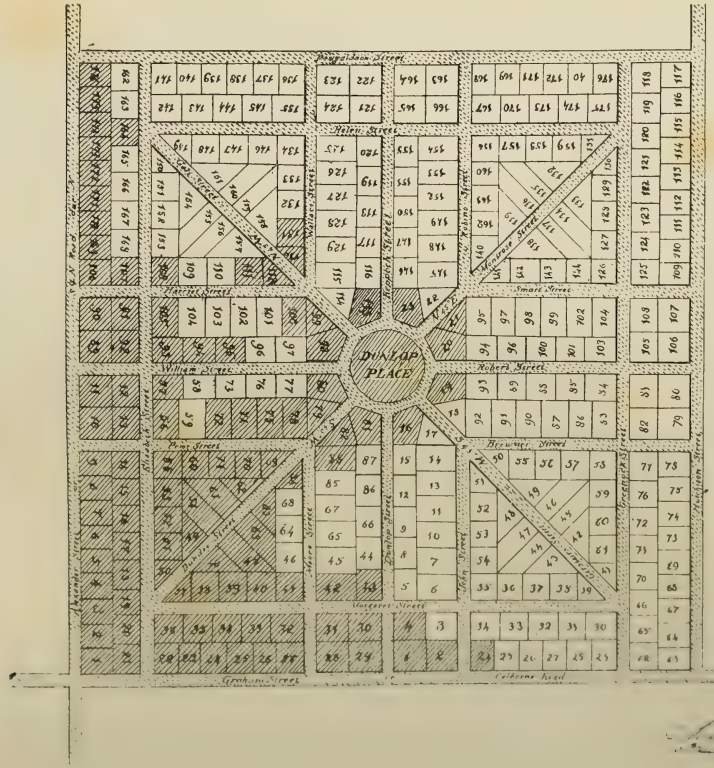
a fiery cone of twenty sound maple logs which bade defiance to Canadian cold; or, drawn up by the round table, read the last arrived numbers of *Maga, Fraser's*, or *The Times* (all six or eight weeks on the way), which were like handshakes across the ocean from that Britain of blue coats and brass buttons which these emigrants had left behind them.

But it was not a homestead only which the Doctor and the Captain wished to found. There was also to be a village of Gairbraid. Radiating from Dunlop Place were streets named in honour of home memories, Carstares, Keppoch, Dundee and Greenock; or of themselves, Robert, Graham, William; or of friends, as Brewster and Galt. There are three Lizars names, Helen, Robina and Hutchison; and one Moore, for Moore's name was then familiar as a noted traveller to America. "Row, brothers row," was sung to its paddle accompaniment as often by Huron as

> "Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
> Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed,"

or at St. Anne's itself.

The Crown and Anchor was the village inn. These inns went up all over the country side, like mushrooms in a night. Farther up the Lakeshore road was one with a sign bearing the device of a black bottle and wine-glass. Another somewhere in the neighbourhood displayed the enticement, "Refreshment for man and beast." By the year 1842 the inns between Goderich and London numbered forty-two, and so inadequate was even this accommodation that at night eight or ten travellers would be lying on the floor of one of these places, with bits of wood for pillows. On roads where the pace was a mile and a half an hour for a good horse, the custom was of necessity congested. Between Goderich and Colborne in the thirties the inns numbered eight. But the Crown and Anchor was the authorized village hostelry of Gairbraid, and about it were the few log houses, huts and shacks, beyond which the place never grew. It was kept by John Morris, one of an



Sketch

OF THE VILLAGE OF

CAIRBRAID

in the

TOWNSHIP of COLBORNE

HURON TRACT

already large connection in Colborne. When township meetings began they were usually held at the Crown and Anchor or at the Lizars' place, Meadowlands. The old calf-bound record, a precious relic and heirloom in a Morris household to-day, is full of early history. Inside the front cover is written, in large round characters, "Man is vile," in David Lawson's writing, a statement proved by the record within, if frequency of fines and squabbling of neighbours are taken as serious offences. There are many politely-written, red-tape letters addressed to persons living opposite to the writers or from whose property trees had fallen across the road; and there is a warrant for distress, where the effects, or more properly speaking, effect was an old teapot. For the last Mr. Hyndman paid the amount due, something like half a crown, the item dated in 1835. Among other offices and officers recorded is "Captain R. G. Dunlop, R.N., Poundkeeper;"* and among the municipal laws, one that bulls shall be free commoners and pigs shall not be ditto; and one that of every yoke of oxen, and of every herd of cattle, one beast shall wear a bell. Dear friends like Henry Hyndman and David Clarke did not hesitate to invoke the law against each other, the record substantiating the latter's own often-expressed opinion, "what's the use o' the law, mon, if ye dinna mak' use o' it?" In the returns of statute labour is the name of one refractory law-breaker who gets "two days" because "he refuses to either work or pay." Where the two days were spent history does not say; and it was not until 1839 that an application was made to the Provincial Legislature for a gaol.

Gairbraid was the centre of Colborne life, a home, a meeting-place, and a refuge for all comers. "Have you had your dinnerh?" was the Doctor's unfailing greeting to all passers-by. And "Will you tak' a drink—no man must go from my house either hungry or dry."

Mr. McKenzie, the Presbyterian clergyman, was early in

* Nominated by a malicious wag, and the nomination, according to law, was one which might not be evaded.

Goderich, and he came over the river to hold services in Gairbraid, where he stationed himself in the hall while the people congregated in the kitchen, dining-room and other apartments within earshot, and those who could get into none of these remained by the windows. The Dunlops also prepared to educate the young people who came to, or should be natives of, Gairbraid. "Bailie" McLean was secretary to the Doctor, and school-master under the Captain. It was he who wrote all the pamphlets, the Doctor dictating as he walked up and down the dining-room, with hands behind his back. A school-room was established, and the education of boys became a kind of hobby with the Captain. They employed a number of servants, out-door and in, and of these some became quite famous in the gossip of their day. Charlie Abbott, in white jacket and table-napkin in hand, seemed as incongruous with out-door surroundings as the brass door-plate. He afterwards took up land for himself, but finished his chopping days by injuring his foot. Jimmy Thompson, the black butler, was in service during an eventful period of the Dunlopian annals.

Between 1833 and 1834 another figure comes upon the scene. This was Louisa McColl, a dairy-woman sent out from the Dumbartonshire Gairbraid to manage the Canadian household. This she did, in ways that were not at first looked for. She was a shrewd, "pretty-looking" woman, very Highland in her speech; after events proved her to be clever above her class and kind. Her arrival excited a good deal of wonder in the small community.

"How did you come?" she was asked.

"Oh, indeed, shuist py poaste;" and the Doctor was so charmed with her check on idle curiosity that he repeated the question for the pleasure of each guest. Her cap was never straight, and she herself told how her fellows at home were always adjusting it as they passed her; her dress was that of the Highland byre-woman; she had "a most elegant bow;" and she danced the fling whenever bidden, first asking permission to remove her shoes.

Fate had it in store to make her a Laird's Lady. From the first she was devoted to "the deare gentlemen," and one, at least, kept her busy. The Tiger's use of snuff was so incessant and profuse that it was impossible for him to wear the lace ruffle and elaborate toilet which dress then demanded. He still kept to his grey check homespun, Scotch bonnet and plaid; but for better wear he had suits of snuff-coloured broadcloth. Even these she failed to keep as she wished, for the traces of rappee were always visible. He was once stopped at the Customs, the officer demanding the reason for such an importation of best Irish. He would not believe it could be for private consumption until Dunlop threw a handful in the air and, catching it as best he could on his face, snuffed it up.

"There, that's what I want it for; *that's* the way I use it."

He was terribly careless in many ways, and the light of later days revealed that he was robbed right and left. When travelling he would order a glass of brandy, tender a crown or a pound-note in payment and forget the change. When he changed his clothes away from home he left the old ones on the floor, and marched away in the fresh ones. In money matters the Captain was not so careless; but he was simple as a child, and in his turn was imposed upon. The Doctor's smile and laugh were ever ready; his temper was fierce when roused, but for ordinary wear and tear was one of imperturbable good humour. His impulse was to defend the weak and defy the strong; but he dearly loved a practical joke. The Captain was, for the latter, often a convenient butt.

Small as the community was, simple as were the ways of that primitive society, Mrs. Grundy had arrived, and it was demanded that the Highland lassie should be let go. The Doctor gravely told his brother that there was but one way out of the difficulty, viz., for one of them to marry her; he was willing to decide which of them it should be, by three tosses of a penny—he to provide the coin. Three tosses were solemnly given with a double-headed penny, and the unsuspecting Captain became a candidate for matrimony. Why the Doctor,

who "had been proclaimed a J. P. in every county in the province," did not perform the ceremony, history does not tell. In his stead they employed the services of Thompson, the black butler, white-jacketed instead of surpliced. The brothers were no church-goers, for, as the Doctor said, "he did not believe in one having all the chat, nor yet in singing without grog." But besides Mr. McKenzie's services they often had family prayers, conducted by the Captain; and the "Book of Common Prayer," which both much admired, was used. Once, when the lesson for the day was on the story of the Prodigal Son, the Captain, as he came to "filling with husks," in parenthesis mused aloud, "Why didn't the fool kill one of the swine and eat *him!*"

On the Sunday after the tossing of the penny, when prayers were finished, Black Jimmy was solemnly and formally invited to read the marriage service for the first wedding in Colborne. This he did, and the two became man and wife after a peculiar fashion. The Captain was of a retiring disposition, and his brother of a particularly obliging one. The former had a cough, which served as an excuse for not going into society with his more convivial brother. The bride now wished to go to church, and be seen and recognized as a wife. The first intimation which outside friends had of her change of state was owing to a visitor, who had been in the habit of making too free use of Gairbraid, ordering something from her. She was on her knees, scrubbing, and gave him no attention. The man repeated his order, and after a little further unpleasantness, swore at her. She told him not to do that again. He told her to remember that she was Dunlop's servant. She ordered him out of the house forthwith, saying he would soon know what she really was.

By this time a log school-house served for Sunday purposes. The bridegroom could not be persuaded to appear there; so, not to disappoint "dear Lou," the Doctor took her instead. Off they set, she holding up her dove-grey bridal skirt, her hand resting on the kind, brotherly arm; he, in the unaccustomed rigour of corduroy trousers, brass-buttoned blue coat and ruffled shirt; and, for once, the Scotch bonnet was replaced by

a beaver of the fashion. In domestic life she maintained she could milk as well in satin gown as in her Highland byre-woman's dress. She tucked up the tail of the former when, with milking-stool and pail, she went to the spacious stable and barn-yard—the barn which cost £300—to do her humble work. But her maids were not easily managed. The Doctor, when nothing more exciting offered, would read for hours together, or, seated before his wooden, home-made desk, with its tray of blotting-sand and vessel of shot for pens, would put down the results of the day or bring into publishing form those articles which he still contributed to *Blackwood's* and *Fraser's*. His serenity was one day disturbed by voices, the bride's broken tongue waxing ever higher and shriller. He stood in the kitchen doorway and viewed the Laird's Lady, all glorious without but disturbed within, as she bestowed plentiful reproaches, in which Gaelic and English strove for the mastery, upon her maids, the quasi-clerical butler and the jottery-man, Malcolm.

"Lou! Lou! What is all this row about—now what's this sound o' flycht?"

"Hech! They will not pay sufficient respect to my reverence."

But she was a dauntless woman, of much ready resource and native wit. She could "keep house" with any lady, she did the honours of the brothers' table creditably, and she made up for her deficiency in learning by keeping an open Bible on her knee when, on Sabbath afternoons, she took her arm-chair in the crimson-curtained, fire-lit parlour. These crimson curtains were over long, trailing some half yard on the floor; the carpet seats of the twelve dining chairs were shabbied; so she took the superfluous length and covered them anew. What matter if the book were upside down, she looked the Laird's Lady, in silken gown and gauze-trimmed cap; and surrounded by the handsome appointments of her home, in time she obtained due "respect for her reverence." One of her maids had red hair, and the Doctor called her Red-top. Mrs. Dunlop, although an indulgent mistress in some ways, was strict in others, and she always charged breakages.

The desk spoken of was one which the Doctor had had made for himself by one of his workmen while on an exploring expedition in 1831, and he writes to Mr. Longworth, asking for hinges and lock to complete it, and for a "further supply of foolscap and post" with which to stock it.

Mrs. Dunlop's sense made her doubt the binding nature of the knot tied by Black Jimmy. The Captain now became Member of Parliament, and when he was absent from home her uneasy doubts grew apace.

The election of 1835, the first in the District, had been won with much difficulty, albeit there were but some sixty voters in the whole Huron Tract. These made up in fervour what was lacked in numbers. The hustings—on the spot where the pump opposite West Street now stands—were burnt; but Mr. Hyndman, Returning Officer, vowed that up they should go until allowed to remain. Nevertheless, the election took place at Feltie Fisher's inn. Colonel Van Egmond, who was the Captain's opponent, had enthusiastic followers who would not allow him to be drawn by horses, but filled that office proudly themselves. The votes were given—thirty-five for the Captain, twenty-five for the Colonel; axe-handles flourished, and there were more heads left broken than whole. The victor was put into a conveyance fitted in appearance for the road it was to travel; a Highlander with his bagpipes got in beside him, and the procession of the victorious thirty-five began—some with bandaged heads, others with a tooth or two less than they had owned the day before. The points of arrest were all the inns in the country side; the bagpipes shrilled, the whiskey flowed; the Black Hawks, the Tipperary boys and the Far Downs, with axe-handles not as white as might be, dived into the woods again; and Lou, upon the steps of Gairbraid, welcomed home the first Member for Huron.

Parliament was dissolved after its second session, and another election followed, when the Captain was again returned, although opposed by E. C. Taylor, the Baron's factor, who was upheld by the Canada Company. The Returning

Officer and his little son crossed from Colborne by boat on the memorable day, and an entry in Captain Luard's diary gives the result: "Tuesday, June 7th, 1836—Hyndman has received his directions as Returning Officer at the approaching elections. Monday, 29th June—At 3.30, little Henry returned, informing us that the election was over and Dunlop returned."

The Doctor's two-headed coin has found its way, with his eccentric Will, wherever history has mentioned his name. Drinking stories, too, of all degrees, meet one at every point, but in no case do they show up the man apart from his intellectual side. Companionable he always was. Fergusson, dating from Niagara, says: "This has been a day of infinite enjoyment, and the close of it not a little enlivened by Dr. D——, who arrived to dinner, with a budget full of anecdote and fun. He found the canal rather tedious, and ordered his schooner to rendezvous at Buffalo." Next day, after a long talk and hot walk, "thirst, too, had its triumph, and I scarce recollect of anything more welcome than a beverage with which my companion regaled me at Forsyth's, under some odd name, but which consisted of a bottle of good brown stout turned into a quart of iced water, with a *quant. suff.* of ginger, cinnamon and sugar; truly it was a prescription worthy of being filed."

Mrs. Dunlop had her own version of matters, and it is but fair to give it. The Doctor's story was often told in her presence, for one of the delights of his life was to tease her. She always seemed offended, but seldom contradicted him. She used to tell that she was about to be married to someone else, and the "deare Captain" said: "Lou, if you leave us, we may as well shut up shop." To secure her he had to marry her, and he proposed while she was milking "Bloassom." She was much disturbed, as indeed she might be, if the rights of the other man were well established. She left Blossom and the Captain and retired to her bedroom, opened her Bible, and read: "In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established." She never explained the formula of her exegesis, but "felt divinely called upon to accept the deare

Captain." She was not fond of allusion to the first marriage. At the second ceremony she "found herself so faint, and the service so long, that the deare Captain juiste supported her py pooting his arm round her wayisst."

But ere this took place before Rector Campbell, the Captain had gone to Toronto on his Parliamentary duties. Lou became very anxious. After sleepless nights, and Anglo-Gaelic wars of words with maids who now paid still less respect to her reverence, she bade John Morris harness Mungo and his mate, put hot bricks in the sleigh, and prepare to accompany her on her hundred and fifty mile drive. The winter of 1835 was unusually white. The whole Canadian earth seemed to slumber in a ghostly repose as they left Gairbraid one early morning in January. The irreverent maids saw well to their mistress's comforts; the hot bricks were supplemented with other things necessary, and away they flew, the hissing of the sleigh along the dazzling path and the jingling of Mungo's bells the only sounds. They were plentifully provisioned; and for as long as Mungo and his mate were able, they kept on that woful relic of energetic road-making British power. Mungo was bought in Toronto and brought from there when Charlie Abbott, late coachman to some English gentleman, fell in with the Dunlops and took service with them.

To bait the animals, to eat, to sleep, they stopped when necessary; but the anxious wife kept on, till those mythical "blue hills of old Toronto," sung by Moore when he took geographical as well as poetic license, were reached. At the door of the hotel the heart of the Member's wife failed. She remained in the sleigh, and bade John Morris go find the Captain.

"What the d—l are you doing here?" was a pardonable question from the Captain when found.

"Mrs. Dunlop is here, Captain."

"Then come and have a drink."

Explanations followed, John Morris was sent to his lodgings, and the happy wife remained with her equally (let us hope) happy husband.

During Mr. Morris's stay in Toronto, the Captain saw that he was often present at the Parliamentary debates, and his opinion was that the Captain himself and Allan MacNab were the two most gentlemanly men in the House.

On their return, the real marriage took place. There is an amusing anecdote connecting the book in which the register was kept with the way in which it came to be so used, a story told by the Rector himself. Before the Commissioner took up his residence in Goderich, on one of his official visits he invited the Rector, Pryor, Brewster, and some others, to dinner. After dinner he made inquiries about the Company's business and particularly hoped they were keeping a record of sales in the book he had sent them. Pryor and Brewster looked blankly at each other, knowing nothing of any book; the Rector said nothing, but was inwardly amused.' He had managed to annex it for his record of births, deaths and marriages, and the Company's sales had continued to be "noted on shingles and sent in slips" to Toronto. Two of the church record books are in thin, sound, yellow millboard covers, beginning their entries in 1835. The goodness of the binding would argue that they are Canada Company books; but that one containing the first entries of all is a much more ordinary affair of paper-covered foolscap. It is tattered now in places, and some of the ink is much faded; but it still clearly bears, in a feminine-looking, Italian hand which belongs to the oft repeated signature, Robert Francis Campbell, the following marriage notice:

"Robert Graham Dunlop of Gairbraid in the Township of Colborne, Esquire, bachelor, and Louisa McColl of the same place, spinster, were married by license, this the fourth day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six.

"By me, ROBT. FRAS. CAMPBELL.

"This marriage was solemnized between us } R. G. DUNLOP, LOUISA MCCOLL.

"In the presence of } W. DUNLOP, JAMES MCLEAN, —— GRAHAM."



"The wife of one, but the good friend and close companion of the other."

The signature of the wife does not agree with the tale that she could not write.

Mrs. Dunlop's relation towards these two men was extraordinary—the wife of one, but the good friend and close companion of the other, by whom, undoubtedly, she was better understood than by her husband. The Doctor had regard and respect for, and not a little awe of her; while she again was much attached to him, and was officiously attentive. She was so careful of his toilet that he feared to let her know when he wished to cross the river to visit his Goderich friends. When she saw him from a distance she would run after him with his shoes in her hand, imploring him to stop, for in order to deceive her he would saunter off in his slippers. He one day ran into a Goderich house, and laughingly told his friends how he had evaded Lou by walking leisurely down his own hill until far enough on his way, when he "put" across the Flats. Expostulated with for not going to church, he solemnly answered that they didn't "know the difficulties I have to contend with. If I propose to go in the morning, Lou requires me to put on a clean shirt. This I might not object to, but on returning from church she requires me to take it off again; and this I *do* object to." She brewed the whiskey, he the beer, and as soon as both fluids were barely matured, they disappeared in a surprisingly short space of time. Gairbraid was not singular. In Britain every house, gentle or simple, farm or manor, made its own beer as it did its preserves or lavender water, although the last were not so variable in results. The outcome of the brew was a thing of anxiety and the event of the week. Although Lou kept a sharp eye on him and the fruit of her labours, he would evade her, go to town, and bring back a following of friends as thirsty as himself. "Lou, bring out the Twelve Apostles." The heavy mahogany case rumbled to the table, and Lou saw Peter broached, emptied and re-filled, and knew the precious outcome of her still was going, and would go, to "fill these greedy hounds from town."

"And am I to have a late dinner for them, too," she would ask, when evening drew near and the last drop was gone.

"No, Lou, no; take the broom to them, take the broom to them."

Nevertheless, the dinners, and good ones too, were ready, with a display of snowy linen, bright glass and silver, that was balm to her spirit.

One afternoon the Table Round groaned under the weight of eatables, for there was to be a dinner party of twelve. There was venison and wild duck, pigeon pasty, and ham and poultry of her own curing and raising; and by the time the last compliment was paid to the only lady present, the "Honourable and Reverend and Very Drunken" Cassels Stuart, "the Old Gent," Daw Don, or the Baron de Tuyle, might do as they would. The house stood near the edge of the bank, and benches were fixed beneath the trees upon the sloping green. Here they gathered, twelve knights in a new world, and with what wits were left them sat and discussed their lands, their "crops," the last bundle of literature which had come over sea and corduroy to cheer them, the probability of a mail bag during the coming week, the politics of the day in both countries, the last impudence of the Family Compact, the advent of a new Governor, the mistakes of the old one, the grievances which heralded the coming rebellion; and when talk became too sombre, the Doctor showed them the tricks of his pet fawn and the accomplishments of his gander. The river babbled and flowed at their feet, through the middle of the Flats; on it were Lou's geese, with their white leader, a bird of the size of a swan, and with a voice of surpassing power. David Don was one of the knights, as true a gentleman as ever made the mistake of trying to be a Canadian farmer.

"*Daw*—Don, *Daw*—Don," cried the Doctor; and the gander gravely waddled towards him as it screamed and flapped its wings in reply. Daw Don laughed with the rest, but never grew quite accustomed to the joke. Sunset, with its glories, recalled them to order; and in silence they watched a sight, the fame of which had brought many travellers to the Huron banks. Mountains and castles of molten colour in a great arc

of fading light were banded with royal purple ; pink backgrounds faded to silver, which changed again to violet behind a floating moon. The lake had become to these men as the face of a friend ; they loved its every change, as if it were a thing alive ; its glories could awe, its beauties could silence ; and they were content to sit and watch, to think on the past, to dream of the future, till the stars and the fireflies came out together, and lights from the windows twinkled a recall.

And then these sweet influences of nature, memory and hope, waned ; the Round Table and the Twelve Apostles saw a night of revelry. All grew too merry; but "the Honourable, Reverend and Very Drunken Cassels Stuart" lapsed into unconsciousness. Then these eleven friends put him on the table, placed a saucer of salt upon his breast, covered his face with a sheet, set lighted candles at his head and feet, and so left him. The dimensions of Gairbraid at bed-time seemed to enlarge ; capacious sofas turned into beds, hammocks swung and bunks yawned, till sleeping accommodation for the house party was found. Then came the awakening of the corpse, who thought himself in another world and was nearly frightened into a sudden going there.

Justice makes one remember that a case of total abstinence was a phenomenon in any country then, and that these men had been frequenters of the old British taverns, places not unlike Lou's own kitchen, where the floor was sanded and the kettle never off the boil, a department which replaced the waste of ichor with food and liquor ; places where they not only ate and drank, but sang, making emphasis with fist-whacks which made the steel-pronged forks and pint glasses ring again. The chorus was always of the "whack fol-de-rol-de-rol-de-dido" kind.

The Round Table was a piece of beautiful wood and it took a high polish. These gentlemen put their hot glasses on it, with the usual result of white discs overlapping on the bright surface. Lou got a large piece of oilcloth, extending some inches beyond the edge, put in a running-string, drew it tight, and so saved much polishing and some disfigurement.

Lou, with her high-strung, excitable temperament, her Highland dances, her "elegant bow" and her tailed gown, was never happier than when entertaining guests. If a dinner party formed part of her day she always met her guests at the door, both hands outstretched, an expansive welcome of word and gesture. The gentlemen were at once "offered something," and the same was taken to the ladies in their dressing-room. At parting there was doch-an'-darrach; and she came out, glass and decanter in hand, after her friends were seated in their waggons, and herself dispensed the drops to speed the parting guest.

She was devoted to a certain class of literature, and the boy Malcolm was reader to her. Two necessaries for interest were lots of excitement and something bearing on Scottish history. "Malcolm, deare poy," had to post to town, no matter what the work or weather, to get the papers and the numbers of the newest serial. "The Scottish Chiefs" engrossed her completely while under way, and her journeys to town were taken in haste, so that she might return to the haunts and names sacred to her from love of country. She stood in the Canada Company store one morning, her habit, well tucked up, and the steaming horse at the door, telling of flight across the Flats and through the stream with unchecked rein till the opposite bank was scaled, "Malcolm, deare poy," keeping more than his required distance in his mad scamper after; seeding and the purchase of a new whip were matters quite beside the point. She clasped her hands before the waiting server.

"Deare Lady Mar-r-r! Oh, poor deare Lady Helen Mar-r-r! And oh! that dreadful, fearsome Countess Mar-r-r!"

As already told, Judge Read, the postman, served the mails according to the quantity in his bag. When it was full, he took it before him on his saddle; so that the return mail was regulated by the out-going. Sometimes six weeks came between deliveries. Storms, too, made delays; but there were Wallace and Bruce to turn to, and Malcolm had to while the hours away with these twice-told tales. Like all of her country,

she was superstitious and suspicious, and her brother-in-law never tired of exhibiting the former trait. She had heard of the pranks played by witches in the Highland cow-byres, when they tied up the cows' tails with red tape. He managed to have her animals' tails so decorated, and one morning he escorted her and her maids, with their stools and milking pails, to the byre. The dismay and wonder was all he could have desired.

"Hech! but yon's awesome!"

"'Tis the fell airts o' Brownies!"

"Haud yer nash-gab, an' let me oot!"

"Ech-wow!"

They were frightened nearly to death, and the Tiger's huge frame leant against the doorway, shaking himself and everything about him with the strength of his laughter.

When the butter would not come, "the deare Doctor would take a sixpence and put it between the leaves of the Bible, then lay it on the churn, and in a minute the butter would come. It never failed." If Blossom refused her milk down, he would make passes between her horns and "say something to mek it richt." "And they were deare, kind-hairted gentlemen both. Once I drowned a cat in the swill-barrel, and the deare Captain was so mad. I never saw him so mad in all my life."

What made him still angrier was her ceaseless activity. He would ask her to go for a walk with him about the farm, or down the Flats to hear Daw Don answer to his name, or in the ravine beside the house where a wealth of wild flowers grew. But she would tuck her silken tail under her arm and set fire to stumps, not listening to his botanical discourse nor impressed by the view before them. Her husband would walk off in dudgeon, leaving her to her practical choice.

The year 1840 saw the lean, lithe little Captain begin to fail —not from old age, for he was only in his fifty-first year. Till now he had been always busy, for, unlike his brother, who would read from morning till night when nothing more exciting

came in the way, he was always full of schemes. Interest in these now failed him, and he "fairly shrivelled away." But his spirit was still high and his word sharp. Lou fretted to see the change in him, and tended him faithfully. This in turn fretted him, and it is recorded how once he suddenly sat up in bed and shouted, "Lou, I don't pity you one bit, for you are well provided for; but I *do* pity my brother Will." But the history does not say whether this was a reflection upon Lou as a companion, or a foreshadow of his brother's loneliness.

It is certain that she was said to have stinted the brother Will in all ways that she could, with success not in proportion to her efforts. On one occasion, when a house full of guests necessitated the use of the dining-room sofa for a bed, the occupant of it was disturbed by the Doctor at the sideboard. The friend pretended to be asleep, and made no reponse to the Doctor's question. But when the latter turned again and saw a pair of amused eyes looking at him, he brought the bottle over to the lounge, saying: "Quick, Ned, quick—take your horn and be quick, or Lou will catch us!" The horn disposed of, the Doctor's burly, night-gowned form stole softly from the room—"and Lou never found us out." The Doctor was very fond of his dog "Tag," but was afraid Lou's thrift made her starve him; at any rate, she would not allow him to be fed as he wished. So the Doctor would walk round the table, quietly casual, before the meats were removed, abstract morsels as chance turned Lou's back, and feed Tag unknown to her. Tag entered into the domestic spirit, and was as demure as his master.

One afternoon John Haldane, sr., and John Haldane, jr., walked over to Gairbraid to make a friendly call. They were kept waiting, an unusual thing, for welcomes in that house were from the doorstep ben. At length the Tiger came in, laughing.

"Mr. Haldane, I have just been writing my will. If you like I'll read it to you."

Out came the Twelve Apostles, the brass kettle, the tumblers and ladles, the cut lemon, and the doyleys, squares of sampler-stitch with fringed edges. The Dunlop recipe for hot whiskey toddy, better than any recorded by Mr. J. M. Barrie, was to put the spoon in the tumbler and fill up with boiling water; then, when the glass was thoroughly heated, pour out the water, fill with whiskey, and drink quickly.

Mrs. Dunlop was in the room as the Doctor wrote the first draft of the will; and as he progressed, he read aloud to her. She often expostulated, but with no effect until he came to allusions to herself, outrageous and not to be borne. She tried to get the paper into her hands, but failed; chased him about the Round Table, and so manifested her displeasure that he promised to expunge everything relating to her in any way objectionable. After the famous tossing for her with the penny, and enjoying as he did her many peculiarities and Highland characteristics, it is easy to imagine what pungent paragraphs he might have made. The will and the codicil show he kept his word.

One of the twelve arm-chairs supported the Tiger's burly frame, as he leaned back to read what has since become a curiosity of Surrogate literature.

"In the name of God. Amen.

"I, William Dunlop, of Gairbraid, in the Township of Colborne, County and District of Huron, Western Canada, Esquire, being in sound health of body, and my mind just as usual (which my friends who flatter me say is no great shakes at the best of times), do make this my last Will and Testament as follows, revoking, of course, all former Wills:

"I leave the property of Gairbraid, and all other landed property I may die possessed of, to my sisters Helen Boyle Story and Elizabeth Boyle Dunlop; the former because she is married to a minister whom (God help him) she henpecks. The latter because she is married to nobody, nor is she like

to be, for she is an old maid, and not market-rife. And also, I leave to them and their heirs my share of the stock and implements on the farm; provided always, that the enclosure round my brother's grave be reserved, and if either should die without issue, then the other to inherit the whole.

"I leave to my sister-in-law, Louisa Dunlop, all my share of the household furniture and such traps, with the exceptions hereinafter mentioned.

"I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of old John, as the representative of the family. I would have left it to old John himself, but he would melt it down to make temperance medals, and that would be sacrilege—however, I leave my big horn snuff-box to him: he can only make temperance horn spoons of that.

"I leave my sister Jenny my Bible, the property formerly of my great-great-grandmother, Bethia Hamilton, of Woodhall: and when she knows as much of the spirit of it as she does of the letter, she will be another guise Christian than she is.

"I also leave my late brother's watch to my brother Sandy, exhorting him at the same time to give up Whiggery, Radicalism, and all other sins that do most easily beset him.

"I leave my brother Alan my big silver snuff-box, as I am informed he is rather a decent Christian, with a swag belly and a jolly face.

"I leave Parson Chevasse (Magg's husband), the snuff-box I got from the Sarnia Militia, as a small token of my gratitude for the service he has done the family in taking a sister that no man of taste would have taken.

"I leave John Caddle a silver teapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife.

"I leave my books to my brother Andrew, because he has been so long a Jungley Wallah,* that he may learn to read with them.

* Jungley Wallah—a bushman.



"I give my silver cup, with a sovereign in it, to my sister Janet Graham Dunlop, because she is an old maid and pious, and therefore will necessarily take to horning. And also my Granma's snuff mull, as it looks decent to see an old woman taking snuff.

"I do hereby constitute and appoint John Dunlop, Esquire, of Gairbraid; Alexander Dunlop, Esquire, Advocate, Edinburgh; Alan C. Dunlop, Esquire, and William Chalk, of Tuckersmith; William Stewart and William Gooding, Esquires, of Goderich, to be the executors of this my last Will and Testament.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the thirty-first day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-two.

"W. Dunlop. [L.S.]

"The above instrument of one sheet was, at the date thereof, declared to us by the Testator, William Dunlop, Esquire, to be his last Will and Testament, and he then acknowledged to each of us that he had subscribed the same, and we at his request signed our names hereunto as attesting witnesses.

"James Clouting,
"Patrick McNaughton, } [L.S.]"
"Elizabeth Steward.

His guests were amused, but the elder Haldane was a trifle shocked.

"Doctor, are you not wrong to treat so sacred a subject in that way? I consider that it will invalidate the will."

"That is serious." The Doctor drove the unwieldy Peter

nearer Mr. Haldane. "I shall enclose it to my friend Colonel Prince, and if he concurs with you I shall alter it."

Colonel Prince wrote on the document in answer: "I have perused the above Will. It is eccentric, but it is not in that sense illegal or informal. To a mind who knows the mind of the testator it will remain a relict of his perfect indifference (an indifference to be commended, in my opinion), to what is called Fashion, even in testamentary matters. I conceive it to be a just and proper Will, and no person can question its legality in point of form or substance." As he further said, it bore evident marks of authenticity, and it was needless to change it. However, in 1845, with Colonel Prince as his personal adviser and one of the witnesses, Dunlop thought fit to make the following codicil:

"In the name of God. Amen!

"This is a codicil to my Will already made. Notwithstanding any other devise contained in my Will already executed, I hereby give and devise unto my good friend and sister-in-law, Louisa Dunlop (widow of my late brother, Captain R. G. Dunlop, of the Royal Navy), all that my dwelling-house and garden, with the close, piece or parcel of meadow or pasture land adjoining thereto, and other the appurtenances to the said house belonging, To Hold to her for and during the term of her natural life, without any impeachment of waste; hereby revoking my said Will in so far as any devise therein may be repugnant to this present devise; and in all other respects hereby confirming my said Will.

"Witness my hand and seal this fourteenth day of February, 1845.

"Wm. Dunlop.

"Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of us:

"Jno. Prince, M.P.P.,
"Jas. Somerville, J.P., Lachine, Q.,
"J. Johnston, M.P.P."

The Tiger's letters were usually the briefest, although some of them and much of his published work were in the verbose style of the period. John Haldane, jr., went Colonel Prince's way when on his wedding tour.

"Dear Prince,—The bearer visits your town with his bride. Be kind to him. Thine, W. D."

And again, in answer to an invitation to dinner:

"Dear John,—I'll come. Thine, W. D."

He always addressed the Honourable William Draper, then Attorney-General, as "My dear sweet Willie;" and in answer to a letter asking if he would accept an appointment under Government, he wrote, "Can a duck swim? Thine, W. D."

This was a peculiarly apt reply, for he himself did swim, or rather float, like a duck. Once when paddling a canoe across the harbour he was clumsy, and upset it. "He plunged—the waters muttered where he fell." The people on shore made a great to-do, and were putting off to help him; but the Doctor calmly *sat up*, fished in his pocket for his big silver snuff-box, and took a pinch with the solemnity due to that rite, saying, "Pray for my brother Jonathan." Some one named Jonathan was holding revival meetings at the time.

The mode of travelling adopted by the Gairbraid trio was as odd as their individual selves. The Captain, alone, went first, the Tiger and Lou following in another conveyance. The Captain never paid for anything; it was understood that Lou held the purse-strings—and held them tight. "Lou was coming," and she would settle for "the deare gentlemen" together. They would have been left with little but for her, for the Captain knew nothing of the most ordinary business, and money in the Doctor's hands melted like his own Canadian snows in April. She was a famous travelling companion, full of talk and an interested listener, with wit that often stood them in good stead when to be belated meant miles from bed

or food. On one trip the harness broke and nothing could be found to mend it. Although a most modest woman, off came her garter, for she had the courage of *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Those who now have the clearest memory of Mrs. Dunlop repudiate the likeness in widow's weeds as a faithful picture. "It flatters her," they say. The fair subject took good care that it did. Even the divine afflatus of the artist fell before her determined sway, and she dictated alterations and improvements as the picture grew. But she was still a young woman, and possessed some of her good-looking points; so even through the garnishing of them a resemblance is found. In a word, it is Mrs. Dunlop idealized by Mrs. Dunlop. She was fond of dress and much colour; the widow's garb forbade the latter, so her caps were rosetted and decorated to make up for the loss. The smudge in the picture is where the artist did not do justice to one of the rosettes, and in a pet she scratched out the paint with her penknife. In after years a little girl, daughter of her greatest friend, the Reverend Charles Fletcher, was much at Gairbraid, where she sat on the spreading claw of the Table Round, peeping out at the mistress and hearing and seeing the history of Colborne in all its picturesqueness. In time she was promoted to the honour of fashioning the caps; they were worn, but the child often thought with an inward protest from the wearer for more colour, more bows, "more strings." Mrs. Dunlop was a regular Highland "fechter," and no believer in the axiom that "law is a great irritator, and only to be used in cases of extremity." On the contrary, after her double bereavement, the courts saw her often, and she furnished them with much amusement from her lively sallies, pointed answers, and shrewd mother wit. She seemed most unfortunate in getting into litigation with her co-heirs and others; but in some cases she was blameless, for, as can be seen from the Doctor's Will, many things were of a perishable nature and were naturally not forthcoming when called for, having gone the way of all things or been damaged. Examinations followed, when, to use

her own words, "she was dragged to court by the lug and horn." Yet once, when she had two suits on hand, and had received judgment in one and her lawyer advised a settlement of the other, she said: "Na, na; we'll fecht it oot; we'll fecht it oot." And she did. She had a way of misplacing words, and always spoke of one of her court enemies as "the Trust Loan and Company." She had many local legal advisers; she swore by Robert Moderwell and John Galt, but Colonel Prince was her adviser-in-chief. She was in the habit of giving handsome presents whilst friendly, and in one case gave a piano. "But she was a flighty piece," says one.

"'Deed, if no one pays the lawyers, the lawyers would staarve: but 'deed they get good fees from meh," with the upward Highland inflection.

As time went on and the unkind years increased her peculiarities, her prejudices seemed to merge into hatred and abuse of the dreadful Canada Company. In spite of her staunch Presbyterianism her quarrels extended into her Church life, and after much fault-finding she turned her back upon Mr. McKid and his steeple-crowned little church.

The Canada Company provided for everything, from a postmaster to a parson or a dominie. The last could be found in numbers: and according to a note upon them, the education equalled the log hut in which it was given.

Gairbraid provided two pupils, lads living there, one of them a nephew of Lou's: both wild and unmanageable, after the manner of the times—to run away, or to "go to sea," were every-day occurrences. Learning was considered indispensable for the latter calling. "What's the use o' me learning geography," said one pupil, "when I'm not going to be a sailor!"

The school at Gairbraid had a short life, the next being kept by Gallagher. The land for the latter was given by the Canada Company. The boys were ranged round the wall, on forms which had boards sloped to the walls by way of desks. From some cause, not too charitably interpreted by his boys, Paddy would often doze. When he was just off, as they thought and

devoutly hoped, he would wake suddenly, to roar, "Mind your books!" This adjuration was snorted at intervals, his long, five-foot "gad" held loosely between his knees; but when he really woke, he would "go for them." He whaled the two Gairbraid boys, separately and together; and when they were still full of pranks and insubordination he handed them a wand each—"Now, flog each other, I wash my hands of you!"

The Doctor makes allusion to "his cubs" in some of his letters, apologizing for their non-attendance at school, on the score of turnip-taking and such-like laborious work—work then required of all, men, women and children.

There was nothing which gave Dunlop keener pleasure than the occasional excitement of a duel, or, to speak more correctly, the preparations made for such. Indeed, he had one himself with Commissioner Jones when matters between the Canada Company and the Colborne Clique waxed hot. John Longworth, second to Mr. Jones, furnished his famous pistols for the occasion. At another time, the "Old Gent" (Mr. Lizars) paced the Flats, the usual meeting ground, in a fine frenzy, berating his antagonist because the latter at the last moment refused to fire, giving as his reason that he could not bear to shed the blood of the father of such a large family. The Canada Company posts were used to advertise him not as merciful but as "a poltroon and a coward." Messrs. Carey and Pell arranged for a meeting; but like the rest, it never came off.

The pet and darling of Captain Dunlop was Helen Lizars. She is represented as a very lovely child and girl, with peculiarly winning manners. His affection was always of a practical turn, and one evidence of it was the gift to her of ten acres of Gairbraid property, when Gairbraid was to be a rival to Goderich. John Galt, from his first coming to the country and when left by his father, the Commissioner, with the Company, had been one of the Doctor's favourites. In all stories of the time these two young people appear together, and were yet to be man and wife. John Galt was now to fight a duel, and it was thus of more than usual interest at Gairbraid. Galt

breakfasted there, and fears for impending results did not check his onslaughts on the toothsome mutton ham. He had a peculiar, slow speech, and a deep voice; "Another slice of that ham, Doctor, another slice."

Down below the Gairbraid house these two and a third awaited the coming of the enemy. Presently came a flying horse-messenger to say the other principal was ill and could not attend. This was a fine opportunity for the Doctor; he pretended to be in a violent passion, "the maddest man seen for many a day," and brandished the pistols as though to shoot the fool of a messenger, when up came John Morris and caught his hand, and the messenger and Galt went their ways. But perhaps the duel which pleased him best was that between John Stewart—a lawyer and school-master of fame in his day, known popularly as Four-eyes, in a time when glasses were not as common as now—and Archie Dickson. At a District Council dinner at Gairbraid, Mr. Stewart sang an Irish song which he transposed to Scotch. It was very hard on the latter, and Archibald Dickson was very angry. They quarrelled, and a duel was arranged. In the morning Dunlop had Stewart pacing up and down in view from Dickson's window, armed with sword and pistol. The Doctor waked Dickson, bidding him hurry to redeem the honour of his country. Dickson could not understand, and "didna mind onything aboot it, ava'," Stewart meanwhile keeping up his armed promenade. Dickson, with hair well on end from his evening's entertainment and his morning's fright, made a forlorn toilet; "but I dinna want ta fecht," he kept repeating, adding, with a groan, "but if a' must, a' must." It appeared that Stewart had the only available weapons, so an amicable settlement was arrived at in time. Sometimes on these warlike occasions a constable would put in an opportune appearance, probably warned by the master of ceremonies who arranged the farce.

Gairbraid was the centre of hospitality, loyalty, and benevolence and diversion, the last, unhappily, often regulated by what was the crying evil of the time and country. A large

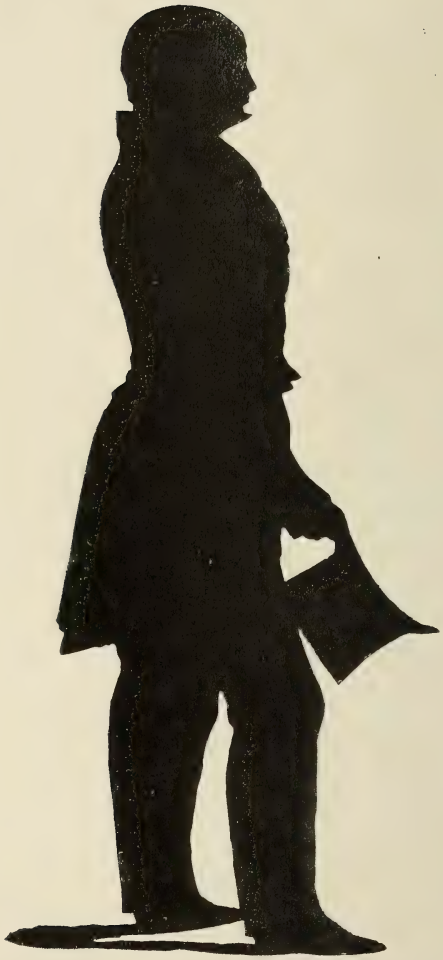
flag pole stood in front of the house, made from two maple trees. Under that flag they loved so well, and for which they had fought so bravely, the brothers with their friends used to sit, drinking their hot brandy and water, with an eye to the Flats below or the road skirting the hill, ready with a welcome for every new comer. "Ho, ho, ho! I have plenty, I have plenty; come, come in," was the burden of the Dunlop song. No wonder that they were beloved and that their memory is still green in Colborne. As Lou's tombstone testifies, she too was a good and faithful friend. She idolized and "mothered" both these men, and but for her clever hands and head they would not have had the plenty they were so ready to part with. Even where it was most difficult to restrain them she managed well.

"Gie us a glass, old lady."

"Ye dinna want a glass this time o' day."

"Hoot, woman!" and aside to their guests—"the woman's daft!"

But she tended them faithfully living and closed their eyes in death, true to the last to her Deare Gentlemen.



"A tall man, straight as a tree; the best and truest man that ever set foot in Huron." *(Page 217.)*

CHAPTER IX.

LUNDERSTON.

"Every-day events are the materials out of which we make that which is called life."

With the names of Lunderston and Meadowlands two shadowy figures advance from the faded and fading canvas. They are those of the two grandmothers who cast in their lots with their children and children's children. Their bravery was true devotion, for they came not looking for either fortune or future for themselves.

In 1832, Henry Hyndman, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, saw the enticing pictures and maps issued by the Canada Company. He took up eight hundred acres of the Huron Tract, and with his wife and six children set sail for that Paradise of Hope. With him was his mother, a tall woman of commanding presence, well up in politics and a close observer of current events and contemporary literature, the widow of a Colonel in the East India Company service. She had met Mrs. Galt, wife of the novelist and Canada Company Commissioner, in London, and from her had heard something of the land for which they were embarking. It was about the time when, as he himself says, Galt had "retired from the arena of business with the sullenness of a vanquished bull," busy with "Lawrie Todd" and "The Life of Byron," and trying to forget "this ravelled skein of care."

"Mistress Hyndman," said Mrs. Galt, "I was a Queen in Canada, but I am no one here."

The gossip of that day discloses feminine heartbreaks due to

action at head office, and the same ship brought out Mrs. Galt and the wife of her husband's successor. At the first dinner the Captain gave his arm to the former, whereupon the other lady was so indignant that she would not dine at all. It was also said that this lady objected to take up her residence at Goderich on account of the mosquitoes, an excuse not as trifling as at first sight it would appear. Even Champlain raises his voice against them. After describing the load he had to carry, he says, "I encouraged my men who were loaded yet heavier, but suffered more from mosquitoes than from their burdens." They all concur that the female mosquito is the blood-sucker. Either the latter-day mosquito is a degenerate, or the epidermis of a born Canadian differs from that of his forbears. Travellers in those days, if differing on most subjects, were at one as to the mosquitoes; they travelled with torches, veils and lotions, and the Indians' terrors of hell told of mosquitoes with probosces of brass. In a Canadian print, of the time of which we are writing, a torment illustrative of the date was "to be pricked by furies in the shape of teetotallers."

The Hyndman family reached Detroit and there intended to divide their party. With them they had Mr. Slack as secretary to Mr. Hyndman, and Mrs. Slack as mother's help to Mrs. Hyndman. The latter was a daughter of the Reverend Thomas Morgan, tutor in the family of George III. Her brothers also came out, and one of them, an officer in the British service in Ceylon, showed some ability as a maker of verses when political events of after times called for humorous writing.

Mr. Hyndman and his wife were to go at once from Detroit to Goderich, in the *Minnesetung*, commanded by Captain Dunlop, leaving his mother and the children behind to enjoy the comforts of the hotel. But some cause of annoyance made the grandmother determine not to remain; and Doctor Dunlop, who always made his appearance as the deliverer, came to her assistance and placed her and the children in a boat under Captain Kerr's charge, only a day's journey behind the rest of her party.

Doctor Dunlop was often in Detroit and Windsor, sometimes taken there by business and sometimes bent on pleasure, and of each visit some characteristic tale was told. On one occasion he had been in Sandwich, dining not wisely but too well, and on his return in the early morning to his hotel at Windsor he found that respectable place locked up for the night. Even in those times, Petitecôte radishes were prized in the Detroit market, and the driving-shed of the hotel was filled with gardeners' carts left ready overnight to be taken across the river when the first boat was stirring. The Doctor was sleepy and not quite sure of his whereabouts, but was determined to make himself as comfortable as might be. A few hours later, one of the gardeners was astonished to find his load disarranged and the Doctor's bulky frame doubled up in the cart. On another occasion, in Detroit, funds gave out, and the hotel-keeper, who knew his guest well, was not slow to assist in the joke: he refused to let Dunlop go until the bill should be paid, and gave him no help in finding means to borrow the money. "Then," said the Doctor, "you'll just have to put me in pawn." Mr. Dougal, of the other side of the river, who stood his friend on other occasions, was again appealed to, in a note addressed from the Doctor's room, and running: "Dear Jimmy, I'm in pawn. Come and take me out."

July 20th saw the Hyndmans at their destination, and they, too, record that "they were most hospitably received and entertained by Doctor Dunlop at Gairbraid."

In landing, they went up the river near to the famous hollow buttonwood tree: they stopped there to rest, and partook of their first meal in it before beginning the steep climb. "Little Harry," with his "Robinson Crusoe" in his pocket, saw a sign post with a finger pointing "This way to Juan Fernandez." Crusoe Miller and his man Friday, when found there, kept up the illusion. Never a walk was undertaken but these children wondered not to meet a bear; but often they saw nothing more ferocious than a woodpecker.

Then came the usual period of discomfort. With them it was a brief sojourn in the de Tuyle bark-covered shanties, one on each side of the road, so low that it was impossible for a man to stand upright within them, and space had to be dug out of the flooring to secure head-room. In one the family existed, and in the other the furniture was stored. Mr. Hyndman cut the first tree, and the builders, Messrs. Clouting and Cutting, began their work. This firm's name was worthy of Dickens, for in the Scottish dialect "clouting" means "to mend." Some people said they were overcareful of themselves, taking off their mits to saw a board, and putting them on again to drive in the nails. Green timber was used, and a hand-saw to cut it, and it was said that in the second winter good sleighing might have been had in the big Lunderston Hall. In spite of the large fire-places at either end, there was often a capital slide between, and up and down its length many small feet went flying. It was no uncommon thing in any house for the sleepers to have patches of snow on the coverlid of a winter's night. Mr. John Haldane tells of one day, when his father's house was new and lacking finishing, hailstones pattered through the chinks of the roof on the dinner-table where the Haldane family were seated at their first attempt at a regular meal.

A tent was pitched by the roadside opposite the new building, and from there Mr. Hyndman superintended operations. The farm was called Lunderston, after the family place in Lanarkshire; and his adjoining property he named Springside,* after another family estate in Ayrshire. They must, in their eagerness to be out of tent and shanty, have moved into the Lunderston house before it was finished, for the roof was only

* "There has entered into his rest one who, in his own sphere, served his day and generation honourably and usefully by means of prudent counsel and active and unwearied work. Coming from Canada in 1849 as heir to the estate of Springside, the late Henry Cowper Hyndman [the little Harry of the diary] soon threw himself with interest and zest into the public life of the district, . . . acting continuously as Chairman of the Parochial Board from 1850 until its dissolution in 1895, where he rendered services specially valuable. For long he was the leading guide and counsellor of the heritors of the parish;

half on and the entrance door was a blanket hung over a hole in the kitchen wall, where the logs were afterwards cut out into proper door shape. The men-servants carried the children to the loft, which, when finished, became a good second story. Mr. Hyndman took his mother up the ladder leading to it, telling her she would have to stay there until he could provide a proper stair to bring her down. A good staircase was soon made into the square entrance hall, a large apartment which served as general room and dining-hall. The house was fitted comfortably throughout with Old Country furniture, big four-posters and roomy arm-chairs, family portraits and silver, warm curtaining and much good linen; and, most valuable of all, a library of over two thousand volumes. The hall with its comfortable appointments had a very handsome effect, and the other rooms in the adjoining wings opened upon it.

The late Mr. John Morris, who was at the raising, tells of the building of the first barn in Colborne. It was raised by block and tackle, David Lawson managing that machine with skill and no misfortune to himself or helpers. Mr. Hyndman was one of the latter, and "although he was born with a pen in one hand and a dictionary in the other, he could take a tremendous lift at the end of a handspike." This speaker was evidently not of the opinion of one of his contemporaries, who designated a certain educated person as a witch. His companion said, "If you'd called 'im a wizard you'd a-been more righter." "Oh, well," was the reply, "I bain't no dictionary 'r grammar man."

The big, roomy barn was a fine play place for the children, and one game of hide-and-seek is still told of where the Bishop's neat little gaitered legs sped about merrily in chase of the small girls and boys, who thought it fine fun to dodge him. He

. . . he was the first representative of the parish as member of the County Council, in 1890. His interest in affairs political and ecclesiastical was pronounced and intense, but he ever sought to act on principles which he deemed the best for the public weal. He acted as a member of the Parish Kirk Session for well nigh forty years. He was one of the principal promoters of the Penny Savings' Bank and the Library, and for some time was President of the Conservative Association. . . . He died at the age of seventy years."

had set out from Goderich to walk with his son John to Lunderston to his old friends; but the heat and the distance made young Strachan give up the walk by the time they had reached Bridge-End-Place. The Bishop continued alone, found the farm, and as he passed the barn could not resist joining the fun going on within—the merriest boy of the party.

One 17th of October three of the children went to a friend's birthday party across the bush, whence their mother was to fetch them. She left home, a storm came up, and neither she nor they returned. Her boys went to meet her, but came back saying that the night had become so wild they all doubtless had remained at the friend's house. Hospitality was then understood in a large way, Lunderston itself having entertained and slept thirty-two souls on one occasion. The father was still anxious; the storm grew worse; he went himself to seek them, but got no answer to his shouts. Daybreak found Mrs. Hyndman with two of her little girls sitting on a log, one on either side cuddled close under the big woollen shawl. Luckily, the third child had been left with the friend. Little Lil afterwards said, "I *did* think of the wolves, but I didn't tell mother."

Perhaps one of the greatest events of 1835—next to the Dunlop election, when Mr. Hyndman was Returning Officer and things were uncommonly lively—was the arrival of the first piano.* After many adventures by flood, ox-cart and mud-hole, the box was opened, and Mrs. Hyndman, who was a musician of no mean ability, let Beethoven and Mozart give way to the inspiring strains of "The Campbells are Coming." With other things brought out were five dogs—three pointers and two bull-terriers—Don, Sancho and Mopsy, and Tory and Nettle. Poor Nettle was drowned off the drawbridge from which her master fell; Tory was never reconciled to the Indians, whom he would have torn to pieces had he been let near them. Domestic animals were scarce, and whether brought

* Each township had its "first piano," and it is as difficult to arrive at the date of the first instrument as it is to ascertain who owned the first horse or in what particular spot the "first school" was held—each sub-section appears to claim the honour.

or found, became of great importance. A dollar was a common price for a cat. Pussy was evidently a favourite animal with Doctor Dunlop, for a friend, writing to him from the Ottawa district, says of a notable there, "Really, Doctor, she keeps a snug little inn, and has plenty of dogs and tom-cats, which I am sure would please you." One day Mr. Hyndman saw a comfortable mother tabby before the big open kitchen fire at Gairbraid. The future Sheriff turned covetous, and determined to have one by felony, if not by gift.

"Tiger, will you give me a cat?"

The Tiger roared "No!" as only he knew how to roar; but it was not often that he denied a wish.

"Well, then, will you give me a kitten?"

Again the thunderous "No!" So, after a short diversion to other interests in the dining-room, Mr. Hyndman returned to the kitchen and popped two kittens into the pockets of his shooting-jacket. But Tom, when fully grown, turned out to be a great thief, and was hanged by the neck until he was dead, because he stole candles, and candles were even more valuable than cats. One moonlight night he was discovered flying out of the pantry window with a best "tallow" in his mouth. The future Sheriff thereupon directed the only execution at which he ever assisted.

The Lunderston children were free commoners at Gairbraid when, berry-picking or after wild flowers, sudden panic would seize them, and either there or at Captain Kerr's the frightened things would seek refuge. Once the second little girl, Augusta, tumbled into Lou's bright kitchen in terror. The Doctor heard the commotion and his huge frame soon stood filling the doorway as he asked what it was about. "If that's one of the Laird's small deevils we'll tak' care of her." Then, kindly to her: "If the Skipper won't tak' ye home, I will myself." The Skipper would not stir out into the cold winter's evening, so the Doctor got his moccasins and his staff with the iron spike, and took her home. Another time one of the boys had his arm broken, and Mr. Hyndman took him to Gairbraid to have it

set. The Doctor looked about for a splint, and then, turning to the bookcase, deliberately chose out "Stewart's History of America," from the stiff covers of which he made it. Mr. Hyndman was shocked at the destruction of a book for such a purpose. "Tut," said the Doctor contemptuously, "there is nothing else Stewart would be good for."

Even with Tory at home the Indians were very friendly. In spite of many experiences in other lands, the elder Mrs. Hyndman felt nervous when with them. Once she found herself alone in the house with a party who came in unusual numbers, and who, with silent pertinacity, prepared to remain. When the red man wished to be attentive, he was not to be shaken off. If he chose, he would arrive at dawn and stay by his host's side until dark, impervious to hints—which, indeed, it was not thought wise to offer. He was harmless and honest, but the Indian plus kinikinic was not a pleasant visitor. English failed to move them, so with admirable presence of mind she addressed them in Hindostanee. The unwonted sounds took effect, and they left. Trader Gooding promised the like should not occur again. Once little Augusta was sent home from town in charge of two braves, great swells, splendid with feathers and many gew-gaws. The ice was thin, and there was much scrambling up and down the banks. They were very careful of the little lady, and when she wanted a drink made her wait until a spring was reached. Their permanent camp was below the Ridge, at times full of braves, squaws and papooses. They sold maple sugar, baskets, bows and arrows, moccasins and blue-beech brooms. The men often danced, in companies and singly, and were even more enticing to the Colborne children than the games of cricket or the races which took place on the Flats immediately below Gairbraid.

Mr. Hyndman almost invariably carried a double-barrelled gun, sometimes a rifle, when he left the farm. Once when without a weapon, as he neared the village of Gairbraid, a fine big bear crossed his path. At first he regretted he was unarmed, but as Bruin made off peaceably and would no doubt

have defended himself if shot at, the family decided it was better so. On another occasion he was followed home by several wolves, but was not attacked. Such little episodes kept up in the children's minds the exaltation created by the dinner in the buttonwood tree, the finger-post to Crusoe's dwelling, or the rare sight of a scudding fleet of Pottowattomies crossing an angry Huron sea. This storm-driven tribe was one entirely strange, and never returned. Their boats were of unusual length, and the men were powerful specimens ; in their dispersion, all the way up from Bayfield to the Point, they took everything they could find or were given by the settlers. They had been travelling up the lake on the Michigan side and were driven across, famished with cold and hunger. They chased away the resident Indians, who lived and hunted and buried their dead, all on the Colborne side. In winter the home tribe might often be seen coming down the lake in long files, with eleven or twelve sleighs drawn by small dogs. The men carried their guns, and each woman a load as well as a papoose. Such loads were much to the annoyance of Mr. Hyndman, whose characteristics were manliness and kindliness, and, while anxious to live peaceably with all men, a fearlessness in speaking his mind.

"Women's bundles" were then all hand carried. There were few horses and waggons, and the ox-teams were used for heavy work, the teamster walking beside his load and guiding his animals with voice and goad. When Mr. Hyndman overtook some weary female trying to pick her way townwards, he invariably said, "I'll take your bundle and I'll leave it wherever you direct me; and I'm very sorry I can't take yourself, too."

He prided himself on being a good "teamster," liked good horses, but preferred oxen. Of these he usually drove a double yoke, "so poor that if they had not been yoked they would have fallen." His enthusiasm for farm life had not taught him that they needed food other than that got by browsing in the woods, and he tried them still further by keeping them yoked

all the time. He once took his mother to town behind them as far as the river mouth, where he rowed her across. He left her to make a visit in Goderich, and kindly relieved a neighbour returning to Colborne of a quarter of mutton which the latter was carrying. This was the only load of the horned four-in-hand, but even it they could not pull through the dreadful roads. It is recorded that Henry Hyndman swore one of his very rare oaths, and told Mr. Clarke to take his mutton and carry it himself.

In spite of being at daggers drawn with the Company, it is said that Mr. Hyndman's mother successfully lobbied for him by writing to an old friend of hers in the Directorate, the upshot of which was that the road was brought within half a mile of the Lunderston house. The Hyndmans were, and always had been, great church people, and regular attendance at service was a general habit in the family. Bad as the roads were, Sunday saw them all, young and old, picking their way by mudhole and stump; and afterwards, when a bridge did appear, the staid family vehicle had its Sabbath load.

A few years after, in a clever skit called "The Sale of Horses," which came from the pen of his friend and neighbour, Mr. Lizars, Mr. Hyndman appears in the list as "the Laird" (Dunlop's nickname for him), quoted as a fine horse and good feeder, but with some bad habits, "shying at Canada Company works, bolting at bridges," etc. The peculiarities of a number of people appeared openly. Lizars himself was "the Loon," a wicked wild devil, flying through the Colborne woods; Dunlop, a royal Bengal tiger; Bignall, a big ungainly brute; and John Strachan, the Bishop's black pony. Rich was a fine Sussex cob, always ready at watering time; Caberfae, a sulky old horse that kicked in the stable and bit behind backs. Charley Derbyshire and many others appear in the list, which was written at a time of great excitement—the election of 1841—and provoked hearty laughter on both sides. Diggory Gerrison, a Yankee employé of the Company, made an impromptu platform with a ladder, from which he conducted the sale in true auctioneer

fashion, amid the laughter and running comments of the crowd and principals. The names were those bestowed on the wearers long before by Dunlop, to which all answered as readily as to baptismal ones. Caberfae (Gaelic for "branching horns" and "deer") was George Fraser, a notable figure in his coat of green and black check, tartan plaid and Highland bonnet. He was one of the earliest comers in 1832. He built what was afterwards known as Fraser's Folly, an adobe house up the river bank, which, never finished, melted away. He was an old army man; had been stationed in Ireland and at Fort George in the Highlands, and came out on the *Prince Albert* gunboat.

As at Gairbraid, a great deal of outside life centered at Lunderston. It was not only on occasions when thirty-two souls were "put up" that its doors were opened wide to guests. One autumn night, when the family were snugly seated round the fire in the large entrance hall, the master entered, in his arms two little children. "Here, mother," he said, "hold fast all I give you." The wearied parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tims, were outside, and them she hastened to bid in also. They remained until a home was built for them.

Some time before this, Captain Luard, R.A., had come out and settled himself on a lonely spot on the lake-shore, which he named "Langford," after his late home in Essex. It was a section not included in the Canada Company's land, and emigration did not extend to it until 1842. Mile after mile, nothing disputed the reign of nature but the cry of a solitary loon, the sharp note of the kingfisher, the screaming wild goose, the tapping of the woodpecker or the noisy wing of a splashing duck, not in concert, but as solitary sounds divided by great distances of silence. "He wanted," says an old retainer, then a boy in his service, "to get away from the world, and sure enough he did." Luard was a tall, distinguished-looking, handsome man, with a bearing at once military and fashionable. Life in the West Indies had darkened him to a most effective olive tint; and blue eyes and other good features went to make a charming

whole. He had strange ideas of farming, most of them original, which he gravely put into practice. Once he had a picture of himself painted that, as a work of art, was said to be very beautiful. He sent it home to his mother in England who, upon seeing it, burst into tears, and ordered it into a back room. In it he was clad in the regulation suit, red shirt with Byronic collar turned back, and black silk necktie tied in sailor knot. His cap lay on the ground beside him, also a beautiful beech tree, presumably just felled by him with the axe which rested on his knee. He seemed to be taking a short respite from labour, and was about to whet his weapon for an onslaught on a second beech. A legend, which might have been appended to the picture, was a local one, that said he was in the habit of standing in a tub whilst chopping, as protection for his shins from the unaccustomed axe.

He brought as bride to this place Miss Morgan, sister of the younger Mrs. Hyndman. She had come out to undertake the post of governess to the Hyndman children, and on her arrival in Goderich was horrified to be met by "Henry," whom she remembered last in London, wearing red shirt and straw hat as he walked beside his ox-team, axe in hand, essaying bushman. The children enjoyed their wild woods life far too well to settle down quietly to lessons, and with the help of a lively young Scotchman, named Walter Lawson, build their aunt a bark shanty for a play-house. They were more than pleased when Captain Luard relieved them of her well-meant attentions and took most of her time to himself. During a sojourn in Toronto Doctor Dunlop complained loudly of the letters which the lover received, because he was forced to listen to them. "That Tom Luard," he would say quizzically, "is a messenger from Satan sent upon earth to buffet me." The Captain, however, must have had compunctions about depriving them of the sister and governess to whom the bark play-house was offered, for he was the one to build a house for John Chamberlain Tims and his family for living and school combined. Mr. Tims was the son of the Mayor of Banbury, a solicitor in that town. He and his

wife had married in some romantic manner at a very early age, against the advice of friends and parents. The latter sent the unsophisticated pair "to farm" in Canada, where their venture on the Bayfield Road was not a success; sowing potatoes broadcast had not answered expectations in the production of a crop. The agreement for the building is in Captain Luard's handwriting. It will be observed he does not sign it as a party to it, as he should have done, but as a witness, which he should not have done.

"Agreement between Thomas W. Luard and J. Thompson, for the hire of a house situated in the Village of Gairbraid, in the Township of Colborne. That J. Thompson agrees to finish the said house, plaistering the same throughout, with a partition through the centre, by the fifth day of November next, at the rate of £4 (four) for the first six months, and at £10 (ten) per annum, after that period, one month's notice to be given of an intention to quit. The above to be subjected to the approval of Mr. Tims.

"JAMES THOMPSON.

"Witness, "Gairbraid, Oct. 19, 1835.

"THOMAS W. LUARD."

Of course, it was built of logs. It was situated where the Sawmill and Lake Roads crossed, behind Gairbraid. A tall maple stump was just in the centre of the cross, and on it were nailed the written and printed notices of public interest, as in town upon the Canada Company notice posts. Farther on was Gordon's Creek.

Miss Morgan became Mrs. Luard on November 4th, one of the earliest marriages in Colborne. Captain Luard took great pride in his kitchen invention, the bottle-jack, where the turkey to be roasted for the wedding dinner might have every chance. He was busy basting the bird himself when the elder Mrs. Hyndman called him to be married. The young couple took up their residence at Langford-on-the-lake, and the bridegroom began his farming and wood-craft anew. James Barker was

their butler, and with much service they seem to have been able to live.

It is to be presumed that on the day following the Tims moved from Lunderston to their new abode and opened their new school. They soon had a fair number of scholars from about Gairbraid; but like Captain Dunlop's venture, with the Bailie McLean for dominie, the school was a short-lived affair. Among the pupils were Mr. Hyndman's elder daughters and son, and some of Mr. David Clarke's children. In the following year Mr. Tims was made master of a school in Goderich, and in 1836 young Henry Hyndman went to him as a boarder, with William Hicks and Thomas Mayne Daly as companions. It was not a happy period in the lives of these boys, but it did not last long. Mr. Hyndman's mother took a house in town for the winter, solely on the children's account, and daily attendance from girls and boys followed. The roll gradually dwindled, for the master's own attendance was but semi-occasional. Mr. Tims was a spare, slight, talkative man, with a self-satisfied manner; his wife was a pretty, lady-like person, very French and "full of deportment." She kept a school for girls; but the famous Webb school soon opened, and Mrs. Tims changed hers to a dancing class, which began at four o'clock on the close of the other. Tims' school-room was used for the township meetings at the New Year.

Jimmy Thompson, their landlord and general factotum at Gairbraid, was the clerical Black Jimmy of the Dunlop wedding, by profession a hair-dresser. His signature, though scrawled, is quite legible.

Captain Luard's diary begins in January, 1836, just two months after his marriage. It is full of such items as "Heavy rains; decided thaw; troop of Indians called *en route* to Saugeen; observed at 9 a.m. a most extraordinary appearance of a thick cloud descending perpendicularly on the lake, in a column of very considerable dimensions, as dark as the heaviest rain-cloud; traded with the Indians for two hammocks and a shoulder of venison weighing twenty-nine pounds, and two

baskets, for about three bushels of turnips. Saturday, 29th—A. M. MacGregor passed with four sledges *en route* to his schooner, which is ashore thirty-six miles to the north-east, for his cargo of salt fish. March 18th—MacGregor passed with four sledges again for fish. Sunday, 6th—Cutting walked up to arrange about the school-house." Then comes an entry about his dog, "Sailor," a splendid Newfoundland, which by his barking prevented someone being left to freeze to death. Sailor was a well-known animal, having saved many lives. He could easily draw three hundredweight; but once when he and Doherty, a lad who for some time was in Captain Luard's employment, and who afterwards lived with Mr. Hyndman, were returning with a large load they suddenly found themselves in sludge. The dog called a halt by barking, and steadied himself by spreading well his huge paws. The boy quickly and cautiously hauled himself along by the rope, and by dint of management on his part and sagacity on the dog's, their lives and load were saved. In winter Doherty went for the mail by the ice; there were always other messages to be attended to, and Sailor and his sleigh made the chief part of the procession. When any article was dropped into the water he would dive and rescue it, if the ice allowed. Once Captain Luard, from his windows, watched his ox-team, directed by Doherty, try to draw in a lumber-laden boat which was prevented making a landing by ice having formed inshore. The boy waded and floundered until he got his fastenings complete, when the Captain came down to take charge of the oxen, and after much ado the lumber was landed. That kind of work, and subsequent hardship with surveying parties, crippled the boy for all his after years. "I had to work, and work hard, and if I had my memory I could tell you of lots like me; but we were ordinary men who knew what work meant. These gentlemen just brought out their money, and knew it was there—until both it and the land were gone."

The state of Mrs. Luard's health at one time made it necessary for her to be near a physician; and as the ice was soft and the

road impassable, the ingenuity of both husband and friends was exercised as to how to get her to Goderich. A crate in which china had been brought was made into an emergency ambulance, filled with hay mattresses, blankets and pillows. She was a tiny woman, and was comfortably accommodated in it. Four stalwart neighbours officiated as bearers, and the journey was safely accomplished. We find an extract from Captain Luard's diary, January, 1837, giving an account of the difficulties of the trip down the lake shore to a spot apparently where the Point House now is :

"Thursday, 19th.—Up at daylight, off with Andrew (Green) to Clarke's and assembled John Annand, Cellis (James Sallows), Morris, and returned to Langford with four tolerable strong bearers. Reported to L. the result of my visit and that she had to prepare for a start to Lunderston early in the morning, and that the bearers had arrived. She was somewhat astonished, but commenced packing arrangements; going on bonnily, the potatoe basket being mounted on cedar poles, a sedan was thought better than the hamoc. Friday, 20th.—Started early early, L. mounted in basket borne by two, the remainder loaded with carpet bags, bundles, etc."

Another figure, but simply a passing one, a visitor at both Lunderston and Langford, was a young Mr. Yule, a dashing young fellow and ill-adapted for Canadian backwoods life. He might be described as a "resident exile." He lived for a short time with John Galt at the farm on the Sawmill Road provided by Galt's father, the Commissioner. Yule made no secret of his distaste for a settler's life, and one day in town met Mr. Hyndman with—"Got a commission in the 16th Lancers, and Canada may go to the devil." No doubt he did his duty nobly against the mutineers in India, where he was killed at the siege of Delhi. The dashing young Lancer was much more fitted for such a fate than to brood out a life half toilsome, half lazy, in the Huron Tract.

Stirring times were at hand in Canada, too, and Captain Luard, Hyndman and Lizars were to leave bush for frontier life.

The diary for June 5th, 1837, says: "Note from Hyndman, Parliament dissolved and Huron militia formed. Commissions as follows: Lt.-Col., Dunlop; Major, Pryor; Captain, Lizars; Captain, H. H." In the succeeding entries there are some amusing statements concerning Goderich and Colborne and the names prominent there. The militia was to go to Sarnia, Captain Luard himself to go to Walpole Island; but on Christmas Day he heard that Mackenzie had taken possession of Navy Island, and he volunteered his services for that point. They were accepted, for Government was glad to get experienced military men.

Canada's fortifications were "the cankered remains of a long peace;" guns, swords and bayonets were rusty and useless, and to "mount a battery for the field was a dangerous experiment." Fort Niagara looked "like a dilapidated hennery," and was manned by three privates and a corporal with arms to match. Captain Luard was accordingly appointed to the command of the artillery at Chippewa and helped to shell "the sympathizing General, Van Rensselaer," out of his quarters in Navy Island opposite. The Island was so named because it had been reserved by the British Government on account of the value of its timber fit for naval purposes.

In the diary, after telling of his journey to Chippewa, Luard says: "For particulars of what happened from this date (December 29, 1837) till the 5th of December, 1838, see my papers and the public newspapers, and various other documents containing accounts of this most unnatural and most impudent rebellion." He left Langford, a figure picturesque and handsome, though scarcely up to the requirements of Woolwich, in a blanket coat with gold epaulettes, toque and sword. His wife was left behind with her servants at no great distance, as distances were counted, from her sister, Mrs. Hyndman. An entry in the diary tells of a fish, caught off Langford, by Doherty when catering for his mistress, which weighed twenty-four pounds, and had a "big beast hanging to it," that, according to fishermen, sucked its blood.

Luard's life was now as eventful as had been Dunlop's at the other end of the twenty-two years of peace, in the same neighbourhood. Under his direction, cannon, mortar and rocket did their work well, and Mackenzie and his followers left the island, "scrip and scrippage." But they left behind them unmistakable signs of the hell upon earth it had been while occupied by them. Sir Francis Bond Head visited it and described "the solitariness and wretchedness" of "the island waste," and he also found that what rumour and despatches had cited as citadel, barrack and battery, and which at a distance were cleverly made to look like a central blockhouse flanked by defences, dwindled into huts made of tree and sod, and ill-constructed embankments. A confusion of boots and shoes, stores, fragments of American newspapers, littered the hovels, one great wreckage from the shell and shot of Luard's battery. Two women alone were left to tell the tale of wretchedness in words; it needed no words to help surmise the sufferings of Mackenzie's faithful wife, who had followed and stuck by him there. Her sleeping-place had been a recess like a ship's berth, furnished with straw, quite inadequate to shelter her from biting frost and pitiless rain and wind. Piles of bones and pieces of bread and meat told of feasts when some stroke of good luck had turned famine into plenty, and the rags on the bushes showed what their clothing had been. The men had been herded in pens, more like sheep than fortress defenders. In all, a story of clamour, dirt and starvation. The Governor had one body exhumed, but the man had died the death of a spy instead of that of a patriot; his arms were pinioned, and his wound had been made by an island, not a frontier, rifle. One of the men serving the guns which had caused all this havoc, lost a leg by a cannon ball, a fine fellow named Miller, an old Navy man. After the mangled member was cut off he desired to see it, gave three cheers for the Queen, and in a few hours was dead.

Captain Luard afterwards had a post in the Commissariat stationed at Prescott, where he lived until his death in 1852.

He was in command of Fort Wellington for some time, and was there when the battle of the Windmill, the white flag and unconditional surrender, and the trial and execution of Von Shoultz followed quick one upon the other. This windmill, built in 1822 by a West Indian merchant, was near Captain Luard's point of defence. We have seen from Dunlop's correspondence that in far away Huron pigs played an important part; and later they are actors in a scene made memorable by the daring of the Huron True Blues. At the battle of the Windmill a Lieutenant Johnston was shot, and his body was at once attacked by a horde of these animals. His commander shot among the brutes, killing many, but the poor Lieutenant's body had to be placed for safety in the branches of an apple tree.

The misguided Pole simply made the mistake of meddling in foreign politics; and Luard pitied the gallant gentleman, who was as brave as he was good-looking. After his condemnation, a despatch came from headquarters saying that, as he was found to be a Field Marshal of Poland, he could not be executed at Kingston, but must be taken to a fort. He was accordingly conveyed to Fort Henry. Till shortly before this, the dockyard at Kingston had been a grazing ground; now it echoed, day and night, to the tramp of marching men, bugle calls and roar of cannon. Mr. Charles Girvin, of Wawanosh, tells many a thrilling tale of his militia life at Kingston at that time, and the record from every quarter is the same where Von Shoultz is mentioned. The Pole begged those Canadians who were friendly to him, and they were not few, to bury him just as he was and not to disturb his clothing. But curiosity made them open the breast of his coat, and they found, hung from a ribbon about his neck, the miniature of a very beautiful girl. They quickly replaced it and buried him honourably. His anxiety had no doubt been prompted by the fear that this precious possession would be tampered with.

Mrs. Patton of Prescott, a grand-daughter of the great Tecumseh and sister of Captain Ironsides (White Hat) of

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The West Indian Merchant's name was Hughes I remember seeing him and his wife The Wind mill is now used as a light House

Manitowaning, did good service to her town and banker husband by tying all the available money into a shawl round her waist. She carried a child under each arm and succeeded in saving herself and them and her treasure from the fire caused by the falling of red-hot shot.

At home in Colborne and Goderich, great preparations were made for active service on the frontier of Sarnia, Walpole Island, and at Amherstburg—"famous for wild turkeys, rattlesnakes and loyalty."

In one of his works, Dunlop has taken as heading to a certain chapter dealing with warlike events, "Ah me, what perils do environ the man that meddles with cold iron!" Farther on he says, from his own pen: "In the British Army one would suppose that the only use of a musket was understood to be that it could carry a bayonet at the end of it." In Goderich there were no muskets to do this service, so the arms consisted mainly of pitchforks, scythes and pikes. The last were especially made for the purpose by George Vivian, the blacksmith. Each had a cruel cross-piece, with all points sharpened, and it could be used either as a bayonet or battle-axe. A few lucky warriors had flintlocks. "There was also a plentiful crop of captains and colonels." Drill was held in the large room of Read's hotel, and the Hyndman and Lizars boys and many others who looked on were much edified by such display of valour and clanking of metal. This regiment has been handed down to local fame under various titles, as The Invincibles, Huron's True Blues, The Huron Braves, and The Bloody Useless.

The total number of men who went into active service was not large, but they were divided into many companies under many commanders. It was on Christmas Day, in the rain, that Captain Hyndman and his followers set out for Walpole Island. Travelling by the shore for such a distance at that time of year meant the extreme of roughing it. Captain Gooding and his company of Rifles left on the 7th of January, and camped between Bayfield and the Sable at Brewster's Mill, a most deso-

late waste. This spot had been known as one of those places facetiously termed "the Canada Company's map towns," but never grew into a reality. An errant immigrant in the early days made it his destination; and as he ploughed his way over plains of sand, and through pine ridges, found his dreams of trout and deer and bird vanish. At Brewster's Mill he asked for Port Franks. "Port Humbug," was the answer, "there is no Port Franks."

"But it is here," the tired man said, drawing forth his map.

"Very likely; but it is nowhere else."

Captain Gooding, a handsome officer and "well set up," was enabled to return his company all together; but those who were with Captain Luard at Navy Island had to return just as their strength would allow. Captain Lizars and Lieutenant Bescoby took their men to Clinton, where they remained for a good part of the winter. Rattenbury's Corners was a very well-known place, one where hospitality and plenty were always to be found. It was named Clinton by William Rattenbury, whose father had been a large tenant-farmer on Lieutenant-General Lord Clinton's estate, before the name came to be of any Canadian interest.

Captain Lizars happened to ride up to the door, his men on foot behind him, just as Mrs. Rattenbury took a large baking of bread out of the oven.

"Oh, Mrs. Rattenbury, can you give us something to eat!"

Instead of a well-stocked larder the supply happened to be low, and she told the Captain there was but the baking and some stale bread. They were not so hungry but they could plead, "Do give us the hot;" so she turned out her big bun-shaped loaves and cut them into wedges, put an enormous piece of butter on a plate, and got out a large dish of milk, which they ate and drank as only hungry men can. It so happened that her husband had been drafted into Captain Lizars' company, and the latter, on leaving, said: "You may be sure I'll bring Rattenbury home safe to you, for this." He did get back safe, and always said his sealskin cap had been

his most precious possession, for it was the only pillow he had seen.

Edouard Van Egmond was in Lizars' company, no doubt a most unwilling service, for his ill-advised father, brave soldier and good pioneer as he had proved himself, was by then with Mackenzie at Toronto. Edouard resisted the "press;" but his horses were pressed into service, and the young owner said wherever they were he must follow.

As a sample of messenger speed we have "Black Willie Wallace," one of Colonel (Doctor) Dunlop's scouts, sent to Clinton from Goderich with a despatch for Captain Lizars. There were several taverns on the way from The Glebe to Vandeburg's, and it took "Black Willie" nine days to perform this act of special duty.

There were many young men and lads in these corps, whose names have become familiar in all the District in lines not military. John Haldane, jr., was secretary to the Colonel, our friend the Doctor. Afterwards, when they advanced to Sarnia, they "*nearly* fought, and saw the arms of the enemy glistening in the distance. But the action did not come off, for which I was very glad; for begad! I was no soldier." In after years Mr. Haldane received a commission; but as he was then head master of the Grammar School he was exempt from service.

Captain Luard's company, prior to their departure for Navy Island, was also at The Corners, and the men were billeted at the few houses within reach.

The gallant Major Pryor, also in blanket coat, sugar-loaf toque and sword, Colonel Taylor and other men of the Canada Company, took their several ways to the frontier. Mr. Longworth, of the Company's staff, was never so happy as when performing a task of this kind, and he and "Old Bill," as they took their departure in full panoply of war, left a very vivid image on the minds of all who beheld them. "Old Bill" was one of two beautiful horses provided for his use and the one chosen for saddle beast, most of the Company's business being attended to on horseback. The handsome uniform, plentifully

trimmed with gold lace, had been specially procured from England; and with his sword by his side, John Longworth looked a truly martial and magnificent specimen of six feet two. It would have taken a bold man, either patriot or rebel, to touch him. The sword was a present from Colonel Taylor and had a previous history, unfortunately lost. It was blood-stained, but whose the blood, or whether it ever saw more active service than '37, history does not tell.

Mr. Longworth went first to London, whence he sent back to Dr. Hamilton to bring on men for guard duty there. Where Exeter now is, the twelve men and the Doctor halted and spent the night clustered round a fire, listening to the wolves howling in their hosts' yards as they looked for sheep, where some had been killed the night before. From London, Longworth went to join his friends at Navy Island.

Meantime, although a contemporary writer speaks of Goderich as "more completely out of the world than any other spot which it has been attempted to settle," that place had set up a Home Guard. It was organized by Colonel Dunlop, and by him put in charge of Captain Annand, an old Scottish military man of the period built upon the Dukes of Cumberland and York methods. It was told of him that once when a soldier was being flogged, the man wielding the cat did not do his duty as the law demanded, and Annand struck him twice with the flat of his sword to encourage him. Both Annand and Caberfae had been stationed at Fort George (in Gaelic, "Height of the Carpenters"), built in the troubled times of 1745 to overawe the Highlanders. The tartan which in Canada the latter loved to wear—plaid, bonnet, philibeg, trews and shoulder belt—made a dress the wearing of which was penal. A first offence after the prohibition carried a penalty of fifteen pounds; a second meant transportation.

The position of Fort George and the skill expended made it well adapted for its purpose; doubtless the two thousand men on duty there were chosen for their sternness, or were made stern by the discipline they enforced. The heights which

commanded it would make it an easy prey to modern artillery: but in the time when Captain Annand and Caberfae were on its walls, the people it frowned upon, although they still loved the old patriarchal days and ways, were ready for a new departure, not penal, but in many cases as forced as if it had been so.

Captain Annand, pioneer, was a very old man for active service in a rough country, so a more comfortable berth was provided for him at home. His special duty was to see that help was given the women left alone and the cattle properly tended. His duty and his pay lasted during the absence of the Goderich militia. This home corps, uniformed in red, was quartered in a large frame house belonging to a Canada Company man named MacMahon. One night the town, if not the guard, had a terrible fright through a report that a body of Yankee sympathizers were advancing up the lake, which was partly frozen over, from Detroit, the intention, of course, being to capture Goderich. Dismay in the town and confusion at the barracks followed. When order was restored, "a detachment of eight men, fully equipped and furnished with arms and ammunition, was sent to keep a lookout for the evening." They watched from the bank in front of Read's Hotel and down to Longworth's Point; the night was very cold, and nothing rewarded them. They returned in the morning to barracks, safe, and, according to Captain Luard, who was there at the time, with the cartridges served out to them *more* than accounted for. The real cause for the alarm was never known, but it was supposed that the figure of a solitary old Frenchman fishing on the ice had developed into a band of Sympathizers. To march in terribly cold weather over rough hummocks would have demanded much "sympathy." However, in records of this year, later in the season, we find "the pirates extended their cruise as far as the Goderich frontier of Lake Huron, in a sloop." If any alarm were felt at this real danger, there seems no local memory of it.

Dunlop writes: "To see an hospital after an engagement

would be a useful lesson to the cold-blooded politicians who calculate the *cost* of war in money and powder." According to the accounts left us, and those still told by living witnesses, '37 did not mean much money to the Huronites. Nor was there blood spilled. The "Bloody Useless" had never made themselves into a thin red line to be shot at; but they came home to die, many of them, within three months, as the result of hardships endured while away. Joseph Elliot, Charles Hanley, John Becket, Robert Morley, all young men under twenty-five, came back only to leave again on a longer journey.

The Rebellion had served one local purpose, namely, to draw temporarily together in a common cause those otherwise antagonistic. It was a kind of God's truce—that part of the year during which, in medieval times, all private feuds were suspended, and the nobles ceasing from internal strife, took time to protect the weak. But the position of Colonel Van Egmond in the District, and the virulent personal opposition to the Family Compact *via* the Canada Company, gave affairs a complexion peculiar to these local causes and effects. There were those who quoted for home as well as for higher quarters that "tyranny is not government, and allegiance is due only to protection." With the exception of Mr. Lizars, who had been an Edinburgh radical, and a few others, Huron was solidly Tory. It was impossible to suppose that a Sir Walter lover like Mr. Lizars could have cried "Burke Sir Walter;" but he belonged to that party which made the weeping and dying novelist exclaim at Jedburgh: "Little by little, whatever your wishes may be, you will destroy and undermine until nothing of what makes Scotland Scotland shall remain." At this time, strange to say, in the case of a single Quaker representative in the House, he was on the side of the agitators. "Radical" in its broadest Canadian sense was "revolutionary"; but selfishness and violence were by no means the monopoly of that sliding scale which runs from radicalism to anarchy. A man high in the Company's service had not hesitated to say that those not loyal to the existing state of affairs should not have

the benefit of trial, but "be shot in their boots, or strung to the nearest tree." But the times were as neatly split into two divisions as if there were no rebellion, between Loyalist and Loyalist. The Company represented Canadian people of some sixty years' standing, all for British supremacy under their own control. The Colborne Clique, with Dunlop at its head and Meadowlands as its meeting-place, were for British supremacy, "and the high road to Fame's Temple, perfectly macadamized for all men of British extraction to travel over, with only the toll of talent and execution to pay." They had placed themselves in sturdy opposition to the formidable array of Place and Power across the river, which seemed to imagine itself as distinct an order of the State as if the Pitt of the day had made a Baron Huron or an Earl of Minnesetung. Oddly enough, in the beginning of Mackenzie's literary and journalistic career, he recommended the revival of Pitt's proposed order of colonial nobility. He also was then an advocate of the Clergy Reserves. On the other hand, the friendships in the Clique became intensified, until clannishness deepened into a growth worthy of the most secluded Highlands. "Do not go to Glengarry if you be not a Highlander," might, with slight change, have been emblazoned on the Colborne bridge.

Some writers say that the Rebellion was not only active in those places where the rebels came to an issue with the authorities, but that in counties not very remote from Huron two-thirds of the farming population would have risen in support of any well-organized movement friendly to Mackenzie, and that the story of the Ironsides might have been told again. Although this was not the case there, one feeling, on the contrary, guiding every hand that held a pike, there were some who had the double satisfaction of taking decided action against oppression at home and arms against Mackenzie's followers abroad. The Colborne Clique laid aside their pens and took up their swords. Proud Scotch independence would not come under what they were pleased to call a yoke; but Mackenzie they would none of. They imagined themselves

most loyal to their Queen when loyal to her and their own private rights. But there were others who remember to this day their call to arms, with a regretful thought of Van Egmond.

"Blame Van Egmond? I blamed the Family Compact a devilish sight more than I blamed him."

When the names were called to draft the companies, one slip came with a certain good Huronite's name upon it. "And what," he asked, "are we going to fight for? Against Mackenzie? Never—the only man who has dared to speak for us—never!" They had been told more than once by Van Egmond that "if they wanted anything they would have to fight for it." However, they all came back, and Mr. Hyndman was soon thereafter made Sheriff of the District. "A tall man, straight as a tree; the best and truest man that ever set foot in Huron was Henry Hyndman."

The Hyndman children on coming to the country had numbered six. Five were born in Colborne, and one little one, Arthur, died there—buried by his father under a tree which still thrives near the farm entrance. The father carried the little coffin in his arms, and gathered his family, large and small, about him. He then read the service, gently exhorting the group and telling them he felt he should be the next to go.

After taking an active interest in the stormy election of 1841 and the Commissioners' Scrutiny, and enjoying thoroughly the turn of Fortune's wheel which then spun round to the Dunlop standard, the genial Sheriff's good humour at last made its way. Naturally, the coolness between the town and Colborne had intensified. But in spite of feuds, duels and elections, their geographical position had so arranged matters that these people must live together without much outside diversion or interruption.

Apropos of Commissioners, Mrs. Hyndman had invited Mr. Lizars and Mr. Galt, among others, to a dinner at which members of the Goderich Township Council were the honoured guests. The day was so wet that the latter gentlemen did not

make their appearance, but the former did. "Come!" said Mr. Lizars; "I would have come had it been raining Commissioners!"

The famous Commission had brought into Goderich a number of young men who were destined to play prominent parts in Canadian after-life. When it was all over, Messrs. Hagarty, Fitzgerald, Givins and Sechar Brough dined at Lunderston. "Hagarty was a very, *very* bright young man, and the soul of good company." He made the astonishing announcement that he seldom took spirits; but added that when he did he liked it in milk. So little Augusta Hyndman was pleased to bring the tall and jolly young fellow a jug of new milk.

At last, a friendly reconciliation was effected between Mr. Commissioner Jones and the families of Hyndman and Lizars. They buried the hatchet at dinner-parties given at Lunderston and Meadowlands. The Jones' sleigh, which resembled a house more than a vehicle, drew up one evening at the former place; as Mr. Hyndman went to meet his guests he dropped a roll of Brussels carpet he had held under his arm at the upper step of his doorway, so that it rolled out to the sleigh. Then, with all the jolly friendliness of the day, he ushered the dainty little lady in, and when they all found themselves in the big hall the rafters fairly rang.

It so happened that about this time Sir James and Lady Alexander, of Stirlingshire, who had been old friends of the Lizars family, came to Goderich as guests to the Commissioner's house. Accordingly, this was made the occasion of a dinner at Meadowlands, and again rafters rang and toasts went round that could offend none and pleased all. From this out there was friendship between the Commissioner's and the two Colborne families.

Doctor Dunlop was by now more out of Goderich than in it. Toronto and Kingston, and travelling, took up much of his time. The Sheriff on more than one occasion went with him, and as the good Doctor was merrier than ever in the intervals of Parliamentary duty, often tried to take care of him. But in

spite of all precautions, sad things sometimes happened. Once, after a more than usually boisterous time and faithful watching during a Toronto visit, the Doctor sneaked out at peep of day, determined to elude his friend. The Sheriff missed him, managed to trace him, and found him in a basement dive, taking snuff and talking the broadest of Scotch to an old Scotchwoman who was rubbing up his milk punch. She told the Doctor someone was after him. Turning, he said, "I believe if I went to the deil, Hyndman, you'd manage to find me—but I'll be a good boy."

The Sheriff was in Toronto in 1843 and returned home by stage coach. The excitements and trials attendant on a foot journey through the Huron woods were by 1843 replaced by the more active torture of corduroy road. These turnpikes were supposed to resemble King's cloth of that name; but the cords were sometimes wofully far apart, with little pains taken to fill in between. A common good corduroy provided an average of bumping, against which precautions could be taken; but this road set all calculations at defiance. Added to this, the lumbering oblong vehicle, often without springs (the elliptic or steel spring was introduced in 1840), with its seats suspended on leather straps, acted as a kind of catapult with its unfortunate passengers. In one overturn all occupants were thrown out, and the Sheriff happened to light on a stone. The others expected that he would be more hurt than they; but, writing to his wife during the delay caused by the accident, he says, "the Sheriff's head proved harder than the stone." But through the ensuing winter he frequently complained of severe pain in the head, and in the April following had a seizure of semi-unconsciousness. These attacks, attended with great suffering, continued all summer. For the sake of the education of the children it had been customary for the Hyndman household to move into the town in winter and there take a furnished house. This winter Mrs. Lizars had done the same, and to enable the invalid Sheriff to be near medical advice he and Mrs. Hyndman were made welcome guests. Here he died on

the 19th of September, 1844, just a year after the accident. It was found upon examination that an abscess had diffused at the base of the brain, no doubt the result of the injury to his head.

Two years later Lunderston was burned to the ground at an early hour of a morning in January. Mrs. Hyndman had been in the habit of filling her store-room from Hamilton, and unluckily the second son, John, had met the year's supply at Port Stanley, and had thence driven it home the night before. One hundred dollars had been spent in barrels and boxes full of all things good, and these, as the boy had got in very late, were put just inside the hall door. Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Hyndman's sister-in-law, awakened the family; and partly clothed, and in the half twilight of the winter's morning, the widow and her children with their grandmother made their way over a frozen road to their nearest neighbour's, having first taken refuge in the barn while the elder children did what they could to fight the fire. Mrs. Hyndman, aged seventy years, and her son's widow, the mother of ten children, were powerless to do anything but watch in sadness. Little Patrick, the baby boy, had stood watching the bright blaze which home and valuables, stores and clothing, were feeding, a small white-robed figure, until, overcome by the ruin he felt but could not understand, he rushed back to his own room to cuddle into bed. There was not a little difficulty in getting him out of it in time. On the Saturday night the manservant and two maids had gone to Wawanosh to visit some Devonshire friends, and had been lent the family sleigh and horses, to return on Monday morning. When they came, they found the comfortable Lunderston a heap of ashes. Perhaps nothing was as much regretted as the loss of the family portraits and the library of books and pamphlets. The books fell and burned in piles. Next day the boys and their friends saw the outside binding apparently good, with the lettering standing out boldly on the titled backs, as burnt letters will do. Excited by the hope that they were going to save them, John Hyndman and Daniel Lizars loosened

a pile with poles to see what could be done. The books fell to pieces, crumbling as they fell. By a lucky chance the eldest daughter had lent one of her dresses for some particular purpose, and this when returned was the only remnant of her wardrobe. Mrs. Dunlop brought a black silk from her assortment of silken gowns; another of the girls had a new one at the dressmaker's, not yet sent home, a very acceptable delay. The neighbour friend was Mr. David Lawson, and with him and Mrs. Lawson the refugees found all the comfort possible. Before eleven o'clock many sleighs had arrived from Goderich, and help and sympathy were plentifully given. Rector Campbell and the Commissioner's wife were first on the scene; and by night the members of the family were distributed to many different homes, where they remained for some weeks.

In 1849 the two ladies Hyndman, with all the family save one son and one daughter, returned to Ayrshire, Scotland. The eldest son, the "little Harry" of the diary, had come into an estate in that county.

Thus passed away two pleasant components of early Colborne life—the home and family at Lunderston.

CHAPTER X.

MEADOWLANDS.

Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of native wood with bark unshorn.

When Mary of Guise came to Scotland from France, there were in her train followers des Leseures, one of them priest and esquire. There is still property near Roslyn given him for services priestly or martial; but it passed out of the Lizars' hands centuries ago, and nothing remains but great scrolls of black letter, the proving of which might turn out a large price even for a heritage so valuable and remote. However, the family history tells that they stuck well by the Stuarts; for when Prince Charlie was about to enter Edinburgh and the soldiers were told to resist him, one great-great-granduncle of the present generation, Jacobite at heart, managed to evade the spirit of the charge whilst obeying the letter. He was told to serve out arms to the men in his detachment, which he did, but gave them no ammunition. Either in 1745 or 1746, when the bonnie Prince was in hiding in the fastnesses of Dumbartonshire, a young Colquhoun and a young Campbell, lad and lass, were proud to smuggle food to him. Their contraband ministrations put them under the ban of the law; they were caught and clapped into Dumbarton Castle, and while so confined finished the courtship, begun under such romantic circumstances, by being married there. The Prince gave the young fellow a dagger as a kindly recognition of services rendered, a wedding gift which is still in the Lizars' possession; for these two young people were ancestors of whom to be proud. But this was not all. A McIntyre, at the time of the

Jacobite expatriation, was given the choice of losing property and name, or both property and country. He chose the former; and as his cause was still held by him to be a right one, he adopted the name of Wright, and this brings us very close to the time of the Lizars' emigration. The old lady who came out with her son Daniel was "bonnie Peggy Home." Her life and death held tragedy of the direst kind. Her father, a magistrate of Edinburgh, was a man of property and means; he fell heir to money in London, which necessitated a journey there. He went, and was never heard of more. His wife, a daughter of Bishop Scobel, after the weary waiting which succeeds such effacement, left home to seek him, not fearing the long and dangerous journey for herself. She, too, was never heard of again. Their two children, boy and girl of fifteen and seventeen years, were left in charge of Daniel Lizars, a young artist and engraver, who completed his trust by marrying the girl so curiously orphaned. The boy was taken into the engraving establishment, where he was scalded to death by boiling oil. In her childhood bonnie Margaret Home was school-fellow with Scott at a Dame's School, and she often told how one of his infirmities was a damp nose. They sat side by side, and as the mothering instinct was strong, she employed her pinafore as handkerchief. Children's pockets were evidently not furnished then as now.

In time she was left a widow with a large family: William, an artist; John and Alexander, professors in the universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen; Daniel, a publisher, and Henry, surveyor and architect.* Of the three daughters, one became Mrs. Brewster, one Lady Jardine, and the other Mrs. Armstrong. When the still pretty mother came to this country with her son Daniel, hope was strong in the hearts of all, with no thought of further tragedy. The last of the doomed quartette was burnt to death, in a manner terrible and inexplicable.

* Robert and Charles died in the British service, the former of fever, at Nevis, in the West Indies; the notice of his death and appointment as captain appeared in the same Gazette. Charles, a lieutenant, died of fever at Cape Coast Castle, aged twenty-six.

In the early part of the century an aunt and uncle had made such a trip as is given us in Lord Edward Fitzgerald's "Canadian Travels," with the scenery and grandeur of Huron and the beauty of Mackinaw to come after the usual objective point of the day, Niagara; a trip which, although it held a few rude alarms, had the charms of variety and novelty. The fame of young George Simpson in his Hudson's Bay venture had reached Scotland, and these people in Canada were to be with him and follow in his train. That was before he had become "the Despot of the Northwest;" but his fleet of large canoes, each manned by some score of Indians, all in paint, feathers, and the splendour of savagery, as they paddled and sang along the Canadian waterways,* with the English flag to mark the real power at the helm, naturally impressed this quiet Scottish gentlewoman and her husband; and on her return, round her knee in the Edinburgh home, she would hold entranced a circle of enchanted small hearers named Lizars. She told them of the tiny crescent bay and the snow-white fort, the water mirror reflecting the fringed edges of tender green, the glorious skies or star-lit heavens above it, of Michilimackinac; and as she told, so she pronounced the syllables, many times and conscientiously, as spelled. That name became to their young minds a kind of charm by which they could conjure up another world than that of Scotland and Edinburgh.

Henry Lizars was the first to make up his mind to the great move, announcing his intention at a dinner party at his brother Daniel's house. He talked of the "estate" he intended to take up on the shores of Lake Huron, near where Galt and Dunlop were already prepared to settle. A fence, the exclusion of trespassers, the preserving of game, deer, wild cattle, wild horses, a log mansion, wooded slopes towards the water's edge, were all discussed during that excited evening, and small listeners,

* There were two routes to Mackinaw, one by Lakes Ontario and Erie, one by the Ottawa, Lake Nipissing and French River; both carried the traveller to Lake Huron. The second and shorter was generally chosen by the canoes and people employed in the Indian trade.

remembering that aunt's stories, repeated Michilimackinac many times ere they went to sleep. Henry Lizars married pretty little Jane Marshall, just sixteen, and with her set out for his "estate." His sister, Mrs. Armstrong, with her husband and family, were not long in following. Then Daniel Lizars got together all his capital, and with mother, wife and seven children, set sail in the *Science*, and after a six weeks' journey landed in New York. From that place they reached Detroit by canal and lake boats. The father chartered a two-masted schooner called *Rob Roy*, captained by A. M. MacGregor, her owner; put all his goods and family on board, and made for Goderich, where his brother and sister were already settled. Midway between there and Sarnia a terrible storm came up and MacGregor, incapacitated by an attack of ague, had to leave the direction of the vessel in Mr. Lizars' unaccustomed hands. The latter managed to guide it through the night and storm, but morning saw them wrecked on the bar, they and the boat's contents all soaked. It was a Sunday morning in the month of October, 1833, and a service was being held by the Rev. Mr. Horne in the building which was to serve as school-room and church. In the middle of the service he paused and said, "Let us pray for the safety of a family wrecked on the bar." The effect upon the small congregation was much the same as when now a close fire alarm disturbs the worship. When the name was asked for and given, Mrs. Armstrong cried out: "My God! it is my brother!" She ran down to the harbour, Mrs. Gooding with her, and there found "Dr. Hamilton, Bob Gibbons, and young Murray MacGregor," all going out to help them. Dr. Hamilton stood up in the small boat, and called out in his cheery way: "Hand me the darlings;" and such of the darlings as were handable were given to him. The hatch was opened, and up came a very Undine, a fair-haired vision of thirteen, her wet curls tangled about her pink-and-white face, but serene, and with wide opened blue eyes eager to look upon this Ultima Thule. Then came Daniel, a lad of eleven, and Alice and Davie, tumbling up out of the darkness into the

spray and wind and the uncertain footing of the deck. Little Queenie, the baby, was carried into Wilson's house, where she was warmed, dried and dressed, and the dazed mother and grandmother, with the other children, were taken to Feltie Fisher's. The baby was missed, and the mother was asked to count and say if all her children were about her; but she could only answer, "I had six." Counting confirmed the loss, and she was asked if the missing little one were boy or girl. "I do not know. I had six." But they were collected together and brought up the harbour hill in Woodham's waggon, housed, warmed and fed in the MacGregor cottage at the top of the hill where Mr. Ure's house now stands. Then came a moving, worse than that of the Hyndman family. The school-house was given up to them, for it was unused except on Sundays. When Mr. Horne held his service, the children were huddled in the back part of the room, and the few articles of furniture moved so that they should not be in the way of the congregation. Overhead, to give them light, Mr. Lizars had rigged a ship's lantern, and all the furnishings were in keeping. From there they went to a deserted inn; but that was uncomfortable past bearing, and the good Dunlop took them, bag and baggage, out to Gairbraid. Gairbraid itself was not yet quite finished; but the door-plate, the servants and the "Apostles" were there, and the mode of life had begun. The next morning, February 22nd of 1834, they watched the ice go out, the great cakes cracking and smashing in the wake of vanquished winter. The spring was early, and one beautiful morning Daniel Home Lizars and his sister Helen, the Undine of the *Rob Roy*, stood upon the brink of the Gairbraid hill, surveying the scene below them. Near what came to be called Bridge-End Place was a salt-spring, and the deer came roaming through the glades to drink at it. Like the boy at Lunderston, this one had been given a "Robinson Crusoe" to read upon the voyage; he, too, had seen the finger post at Juan Fernandez, and had met Crusoe Miller and his man Friday, and these two young people were ripe for adventure. They took hands and wan-

dered down the hill, pausing, as glimpses up and down the river caught the eye, through the openings up the Flats, and enraptured when they came across two Indians and a squaw with a canoe moored close by. They could speak no Indian nor could the Indians speak English; but they made friends, and when they were beckoned into the canoe, took their places with palpitating hearts, eager for adventure, but half-frightened at their own boldness. The birch-bark shot off, and the first wonder was the floating body of a deer, evidently newly killed by the ice. The Indians speared at it and took it in tow, thinking it a god-send; for they were short of provisions, and returning from an unsuccessful pot-hunt. They brought up at Squaw Island, in the midst of a big camp, where squaws, papooses and dogs clamoured for a hearing. There was a great welcome, and in less time than it takes to tell, the deer was skinned, cut up, distributed and ready for cooking. The two white children were rowed over to Goderich, came down the river bank, and were rowed home again beneath Gairbraid.

The little settlement, the beginning of that elaborate Gairbraid radiating from Dunlop Place, was peopled by all kinds of labourers, any stray mechanic, or, like the Lizars family, friends in distress. Some out-houses and sheds abutting on the stables were given for their use, where their furnishings were stored and the boys had a sleeping room. In the night hours when they woke they "had thoughts of the Bethlehem stable, when they heard the tramping and mouthing of the beasts on the other side of the wall." The little Queenie's first recollection of Gairbraid was the kindly Doctor carrying her up the hill to his house, strapped in a shawl on his back. The way was rough, and the twilight was thickening; he stumbled and nearly fell, and made ponderous fun for her of their journey. It was a great change of scene from the outside darkness when the door opened and a beautifully-laid dinner table, all lights and silver and glass, with Jimmy Thompson in his white jacket and black face, stood ready for the master's arrival. Dinner was a function there, and the two brothers seldom sat

down to it alone. The large and handsome room with its bright fire, Indian ornaments, and well cooked and well ordered dinner was no doubt a sharp contrast to the half-built annex where the little one's brothers spent most of their indoor time. There, dinner seemed to come by some operation of divine chance, or maybe came not at all, for the parents and elders had early gone on to the tract taken up further along in Colborne, named Meadowlands, because of its beaver meadows. But the boys, too, had happy times in the dining-room when Lou brought out her cake-box and the Doctor his double-headed penny, for they played many times with, and tossed, the coin which decided the Captain's fate.

At Meadowlands a bark shanty was put up for temporary use at the foot of the slope, and there Mr. and Mrs. Lizars and many of their friends spent some happy as well as hard-working hours. Like that one built for Miss Morgan, it served its summer purpose; but in a storm of wind it took the arms of Daw Don, young John Galt, Walter Lawson, and of any other man who happened to be there, to hold its roof down. Fancy a fringe of Edinburgh barristers and literary people on the eaves of a rustic bower, all in a Huron gale! When built, the house proper was a home-like, well-conceived place for any time, the rooms large, a good stairway, French windows, and a roomy porch where vines and roses made pleasant shade for eyes reading within. The household effects, old clock, china and all, had survived the moving accidents by flood, but by field the Khyber Pass and well-abused Colborne road were to prove fatal. Many were the breakages; but even with such loss the interior was one, when finished, of pretty solid comfort for such a remote dwelling.

All emigrants counted among their most precious possessions their books, sometimes but a few in a chest, and sometimes, as at Meadowlands and Lunderston, there were room ends filled in and built about with volumes, tier upon tier. And these books were read. They were like familiar faces when first opened in the new land. But there were soon thumb-marks where a new

generation, innocent of pumice-stone and nail-brush, took stolen hours at noon, or risking detection and swift punishment—for those were days after Solomon's own heart—took in the stolen nourishment by light of the raked up embers which flanked the night's back log. The reader, flat upon his stomach, with hands shading from a light which burned the face rather than illumined the page, pored over wondrous Sir Walter, the "Border Ballads," and good old "Chevy Chase," where better print and broader margin suited the fitful glare; and the pictures were stories without words.

Then came musical evenings, when Brewster, and Daw Don with his flute, and Dr. Hamilton with his wonderful voice, made the hours pass quickly in snatches of opera, ballads of the day and Jacobite songs, all memories of London and Edinburgh. Helen Lizars sat at the small rosewood upright piano, the green silk flutings of which, with its delicate arabesques, survive the beautiful fingers which brought so much melody from the ivories—ivories now yellow, cracked, and in places wanting. This house was a great social centre. To it came many jolly young people whose pranks, mishaps, joys and sorrows form the lighter tints of this local historic picture. Most of them were of the Clique, or sympathizers with it, but not all were of Colborne; although dominated by the Scottish element, the society was eclectic.

The last house in Gairbraid was Blarney Hall. Here young John Galt and David Lawson kept bachelor's hall, and a merry life they made of it. They "did" for themselves, at times even to the cooking. Once they made molasses pudding, rolled out the dough, filled it, put it in a cloth, and boiled it. But the molasses would run out, and the bachelors surveyed it sadly. "By George, Davie," said the deep voice of Galt, slow in speech and taking the calamity as he took everything, "by George, Davie, that *is* a go!"

Daniel Lizars, like the rest, not only "farmed" himself, but exacted farming services from his young family, services not always cheerfully given nor remembered with pleasure. The

pretty Helen was pressed into the turnip field when the work was heavy and hands few; but John Galt managed in a kindly, neighbourly way, to take the row beside her and do a tale for two. The father and farmer, a handsome man of medium height, in the regulation red shirt and cap, tried to ape the bushwhacker, but with very indifferent success. Afterwards, when Helen Lizars became Mrs. John Galt, the young people for a time took up their dwelling at Blarney Hall.

David Lawson in after years was made Customs officer, and he seems to have been one after the smuggler's own heart. One morning he was up very early and went to scan the horizon from the Lighthouse hill. He saw a schooner evidently standing in, and the owner of smuggled goods below on the Harbour Flats looked up at Lawson. Lawson in turn looked gravely down below.

"Hullo," he called, "what do you suppose that schooner is?"

"Can't say, I'm sure."

"Oh well, we'll wait until twelve to-night, and then we'll see what she is."

By twelve the schooner was innocent of anything to offend the Customs officer. Everybody smuggled liquor from Malden and other places then; and like Miss Edgeworth's Irishman who supported his Government "against his conscience in a most honourable manner," he "hated to make a disturbance when he could honestly avoid it." When such a schooner was in the harbour, invitations to Feltie's and elsewhere poured in on him, and he would be kept busy entertaining and being entertained until she was relieved of her load; but Lawson never saw any of her spirits himself, for he was temperate at any time and honest always. Before this, and after his marriage, he lived up the Sawmill road, where he had a dam and mill. This dam often burst, doing great damage; but the most terrible disaster of all, his little son fell into the flume and stopped the wheel with his body. The father investigated to see what impeded the machinery, and found him there. This was not the only tragedy in the family, if disappearance can be called such,

without shadow of trace or the satisfaction of knowing the truth in after years. David Lawson went to the bank one day, drew some money and set off for Bayfield to attend to a day's business. As in the case of the Lizars forbears, if the earth had opened and swallowed him he could not have been more completely lost. Men drowned and unidentified were eagerly sought out by his friends. The names of those employed in the new railway were closely scanned, but neither time nor search afforded clue. He was a kind, good man in his house, and there seemed no reason for voluntary disappearance. He had a very lively brother, named Walter, commonly known and still remembered as Wattie; sons of a Scotch post-captain. Walter came out in 1832 to Doctor Dunlop's care, and the brother David followed. At one time they rented Springside, the Hyndman farm adjoining Lunderston, and here they and their friends pursued farming on the methods which made immigrants of their kind an amusement to those who knew the requirements of the new life. Once they, with a party of their friends, were driving home from the Lunderston farm, which at that time they worked, to the one on which they lived. They were singing what they called a ditty, a song with some fifty verses. The many mud-holes were full of water, and one of the oxen, instead of as usual getting out, remained in an uncommonly bad one with the water up to its horns. Some dozen verses of the ditty remained to be sung, and they finished them before pulling the animal out. By that time it was dead.

Another Scotch visitor at Meadowlands was the Reverend Thomas McKid; as time went on and churches were built and congregations formed, the people there belonged to his. He was a lineal descendant of that Knight of whom he quoted:

> "The bravest was Sir James the Rose, a knight of meikle fame,
> His height was like to the towering ash that covers the mountains brow,
> And o'er his shoulders broad his locks of yellow blew."

The physique was hereditary, for the young Scotchman was a tall, fine-looking fellow, of fascinating manners. A widower of romance, he had emigrated with his mother and sisters, after having married his lady-love as she lay dying, her death-bed shortly exchanged for a coffin.

One Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Lizars left Meadowlands for church, having previously asked some friends, Mr. McKid among the number, to return with them to dinner. There was no fresh meat, a formidable obstacle to such a feast, for at Meadowlands they inclined to heavier dainties, and opined with Shelley that pudding is but a prejudice. After the parents had disappeared under the flecking shadows of the beechwood drive, the four boys and their sister Alice caught a sheep, killed it, skinned it, put it under the spout, pumped on it until cold, hung a side on the crane and put a leg in the pot, and had the desired meat ready for the church party upon their return.

There were many social centres in that scattered community; but Meadowlands was, *par excellence*, the political centre. Here all the wire-pulling was done and the preparations made for that campaign, that mortal combat between Clique and Company, which even in retrospect makes the election of 1841 a thing of excitement. The sides were mutually antagonistic, and each domineering. In all young countries politics are in the extreme; the smaller the society the greater the excitement, and the greater the opportunity for pettiness.

> "A hatter should not smatter
> In Philosophie;
> Nor yet a peddler become a meddler
> In Theologie."

'Twere hard to say here where the line was drawn in politics; but as land and kine were the specie of the country, the farmers became at once the warmest in the fight. Young Henry Hyndman on his way home from Goderich to Colborne one evening in this year, was overtaken by an Irishman, and as they walked together the coming event was discussed. The



"Here all the wire-pulling was done." (Meadowlands.)

latter asked who the candidates might be. When told all the boy had heard on the subject, he suddenly said: "And fwhat do they git for being Mimbers of Parlyment?"

"Two dollars a day," said the boy, "and that only when the House is sitting."

"Oh, but," said the stranger, "they git a thousand pounds a year for being Mimbers of Parlyment at home in the ould counthry."

Young Hyndman was sure that there their services were gratuitous.

"Oh, yiss," was the clinching reply, "Daniel O'Connell got one thousand pounds a year as Mimber of Parlyment. Indade he did; for I mesilf saw his grandmother come into Tralee with a kig of goold as big as a flour-barrel to pay his dits."

Paying debts was not a feature of the politics of the new country; for most of what they had to spend never found its way to the right people, and there are tales that to this day bills run in 1841 remain unpaid.

Captain Dunlop, second time returned Member for the District, died on the 28th of February, 1841. The writs were out for the new election in March.

"By what means," says a writer earlier than this, "do gentlemen in Canada obtain a seat in the representative body of the country?" To which is answered, "It generally happens that in every county four or five persons at least become candidates for this honour. These persons are usually country shop-keepers, village lawyers or upstart tavern-keepers. If a shop-keeper who gives liberal credit appears on the hustings he is sure to be elected; but if no such person presents himself, the freeholders invariably select the greatest fool in the lot, consoling themselves with the idea that though he may do but little good he can do no harm." These Members are described as being more fit to dig canals than to frame laws for the government of their country, and are congratulated upon being able to affix their X marks to documents with some degree of skill. It is told of one Member during session, a sample of his

kind, that, owing to his general ability, he was voted in as chairman of committee. His modesty was great, and he tried to withdraw; but when the committee met he found there was no way in which the honour could be shirked. A statement was handed to him, the intention being that he should read it aloud. He looked at it gravely and passed it on. Thus the document went half-way round the table, until a self-appointed secretary took the law in his own hands and did double duty. This story again is outdone by a contemporary association which boasted of two secretaries, "for the reason that the one couldn't read and the other couldn't write."

Aspiring candidates took for themes of oratory the intimate circumstances and remotest items of domestic news in the family life of antagonists. All cupboard skeletons were dragged forth into the light of day, and also from across the ocean, where their proprietors vainly hoped they had been left behind on sailing. On the hustings such small affairs were shown forth in language the most convincing, invidious and obnoxious; but afterwards they would dine and drink whiskey together without allusion to the chapters of family history exploited an hour before.

Although few might be able to write, most of them could, or tried to, speak. Speeches were prepared with much attention to language and gesticulation, and were rehearsed in the fields, where the decaying stumps were addressed on "Free Election" and "Parliamentary Reform." Had these ambitious would-be parliamentarians been blessed with power over the woodland like the Thracian bard, two birds would have been killed with one stone, and the stumps have been drawn while Demosthenes delivered himself of his eloquence. One country Member gave his family great cause for alarm by the action of his arms and his wild tones made incoherent by distance. Fearing that he might do himself bodily harm, he was followed by a friend, who took his place in the stump audience, and discovered the supposed lunatic was but a budding representative, who adjured the decaying woods to divest themselves of all prejudice and

to think only of electing an honest, independent patriot. He alluded in pathetic terms to the lamented death of their late glorious, pious and immortal sovereign, King William, which mournful event was the ill-wind that blew this present golden opportunity; he besought them to use well their power of elective franchise, and in the sober exercise of their distinguished privilege to lay aside the rancour of party feeling and all corrupt views. But there were men in the House of 1837 different from this, as Dunlop himself and his great friend, Colonel Prince of Sandwich, a man who was educated for the English Bar and was of very superior attainments, and who, one day, on meeting Dunlop in the office of the Company in London, had been persuaded then and there to emigrate; Baldwin, called by some the only honest man in the Province, "and this notwithstanding he is an Irishman by birth and a lawyer by profession;" the clever and eloquent Rolph, and others of a like kind to these.

There was very little discussion in Colborne as to the Captain's successor. Almost simultaneously the names of Mr. Hyndman and the Doctor were proposed, the proposers in each case feeling "how happy could they be with either." The former at once retired in favour of his friend. "His (Dunlop's) success is spoken of as certain. He expressed his determination to assist in subduing the Family Compact as he would a wolf or venomous reptile. He has already distinguished himself in a tiger hunt;" and moreover, "the learned Doctor pointed out very forcibly the evils resulting to the Province from the violence of Orange and Tory factions, . . . and that until the people obtain protection from the laws, emigration cannot and ought not to be encouraged." It was the firm belief of his constituents that he knew more law than "the rest of the House put together."

Early in 1832 the Earl of Ripon, in a despatch to Sir John Colborne, had said, "I can only instruct you that His Majesty expects and requires of you neither to practise nor allow, on the part of those who are officially subordinate to you, any interference with the rights of his subjects in the full and unbiassed

choice of their representative." Well, His Majesty expected in Huron that which he was not to get without a severe tussle.

Then, as now, although this particular part of the Province had been dubbed "Canada Felix," religion and the differences in it were made the means of first inflaming the people's minds and then the levers whereby to move them hither and thither, until one might exclaim with Addison, "This clamour, which pretends to be raised for the safety of religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it."

In Colborne the air was at once full of "the clash of broadswords and the din of gathering clans." It is a well-known fact that every Scotchman has the longest pedigree. In the Colbornites' opinion, the distinctly "Canadian" party across the river which held in its train the United Irish, and therefore the Roman Catholic element, could boast of none such for their assumptions. The elevation of certain Colborne bristles at what they deemed pretensions may be accounted for by that trait in Scottish character which may be called intuitive knowledge of the world. The Scotch are not dazzled by any species of elevation, and carry their burr into whatever haunts ability may take them. Like Louisa Dunlop, these were all "great fechters." "They fought as they prayed, and they prayed as they fought," and looked upon their Catholic brethren as come from the time of Chaos and Old Night,

> "When heaven was yet the Pope's exclusive trade,
> And kings were damned as fast as they were made."

The opponent chosen on the other side was Captain James McGill Strachan, eldest son of "John by the grace of God," brother-in-law to the Commissioner, and one of all others to call out enthusiasm from his own followers and antagonism from his enemies. No truth is more difficult to arrive at than that concerning the actions of public men, more particularly politicians. All interpretations depend upon the interpreter, and each assigns his own pet motive to the action. The record of politicians is *sui generis*, of a kind peculiar to themselves.

An old Roman proverb, "It is sometimes expedient to forget what you know," proclaims that its author was a politician and that the genus then was much the same as in the present century.

Although dubbed the Canada Company man, Captain Strachan was sent to Goderich under the auspices of the Honourable Robert Baldwin and his colleagues. Somebody calls the political times of Robert Baldwin "that golden age." Politicians of either stripe, when in the historical mood, can revert to the father of responsible government with pride and call him their own, so temperate, just and balanced was he. Yet the savour of even his reputation sweetens and mellows with age; the abuse, the harassments, the dissensions are forgotten, and we only remember he was "the one honest man in the House."

But even his opponents "liked" Captain Strachan personally, and could not but contrast him with some of those who did much to make his cause unpopular. In person he was handsome and of distinguished appearance; a good horseman; most particular in his dress; affable, courteous, abrupt or disagreeable as occasion demanded; in all, a great contrast to and good foil for his adversary of Scottish laird habit and look, who was to carry his snuffy and unfrilled linen to the Canadian Capital, where his life reads in parts like that of Hume in Paris. A bachelor by choice, good-humoured, clumsy as he was clever, indifferent to the arrows of Cupid (if, indeed, Cupid ever bothered much about him), Dunlop was the exact reverse of the Canadian exquisite, the ladies' man, the drawing-room grace, Captain James McGill Strachan. The Governor of the Province should be an authority, and his decision was that "the Queen was the head of this family," and credits the family with "a loyal determination to fight and die in her defence." And they had but very lately so fought; but it was side by side with the men of Colborne, so no advantage was given on that point. As to the Irish, contemporary writers attest to their loyalty and tell an unvaried tale. "The Kerry men," says *Blackwood's* about

this time, "are a peaceable race, who talk Latin and till their ground in peace and quietness." In Huron, instead of Latin, many spoke their native tongue; and for peace, an exchange had been made for the native shillelagh and the more modern axe-handle. "There were so many rows in Goderich," says one old resident when questioned, "that I don't mind any one in particular." "Great boys at election time?" answers another, in regard to the Black Hawks; "bedad, they were great boys at *anny* time." There were not kings in the Canada Company alone, but also outside of it. Dandy Jim Miller was king of the Tips; co-equal with him was "Old Coakly," and the formidable Black Hawk was monarch-in-chief; added to them were George and Joe Miller, the rest of the Black Hawks, the Magees, the Hodgins (in which tribe were Big Jim, Little Jim, Jerry Jim, Big Billy and Little Billy, and Little Billy's Lenny, Longworth George, Dublin Tom, Peeler Tom and Naygur Tom). One of these celebrities was a magistrate who could neither read nor write; but an axe-handle was much more effective than a quill at election times. Tips, Far Downs, Black Hawks, however they might disagree between times, were as one man then, and it were well for the Scotch pates if they proved as thick as wit made them out to be.

A question agitating local interest was the building of the new gaol and courthouse. Like all public work, it was made tributary to the warfare. Up to this time Major Pryor was law epitomised, and rode about the country like a modern Jeffreys. In cases which arose from non-fulfilment of statute labour, non-payment of tax, and all land trouble, he was judge, jury, gaol and fine, in person and on the spot, for he appointed his serving-man constable, and together they tried and punished, each waiting, on horse-back, to see justice fulfilled. Elsewhere, as is told of the Gore District, the ideas of justice were probably as primitive as the gaols in which retribution was supposed to follow evil-doing. One log prison was so insecure that inmates frequently went home at night, returning in the morning. One prisoner for debt sent word to the

Sheriff, as winter approached, "that the weather was getting cold, and if he did not make better fires and keep the place warm, *he should leave.*"

In 1839 the *Upper Canada Gazette* of June 20th says: "Notice is hereby given by the magistrates of the County of Huron that application will be made to the Provincial Legislature in the next session of Parliament to raise an assessment of one penny in the pound, for the purpose of defraying the necessary expenses of erecting a gaol and court-house at Goderich," etc., etc.

In April of 1841, following the election of March, and while Strachan was Member pending the enquiry which was to unseat him, this letter was filed:

"C. C. Office, Goderich.

"Sir,—In reference to your application to the Canada Company for a further loan of £1,500, in addition to £1,300 already advanced, towards defraying the expense of the erection of the gaol and court-house at this place, I am directed to communicate to you the regret which the court feel at being obliged to decline compliance with the request, owing to the heavy demands upon their funds in this county, and the small amount of their receipts.

"I have the honour to be, etc.,

"T. M. Jones.

"To J. M. McDonald, Esq.,
"Treasurer of B. C. for the
"Eastern District gaol in Goderich."

Then follows a voluminous correspondence between William Day the contractor, the Building Committee, and "The Laird;" Hyndman, the "chief kicker," as famous as formerly when bolting at Canada Company bridges. Dated at Goderich, 6th July, 1840, just before the great Commission, he writes Mr. Carroll:

"Mr. Gwynne will inform you of Mr. Lizars and himself having joined the schooner on the lake. Mr. Lizars left this by

the steamboat on Sunday in order to charter a vessel from Port Huron, and I trust you may look for him by the first southerly lake wind. Mr. Lizars left with a list of things to be sent to you, which please compare with the articles sent, and deliver them so far as not required (used). If anything further is wanted, let me know by Donald McKay, that we may have it ready for the next opportunity. Please send me by the *Julia* some heads of sills, and next load send the stone for the front piece and the coping. Mr. Day and the stone-cutters are very much pleased with the stone, and by splitting two of them have provided for lintel fans, behind which a brick arch will be made. When Mr. Lizars returns, request him to come across with the first shipload himself, as Mr. Day is of the opinion that he shall not want all the stone originally ordered. Mr. Lizars can bring with him a list of what is actually quarried. Mr. Day says he has seen no such stone in Canada.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"H. HYNDMAN,

"*Building Commissioner.*"

The list enclosed to Mr. Day begins with "paper, pens and wafers," and ends with "carrots"; while in between, the items still further vary to "iron wedges, block and tackle, pipes and tobacco, twelve gallons whiskey, one gallon onions, four pounds tea, rice, copper caps, castor oil, candles, pepper, pork, lemons and soap, six dozen eggs, cups, saucers, knives, forks, butter, a skiff, one bottle brandy," with the saving clause after the last of "for medicine," and tools innumerable.

In a letter to his sister some ten years before, written in the heart of the Huron bush and posted by an Indian scout, Dunlop had said, *apropos* of affairs in York: "We are now in the middle of an election of the Provincial Parliament, which here, as at home, is accompanied with all the noise, confusion, drunkenness, fighting, malice, and evil speaking and backbiting that becomes a free people in the exercise of their rights. Some of my friends proposed for me the honour of representing them in 'that august body, the Provincial Parliament,' but I

have too much business of my own to attend to that of the public." And the "lively MacTaggart," writing to him at this same early date, says: "Politics here are making a stir amongst the cobblers. I never mind them. What are Canadian petty politics to those we have dabbled with? When we are politicians we are so indeed I believe, however, our worthy



COURT HOUSE, GODERICH.

Governor has had his own vexations of late. Some French bodies have been bothering him. I do not like this. I like the French-Canadian very well—a kind, thoughtless, light-hearted soul—but there are busy, meddling, evil-disposed characters among them. We have clapped them too much of late; this spoils them. We must always keep a respectable distance: and when a meeting appears about anything, the best way to

have peace is just to take the Northwester's plan, dash into the mob and knock down the first you meet with a whack beneath the ear, when quietness is restored in a twinkling." From such a great subject he glides to the announcement that "never was king prouder than I to inform you that I have obtained one great object of my mission to this country, namely, a Canadian hoolet, as big as a gander."

In the intervening ten years Papineau had awakened from his dream of empire. The remedy "beneath the ear," though different in application, had been tried. Dunlop had retired from the Canada Company and was now in the field in opposition to the chosen candidate of that body, itself aiming to be exclusively Tory, and he ready as ever to subscribe himself "a Whig hater." Captain Strachan came up from Toronto and established himself in Goderich, and the Family Compact and the Canada Company became one. Dr. Dunlop, with Mr. Lizars as his chief ally, was followed to a man by Colborne as well as by the Clique, and McIntosh of Williams, head of the Highlanders, sent word from one woody fastness to another, until

> "Soon a score of fires I ween
> From height and hill and cliff were seen,
> Each with warlike tidings fraught;
> Each from each the tidings caught,"

the fires none the cooler because they burned in Scottish hearts instead of on Scottish hills. The fiery cross went round, and a McIntosh marched into Goderich at the head of his forty plaided and bonneted Highlanders. The Doctor added his own powers to those of the McIntosh, for about this time a friend came upon him in the deepest bush of the outlying township, Angus MacKay with him.

"Hi, Doctor! where are you off to now?"

"Oh, I'm off to speak to these Highlanders, and see what I can do with them. I have Angus here to speak in Gaelic, and I'll take care of the English tongue." Out of forty-three votes, thirty-nine were secured.

The first party fought with the enthusiasm of loyalty fired by fear of losing possession; the second blended the enthusiasm of loyalty with that of liberty. The inns in and about the towns declared for their candidates; whole pieces of red or blue ribbon found their way under sympathizing feminine fingers, and soon every man had a rosette and every horse a flying bow, which gave open sesame; and as the sign on one inn proclaimed "Refreshment for man and beast," another inn of the time declared "Live and let live," a motto not suitable to the spirit of the times nor to Canada generally. At one house in the town, scissors, needle and red ribbon worked up the Strachan talisman; and out at Meadowlands similar rolls in tints of azure went to decorate what became known in song as "Huron's True Blues." Now came fusion of Orange and Catholic under the banner which, ignoring the coming Member's name, flapped and waved at the Old British with "Vote for the Canada Company" as motto to its device; now two Masons, one the Commissioner himself, the other Peter Green, of 1837 fame, fell out at lodge, and the latter never attended his duties there again; now were the springtide terrors of O'Brien's Swamp from Flannigan's Corners braved, and Jim Hodgins, of Biddulph, gave the law on one side while Flannigan himself declared for the Company on the other; now did Joe Williamson, a Tory of Tories, a "mad Orangeman and a born faction fighter," make himself ready to do to death anyone obnoxious to his chief, saying, "Will I break his head, sorr? Will I kill him, sorr, or will I only break his head, sorr?" And, on the other hand, a Canada Company man was thrown under the wheels of the coming coach, to emerge without a tooth in his gums. Junius looked upon adjectives as personal enemies; the letter writers in Huron made them their dearest friends. About this time Macaulay must have been, as he says himself, "using them under protest;" but here they throve as luxuriantly as the Canadian melon, making no apology for force or size, but, clustering about the facts they were to illustrate, transfigured instead of qualified them. The Horatian maxim to defer publication

till the ninth year is but another wording of "to sleep upon it." But the wink of an eyelid stayed not these scribes. The pamphlets and the letters of 1841 make a storehouse of vehement expression, and pretend not to verbal prudery.

"Mr. Lizars, sir," to quote one letter, "is held up as the Demosthenes of Huron. Oh! Perhaps a candidate's address in hand, to comment upon for its cue (with the use of his pebbles) or a dozen sheets of *foolscap* compiled of schoolboys' lessons, beginning with patriot Alfred, together with the glories of Bruce and sacrifice of Wallace. I know of no man more competent to gull the public with *clap-trap* than the said Mr. Daniel Lizars, aided by a *baneful dominant faction*, which I to my last shilling shall oppose. . . . I have ever loved the glorious Constitution of my native land, and the beneficent institutions of its birth; and will strenuously uphold the principles it inculcates, and thereby endeavour in my humble sphere to promote the happy features of its beneficial influence, surrounded as it must eventually be by a *halo of prosperity*. Yet I will invariably expose existing abuses with this same unrelenting determination; for I deem the local conduct of any man a tolerable proof of his public claims. *Popular applause* is not the just criterion of worth, but falls oblique, and like the evening sun gives a gigantic shadow to a dwarf. The —— —— are really putting this man beyond himself. . . ." The letter ends with a hope of some blow which will destroy "this Lacerta Stellio."

It had been said that the motto of the Canada Company was "Whoever is not with me is against me," and the Colborne Clique now set about making the words true, putting into effect what might have been their own, "Wha daur meddle wi' me?"

Everyone with the gift of speech, and some without, made political speeches; but whatever the question at issue, the action was made to the Orange and Green, the Scotch and the Irish, the Canada Company and Colborne Clique. John Haldane, addressing the multitude, with a benignant gaze,

said, "Yer a verra happy people. Yer a' Scotch, yer a' Presbyterian, and ye have no riff-raff Irish amang ye."

"Mr. Longworth," cried Tom Payne, a Canada Company man, to his chief, "will *you* stand *that?*"

"Oh, I don't mean *you*, Mr. Longworth," said peaceable Mr. Haldane, turning his black eyes and venerable head in that direction; "I don't mean *you*."

"Then is it me ye mean?" cried Mr. Payne.

After a pause, Mr. Haldane resumed, "I make no unhappy allusions," and the speech went on to a peaceable close.

Speeches as inflammatory and personal as the letters were made from the verandah of Isaac Rattenbury's hotel. Once before in its shadow a pow-wow and dance of Indians from the Manitoulin had been held, which closed with a row, caused by excitement and fire-water together. Now every man could order drink, food or lodging, according to the colour of his rosette, and the rows were none the less vigorous because white arms were raised instead of red. Across the river meetings were held at Gairbraid and Meadowlands, chiefly at the latter place. Mr. Hyndman, as Returning Officer, had the privilege of issuing invitations to such influential people as he chose to be present on the hustings, and gave much offence through some names included, but more still by others excluded. Mr. Bignall, a magistrate in the interest of the Company and Chairman of the Committee of their candidate, told the Returning Officer that, unless mended in time, his action would result in a riot at the poll. This Mr. Hyndman took in the light of a threat, and said that as a magistrate and a peaceable subject it was Mr. Bignall's duty to have brought forward the names of those who threatened such a breach of the peace and had them bound over to keep it. During that day and the next information similar in tone thickened upon the Colbornites, and a hasty meeting was convened in the Meadowlands' large kitchen. The light from fire and candle fell on faces round that deal table which were full of excitement and seriousness betokening energy, not despair.

The eventful day for casting the first votes was now at hand. That morning Mr. Lizars had arrived in Goderich with the voters from Williams. They had found barriers across the roads made by trees felled for the purpose, and what Dunlop called "a lawless rabble" to supplement the hindrance with insulting language and bullying actions. The men from Williams, with Doctor Dunlop, were dining at Feltie Fisher's, where still more alarming news arrived; and Messrs. Lizars, Hyndman and Ransford decided that it was necessary to call in military aid for the preservation of the peace. While the meeting to effect this was being held at Meadowlands, another took place in town for the swearing in of special constables: and it was then that Doctor Dunlop and the Commissioner each heard of the prompt measures decided upon by these three magistrates. The former demurred at the news, thinking the fears exaggerated and the precaution unnecessary; the latter fell into a towering rage, declaring that these men by their action were wilfully disgracing the County of Huron. He then wrote to the Doctor:

"GODERICH, 20th March, 1841.

"SIR,—I know you feel anxious that the approaching election should, if possible, pass off quietly, and no person can be better acquainted than yourself with the inflammable material with which we have to deal. Feeling that you will assist me, if in your power, to secure this desirable object, I venture to address you on a subject in which serious danger to us is, in my opinion, involved." [He thereupon goes into the Returning Officer's objections, their reasonableness, but also the undesirability of pressing them at that juncture, and that by warning these people and repressing his feelings Mr. Hyndman may prevent disturbance which would be of a very serious character.] "My anxiety on this head must plead my excuse for addressing you on any subject connected with this election, circumstanced as I am and connected as I am with one of the candidates.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient and humble servant,

"THOS. MERCER JONES."

To which Dunlop replied that he would be responsible with his life and everything he was worth in the world for the quiet, orderly and peaceful behaviour of "My Supporters." This all took place on the Sunday, and Monday morning was to see the battle begun in earnest at the polls. It had been the intention that the men of Williams should arrive on Saturday, but owing to the state of the roads the sleighs containing them had not passed the barriers or ploughed their way through the slush of March before the Sunday morning. In deference to the day, they kept their flags furled and, joined by Dunlop, marched in order to where the Presbyterian service was being held. In they came, disturbing still more the already excited devout; filed in, pew after pew, "the prettiest sight that ever was seen," and when all were seated, the snuff-box was handed round. The Doctor, never famous for deference to Dame Fashion, this day outdid himself. All were dressed alike in Scotch bonnets and plaids, no man less than six feet high; but he added to his costume low shoes, a roundabout jacket, and trousers whose scantiness some four inches above the ankle showed the colour of the skin where they and his coarse knit socks refused to meet. In sharp contrast to him was Captain Strachan, who, with his brother-in-law, the Commissioner, that same Sunday, after dinner, cantered down the street on their well-appointed steeds, followed by a groom. The rivals met, and as the Captain put his hand on his horse to dismount, the Doctor cried out: "Dinna get off, man; dinna get off; ye'll mayhap muddy your boots!"

The Strachan men had no Sabbatarian prejudices. They came into town with colours flying, horns blowing, hurrahing and shouting, and tried the mettle of their steeds up one street and down another in a way which materially added to the appearance of their numerical strength.

News from other parts of the Province—the firing of a fatal shot by a man named Kelly in Toronto, the Caledon riots, and the inability of a Sheriff to arrest, the laws of the country set openly at defiance—added haste to prudence in the proceedings

at Meadowlands on that eventful Sunday night. They thought, not without good reason, that a messenger going openly would be waylaid and prevented accomplishing his mission, if nothing worse should befall him. London, the nearest garrison town, was sixty miles distant, and, as we have seen, the roadways were at their worst. John Galt, an able, manly fellow, famous as a pedestrian, volunteered for the trip, and in the early night began that renowned sixty-mile walk, in blanket coat and red cap, taking the by-ways and paths in which he would not be likely to be met and hindered. The news of his departure in some way reached Feltie Fisher's, where the other meeting was being held, and Mr. Jones' fury was a sight to be seen and not forgotten, according to the witnesses of it.

The Biddulph men had brought in quantities of axe-handles and buried them in convenient places; so did the Tips and the Far Downs, swinging them for all they were worth, "and looking as if it were a laudable business." The bar-rooms were too confined in space for a proper showing of axe-handle capabilities, so an adjournment was made to the street. Just to keep his hand in, a Tip got a Far Down on his face, head downwards on the inclined roadway, big boots doing most brutal work; a small boy with white face, who had been a silent witness, passed a sleepless night from the horror of the sight, and was abroad early, expecting to come upon the lifeless body of the Far Down. The morning brought the man out with face washed, and little the worse for boots or axe-handle.

But the men of Williams, with McIntosh at their head, quietly closed round the poll—Rattenbury's—and allowed the voters in, one by one, through the self-constituted guard. All day long of that memorable Monday did Dandy Jim and the Black Hawks walk about with suggestive-looking clubs in their capable hands. An epidemic of scarlet fever was abroad, and Dr. Hanson worked night and day among his patients. Isaac Rattenbury's own children lay ill almost to death above the excited people who crowded the house below. The air was thick with fever, orange as well as scarlet; but all the while the

dour Highlanders and the genial Doctor tried honestly to make good the latter's handsome sponsorship.

It will be remembered that in the first Huron election Van Egmond was Captain Dunlop's opponent; but the Colonel was now no more, and it was wondered for whom his two sons, Edouard and Constant, would vote. The consequence was double hand-shaking and notice from Doctor and Commissioner, the former shouting: "I've got Edouard's; I've got Edouard's, and I'll have Constant's too!" This, however, was impossible; as to quote the Doctor's own words, given in pamphlet form a week or two later, "Mr. Constant Van Egmond has always been on the most friendly terms with me. On a distressing occasion it was to me he came for advice and assistance; his house has ever been as open to me as my own. But, unluckily for me, he has an unsettled account with the Canada Company, and this deprived me of his support and his vote at the late election."

The votes were put in slowly; but one had to be polled every hour, for the hour which missed would close the contest, and it was the aim of each side to allow outside men and stragglers time. There were the men from Stratford and the Easthopes; from the Wilmot Line itself, in twelve or fifteen waggon loads, where the flags were omitted but the horses done up in rosettes and ribbons; others, from Tuckersmith and Hullett, had long blazes and bridle paths to follow on foot ere the main road was reached. The Irishmen got possession of the porch at Rattenbury's, and congregated there in such force that one man, well known to Goderich then and since, was so squeezed in the press that he never again was "right in his heart." They knew the ones desirable to be kept back, and worked faithfully towards that end. There were days and hours during that week when it was not safe for any but an Orangeman to be abroad; but the message that John Galt's mission was accomplished and that the military contingent had reached Clinton made the warmth of that colour fade to a paler hue; and when "that elegant aide-de-camp, Mein," and a resplendent officer of Royal

Artillery drew up their men in full view, "with the first click of their ramrods discretion mastered passion."

The result at the end of the week showed one hundred and forty-nine for the Tiger and one hundred and fifty-nine for Captain Strachan. The *London Enquirer* of April 7th says, "The election for the County of Huron terminated on Saturday evening last in the return of Mr. Strachan after a most severe contest, by a majority of ten. Doctor Dunlop has protested, it is said on very good grounds, against the return." Mr. Hyndman, as Returning Officer, advised the protest; and at a dinner where enthusiasm and indignation ran high, a subscription list towards that end was opened where his name headed the list for twenty pounds. The community went wild; but not as wild as it might have, had not two gay young lieutenants in uniform been constant reminders of Regulars whose neutrality was a new feature in that abode of faction. The very children fought. "Some of us boys who were imbued with the spirit of the election times made a band of ourselves and paraded the streets as Dunlop's sympathizers. I was the head of our band as the Dunlop man, and I got up a flag, which I painted myself, a tiger with his paw on a puppy. Presently we met a rival band of boys, with Bill Rich as the Strachan man; they had a flag, but I can't recall that it had a device. Bill made for the streamers on mine, and tore them off; and that led to the pitched battle." The old system of single combat was next tried. The sides were town and country, and the champions chosen by lot. Davie Lizars, no doubt much to his own disgust, had to defend the honour of the town, while Lewis John Brace was to fight for Colborne. The contestants, with minds full of shivered lances and broken pates, met at the place appointed, the old burial ground near the gaol, accompanied by backers and seconds and a host of small spectators. But Lewis John was barefoot, and Davie wore boots—which the former challenged as not being in the suite of armour and giving an unfair advantage; for it is true that in old combats the judges put the principals as much as possible in the same circumstances. But

not always so. Like the French nobleman of old who parried with his poniard whilst his adversary's left hand, used for the same purpose, hung in ribbons, Lizars might have said "Thou hast done wrong to leave thy boots at home." But in spite of the "Border Ballads" and the romantic lore of the Meadowlands book-shelves, it was decided that the town champion should go barefoot. Lewis John's second strategical move was to take his stand where the ground was covered with thistles, his feet being hardened. He soon had the satisfaction of seeing his foe "hopping about like a crazy sparrow." Each boy was afraid of the other, for apart from the thistles they were evenly matched; so the fight was declared off. No worldly turmoil before this had entered the portals of the Misses Webb's school for young ladies; but even here mimic election took place. One ringletted damsel "ran" for the Canada Company against another as Dunlop, and the latter won, the beaten Strachan candidate finding it hard to understand why she should lose when her principal was returned. That evening at a children's party at the Lizars' house the Tiger caught up his representative, more fortunate than himself, in his arms and kissed her, and gave her a guinea to boot. It remained a great puzzle to some of the girls how such a thing could be, and one of them cried heartily over the defeat of her dearest friend.

The next excitement was the processions. Each, victor and vanquished, was to march and counter-march and blow exultation, disdain and defiance, from the penny whistles which supplied the melody of their respective bands of music. Two of the Kippen boys and young Dan Lizars made for Dunlop a tin crown, which they covered with gold foil pilfered from Mr. Lizars' art box. It was a most creditable crown for amateur work. "Quite chaste, eh," said the maker as he held it up in his boyish hands to an admiring elder. The latter stuttered painfully. "Q-Q-Qu-quite so," was the answer, "b-b-but I'm afraid it's you who will be ch-ch-chased, my dear boy, b-b-b-bef-f-fore you get it safe to G-G-G-G-Gairbraid." It took a whole day to make the bauble: there was a long run to Gairbraid; and after

all the Doctor, with many thanks, refused it. There is conflicting testimony as to what amount of decoration he did permit himself. Eye-witnesses say his legs were done up in wheaten straw as a compliment to his farmer supporters; in that case he must have appeared as if mounted on two gigantic champagne bottles. But he did march, and in the centre of a bodyguard of eight young men, blue ribboned, and holding staves also decorated, a similar staff in his own hand. All bore themselves at a dignified pace, and behind them came waggons full of the men of Williams and other supporters.

Captain Strachan, as the representative of Power and Place, was in a carriage; with him were the Baron de Tuyle and the Commissioner, escorted by the Staff of the Canada Company, mounted. From horses' ears, men's button-holes, or wherever a ribbon or rosette could be put, the red favours floated and gleamed. Each procession was provided with a band of music. Strachan's consisted of two fifers with one fife, playing "blow and tie," and one small kettle-drum. The Stratford contingent, with J. C. W. Daly at its head, John Vivian as his clerk and purser, W. F. McCulloch and Andrew Monteith in its number, had been billeted about the town, the trip as well as entertainment being free of expense to them. They drove up on the Sunday night, arriving in time to see "The Royals" march in. The party was chiefly Catholic, and near Goderich was met by an Orange one headed by Dr. Hamilton, he and all wearing their red favours. J. C. McCarthy, one of the number, a fine young fellow who took Toryism most seriously, was one of the fifers in this antiphonal measure; Mark Collins, a Goderich man, was the second fifer, and Mahoney was the drummer. These three headed the procession in front of the carriage, playing their parts; but their repertoire consisted entirely of Irish Catholic tunes, which must have been disturbing to the ears of the Kings. The famous Joe Williamson suggested striking up the "Protestant Boys" as a master-stroke; but prudence stayed their fingers. Williamson was a big handsome man, with a natural gift of

eloquence which was frequently aired in the Division Court. The start was made from Rattenbury's Inn, and they met their rivals a little farther down the street. Dunlop's music was chiefly from the bagpipes, against which the others drummed and fifed in vain.

"Now," said the local constable, a strong Canada Company man, adjuring his friend the Black Hawk, "now, when the row begins do some of you fellows hit me on the head, so that I won't be any use." He was loath to make arrests, as he wished the row to go on "and thought it best to be put out of reach of temptation to do his duty."

"Boys, for God's sake," cried a J. P., "don't let me read the Riot Act to you—*don't!* For as sure as you do, the soldiers 'll fire at you."

Some time after this, one of the Black Hawks got his leg smashed at a "raising." Consultation advised amputation, and a suggestion was made for Dunlop's opinion. "It's no use," said the Black Hawk, "not after the way I fought against him." However, the Doctor came, set and saved the limb, and, what pleased nearly as much, never charged a farthing.

This was truly a year when March disdained to come in or go out as a lamb. It was only a tempest in a teapot, but it shivered the teapot. The fire still burned brightly on the dogs in the Meadowlands drawing-room, and shone on the old-fashioned carpet strewn with impossible roses, on the book-built walls, and made grotesque lines in the dancing reflections of the flutes and twists of the small upright. But the company about the last missed some of its tenor; and the groups, seated in dignified quartettes at the baize-covered tables, where old players at guinea points contented themselves with more modest counters, had changed some of their personnel. Music, games and books were of interest no longer; politics reigned paramount. The pleasures of a still hunt now began. Shaky titles, false deeds, personation, well-founded fault-finding and wild suspicion, all blossomed as the tender green of spring spread over the beaver meadow. None was idle in the cause;

but, as a stranger to the place and one of the Scrutiny said, after years and white hairs had brought impartial thought, "The moving spirit of the enquiry on the Dunlop side was Mr. Daniel Lizars. His industry in hunting up evidence was wonderful and indefatigable. He was the mainspring of the movement."

"Hyndman and Steward and Resolute Dan" were now making mines, unearthing plots, counter-plotting for "that most glorious fight," which was to be celebrated in song after they "had seated their man." While Dunlop dictated and the



DANIEL LIZARS.

Bailie's pen laboured at Gairbraid, at Meadowlands reports were brought in of all the weak places; and a stately looking lady, old for her years, in a snowy white mob-cap and kerchief, paced up and down the shallow natural terrace before the rustic porch, anxiously awaiting the latest news from town. The summer came, the roses blew, the grass lay cut and sent its even sweeter perfume up to the French-windowed drawing-room; the hot suns of August beat down on the yellow fields, and with the harvest came the Commissioner of the Scrutiny and his train; and the hopes and fears, the disappointment and exultation of March, were about to live over again.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CANADA COMPANY *VS.* THE PEOPLE.

"*History has a way of taking down the mighty from their seat.*"

In latter days newspapers and periodicals do away with the need of pamphlets. There was a time when the only way of reaching people, the only means of influencing public opinion during crises and times of public agitation, was *via* the pamphlet. This Huron election came under the last two heads, and Dunlop had recourse to many pamphlets. Some of these were rich in argument, wit, and knowledge; all were cleverly put, and hard for his opponents to answer. The Bailie McLean was his secretary; he did all the clerical work while the Doctor, with his hands beneath his coat-tails, paced up and down the length of the Gairbraid dining-room, dictating.

Governmental libraries must contain a great assortment of this class of literature. But the copies were limited, for they were written chiefly for local distribution, where the number of readers was known to a man; and paper and pens were scarce then, in spite of the floods of ink used to tell of wrongs. Complete files of such pamphlets are rare now, matter which would be worth much from a historic standpoint, containing the moot questions of their day; and both sides of the challenge generally found a champion.

The Examiner of April 21st, 1841, says: "Doctor Dunlop has published a series of letters to the electors of Huron in pamphlet form, which we have not yet had an opportunity of seeing. We understand, however, that the learned Doctor has pointed

out very forcibly the evils resulting to the province from the violence of the Orange and Tory factions, and that he fully coincides with Mr. Buchanan's opinion, that until the people obtain protection from the laws, emigration cannot, and ought not, to be encouraged." This series of pamphlets was known, from the title of the first, as "The Canada Company *vs.* the People," that title telling the gist of them all:

"No. I.

"*To the Freeholders of the County of Huron:*

"My Friends and Neighbours:—After a protracted contest, during which nearly every voter in the county was brought to the poll, I have lost my election by a majority of ten out of three hundred and ten. This the Canada Company will probably call a triumph. I call it a decided and most disgraceful defeat. What would be said of a nobleman or gentleman in Britain, who, after polling all his hired or paid servants—all who owed him money—all whom he could influence—all who were attached to him on principle—and all that numerous and respectable body who exist in every quarter of this wicked world of ours, whom Burke has so justly described as persons having a lively sense of gratitude for favours to come—and who in the end could only carry his candidate by such a beggarly and contemptible majority? Would the world not say there is something wrong in the conduct of that man, or his tenants to a man would have supported him?

"Who were the candidates in this contest, and who their supporters? Captain Strachan, a gentleman of great wealth (and who, to do him justice, did not spare it), the Law Solicitor of the Canada Company and the brother-in-law of their chief Commissioner, backed by the entire power, influence, and patronage of that Company—the wealthiest corporation in the continent of America—was opposed to William Dunlop, a farmer, with no other property than his farm and the stock and buildings upon it—without money, without patronage or influence—with nothing, in fact, to oppose this formidable rival

but the good will which his conduct has produced among the settlers.

"In the outset, I acquit the Commissioners of the Canada Company of having *personally* used any undue means to forward their object of returning Captain Strachan. They are gentlemen, and consequently incapable of anything so infamous. But I cannot include in this acquittal their subordinates; for I have been told it not by one but by fifty voters, that threats and intimidation have been used. And though these gentlemen did not sanction it, their name has been desecrated to give the weight of their authority to such proceedings. I do not, however, acquit them of all blame. Mr. Commissioner Jones stated on the hustings that it would make no difference to him, or to the Company, how a man voted. This everybody who knows him believed. But had the Commissioners of the Canada Company been really anxious not to influence the vote of their settlers, Mr. Jones and Mr. Widder should have proclaimed this under joint signatures, on every store, tavern and church door in the county, twelve months ago. At the hustings such a profession was useless, for this very plain and simple reason, that the majority of the voters did not believe it: and it would have been strange if they had, when they saw every officer, every dependent, every on-hanger and every man in any way in the employment of the Company, busy in the canvass, and using every means, fair and foul, for the return of the Canada Company candidate. . . . That there were acts of gross perjury committed we have every reason to believe, particularly if confession is looked upon as proof. Of every one of these perjuries the second officer of the Canada Company was aware: and we refer it to every man of common sense whether morally, though not legally, this did not amount to subornation. And we do also appeal to every man of common sense and honesty, whether the Commissioners of the Canada Company were entirely blameless in openly and avowedly sanctioning such an act.

"It was attempted in the polling room to set up, as an offset

to this charge, that Mr. Galt, as a partisan of mine, had access to the Registry Book of the county. The Register Book is patent to all Her Majesty's lieges; and I will venture to say that Mr. John Galt would have thrown open the books of that office to the whole of Captain Strachan's committee for half the money that he spent in champagne for the behoof of people to whom, from their previous habits and standing in society, ale or Canadian whiskey would have been a much more appropriate refreshment.

"The Commissioners of the Canada Company may, and probably will, say it is unfair to make us responsible for the ignorant misconstruction of our sentiments by our settlers. Were it *only* the ignorant I would fully admit this argument; but I still retain my protest that, ignorant or learned, means were used to induce them to believe (still not by the Commissioners personally) that the Canada Company would adopt vindictive measures against all who opposed their candidate. I shall now proceed to the proof that men who cannot be called *ignorant* were intimidated from voting for me, by fear of the vengeance of the Canada Company; and by mentioning their names I shall give the world an opportunity of demanding of themselves the truth or falsehood of my asseverations. It would be false delicacy to withhold them. . . .

"It is unnecessary to multiply instances; I have done enough to prove that it is not the *ignorant* alone who were swayed by the intimidation of the Canada Company. No one of the eight persons whom I have enumerated can by any construction of the term be called *ignorant.* And you will be pleased to observe that of these eight, five did not vote who ought to have voted for me; three who promised to vote for me were awed into voting against me. These, as they gave one vote to my opponent and subtracted one from me, count two each, making six, and as five and six when I was at school made eleven, they amount to exactly the number that would have secured my return. If, therefore, men *not ignorant* could be swayed by this intimidation, what is to be expected of the ignorant yeomen

who, influenced by those whom they believe have both the knowledge and the will to guide them aright, have voted contrary to their inclinations, their judgment and their pledges?

"There are three gentlemen in the county who are under pecuniary obligations to me, whom I might, if I were so minded, if not ruin altogether, certainly seriously embarrass. These gentlemen stand similarly circumstanced with the Canada Company. They have declined voting for me. Could words convey a higher compliment to me, or a more thorough *belief*, right or wrong, in the vindictive character of the Canada Company. They say as plainly as actions can speak, we *know* the old Tiger to be an honest, good-hearted man, to whom any mean or unjust or dishonourable action would be entirely abhorrent; we *believe* the Canada Company to be vindictive and revengeful: we may therefore disoblige the one who we feel fully assured will never injure us, which we dare not do to the other, who we fear would ruin us.

"I have trespassed much on your patience in this long letter; but I am sorry to say that the multiplied enormities of the Canada Company will compel me to inflict upon you many equally long and tedious.

"The Canada Company can have nothing to complain of me in so doing. I gave them fair warning upwards of twelve months ago. . . . At the same time, in justice to myself, I must state that long after I had written that letter I did defend them to the highest authority in this country, against *unjust* accusations, and I still shall continue to do so, as no ill-usage on their part shall ever induce me to forget that I have a solemn duty to perform to myself as an honest man and a gentleman.

"I have the honour to remain, etc."

The second letter opens with the statement that he feels how necessary it is to explain all the merits of the case, for the benefit of those who were not present throughout the proceedings.

"On the Saturday before the election, Mr. Bignall, a magistrate in the interest of the Canada Company and Chairman of the Committee of their candidate, told Mr. Hyndman, the Returning Officer, that if he (Mr. H.) did not retract his decision to exclude . . . from the hustings there would certainly be a riot at the poll. Mr. Hyndman replied that he considered this in the light of a threat. As a magistrate and a peaceable subject, it was Mr. Bignall's duty to have brought forward all who threatened a breach of the peace and had them bound over to keep it. During that day and the early part of Sunday, similar informations thickened upon the magistrates, and one of them, Mr. Lizars, arrived in town with the voters from Williams, and reported that barriers had been thrown across the roads, defended by a lawless rabble, by [some of] whom Mr. Lizars was grossly insulted, bullied and abused. . . . There is no doubt that the Canada Company will on this, as on all former occasions, do their best to screen the ruffianism. . . .

"Towards the afternoon of Sunday information came so thick upon the magistrates that three of them (Mr. Hyndman the Returning Officer, and Messrs. Lizars and Ransford), having met accidentally, they resolved that it was necessary for the preservation of the peace of the county to call in the aid of the military to support the civil power, and for that purpose an express was immediately despatched to London.

"At the time when this transaction took place I was in the town of Goderich, in my friend Mr Fisher's hotel, dining with my worthy supporters from Williams. So perfectly convinced were these magistrates of the necessity of promptly sending for military assistance that I was not called upon or consulted in this matter. When, however, I attended a called meeting of the magistrates, at seven o'clock that night, for the purpose of swearing in an additional number of special constables, I declared my opinion that the step was unnecessary. At eight o'clock Mr. Commissioner Jones and Mr. Bignall, who had been waited for, then arrived; and when Mr. Jones was informed of it he expressed the bitterest indignation at the step which had

been adopted, declaring that it was wilfully disgracing the County of Huron,—to all which Mr. Bignall *of course* assented. Having objected to the conduct of my friends, I thought it my imperative duty to enquire into their motives and their reasons for having acted as they did, and I now declare that, after a patient and impartial investigation, I am decidedly of opinion that they only did what was their imperative duty, and had they not done so they would have been responsible to God and their country for the violence and bloodshed which I have not the most distant doubt would have followed such a neglect. Had I no other reason to believe that violence was intended, I might have been convinced that there was danger, from a letter to me from Mr. Commissioner Jones, which he handed across the table to me *after* the calling in of the military had been announced to him." (Then follows the letter from Mr. Jones, from which we have already made quotations.) "I stated in reply to all this that I would be responsible with my life and everything that I possessed in the world for the quiet, orderly and peaceable behaviour of *my* supporters. . . . The twenty-nine who came from Williams I fully believed to be all free-holders, and only two of them were rejected by the Returning Officer, and these two, though they both possessed deeds, had not had them for a sufficient length of time to entitle them to vote. Of the riotous supporters of the Canada Company there were at least *three* persons who avowedly had no vote for every *one* that could be supposed to possess that qualification. For what purpose these were brought in at a great expense, and from a long distance, I leave you to surmise. I also referred it to Mr. Commissioner Jones' knowledge and judgment, if men who had shown that decent reverence that all who even do not feel it find it convenient to exhibit for the Sabbath day, were equally likely to commit a riot, with those who had openly and publicly desecrated it by their riotous conduct during the very period of the public worship of God! I did then say, and I now repeat it, that I would be answerable with my life and all I possessed for the good, peaceable and quiet behaviour of *my*

supporters. DARE the Canada Company, or the most unprincipled of their underlings, come before the public and say—shameless as they are—that they could give the same pledge!

"Among the most forward, the most prominent, and the most influential of my opponents were the Orangemen of the county. Every man of them voted against me, though I am well aware that every man of them has a personal regard for me. Their minds were poisoned by falsehoods, insidiously instilled into them by the agents of the Canada Company. I was told by one of the most respectable and influential among them that he never would have voted against me but that he heard I would make the Scotch drive the Irish out of the country. I do not blame the honest yeoman for believing this, considering the source from which he received it; but I appeal to the Province of Canada, I appeal to the British Empire, from the St. Lawrence to the Ganges, is there one educated man who could believe me to be guilty of such base infamy? It has been the policy of the Canada Company on this occasion to sow discord between the races. It never was mine. So far from it, that these very men who were induced by falsehood and calumny to oppose me, professed for me, personally, the very highest esteem, and there is not a house, or a hut, or a shanty possessed by one of them, into which I would not be as cordially received as the Commissioners of the Canada Company themselves. With these men, however, *politically* opposed to me, was it safe, not for me, but for my friends, to remain here without the protection of a military force? Let the late melancholy events at Toronto answer that question. *It* is a garrison town. *We* were upwards of sixty miles from military aid.

"The same factions which produced the deplorable results at Toronto were opposed to me here,—the Family Compact and the Orangemen. Under what circumstances the latter should have been induced to so strenuously oppose me I cannot tell. My family for three hundred years are recorded in the history of Scotland as Whigs of the Covenant—from my great, great, great-grandfather, who was imprisoned and banished for his

political and religious opinions, by James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, to my great-grandfather Alexander Dunlop, who, when an infant, was carried to Virginia by his mother to join his expatriated father. Our family had every cause to deplore and deprecate the weak and wicked reign of the latter Prince of the Stuart line; and to William of Nassau we owe the restoration of our family to their possessions, to promotion, and to honour; and the very crest that I wear, and the bordure that surrounds my arms, were bestowed upon my family by him of the glorious, pious and immortal memory. It is not to be supposed, therefore, that I can object to the principles of Orangeism,—Protestant and Presbyterian as I am. I only object to the *practice* of it in this country. I have always looked upon it here as not only an unnecessary but a positively pernicious union, seeing that the Catholics of Upper Canada have proved themselves as loyal, at least, as the Protestants; and if I wanted further reasons for that opinion I would not need to go far from my own door to find them. There has hardly ever, as far as I know, been an Orange procession in Goderich that has not been accompanied by a row. They whacked the Catholics when they could find them. In default of Catholics they whacked the Protestants; and when they could find people of no Christian sect, they whacked the Heathen —that is to say, they belaboured one another. The late melancholy occurrences at Toronto, already alluded to, must open the eyes of the most skeptical to the pernicious nature of that confederation; and will, it is to be hoped, induce the Legislature of the province to crush it by the strong arm of the law, as nothing but force can control it, or bring it into that subordination which is essential to the well-being of all civilized communities; and I shall lend my humble aid, in Parliament or out of it, to so desirable a consummation.

"The Canada Company since their defeat have disavowed that *they* have used any—the slightest—exertion for the return of their candidate. If it were not too notorious to the whole world that Captain Strachan had no other claim to represent

the county but the *will* of the Canada Company, I might enter into proof on the subject. But that the belief of every settler in the Tract was that Captain Strachan was their candidate may be proved from the banners which he carried, from the common parlance of the county, and from the notorious and undeniable fact that three voters who were brought to the hustings *polled for the Canada Company.* Had the Returning Officer done his duty he would have recorded the votes as they were given, instead of explaining to them that the illustrious corporation was not a candidate for the honour of representing the County of Huron.

"Supposing instead of Captain Strachan, my friend Mr. Henry Sherwood (whom the ungodly call Snarleyow), a gentleman of the same side of politics as Captain Strachan—a leader of the party to which he belongs and a person of acknowledged talent —had come to the County of Huron to oppose me, without any influence direct or indirect from the Canada Company, is there a man in the whole length or breadth of the province who can be found to say that he seriously believes that he could have polled ten votes? Captain Strachan, amiable and gentlemanly as he is, and I am proud to acknowledge, publicly and privately, and ever have done so, that during the contest his conduct uniformly merited this encomium, is, from his short residence in the province, and not having the same advantages as my friend Mr. Sherwood, infinitely less known than he—*a fortiori* would he have had *five* votes in the County of Huron, unsupported by the Canada Company?

"But it is not to the fair and legitimate influence of the Canada Company that I object. They have the largest stake in the county, and it is natural that they should wish to return a Member who will support their interests and fight their battles on the floor of the House of Assembly; and God knows they have need of a Member not only entirely devoted to their interests, but of the highest talent for such a difficult service.

"But I do object, and protest against the undue and foul means that have been used to gain their ends. I did think

that the Court of Directors, with one or two exceptions, knowing me as they do, would have trusted to my honour and integrity, which I have never given them cause to doubt, and not have permitted the measures which have been taken to oppose me. There is not a man at that Board—except a little Cockney of the name of Franks, whom Mr. Bosanquet, who God forgive, being a pious man, told me was his *god*-son, and who ought to have known better than to take the name of God in vain—and the Right *Honourable* Edward Ellice, of whose character it is unnecessary to speak, but would have trusted me with any affair where honour and honesty were requisite. But I do object, etc. . . .

"The Canada Company necessarily have the best legal advice in the province, yet their emissaries diligently circulated the opinion that a deed from them carried with it the same power as a patent from the Crown, viz., the power of voting the moment the deed was put into their hands. These emissaries also bewildered the ignorant settlers by confounding the distinction between *possession* of the lot and *delivery*. Many swore to their qualification in this ignorance. But that remains to be proved in my Scrutiny before the House comes on, and where I am prepared to prove that the Canada Company, whose province it ought to be to protect their settlers from sin and crime, have flagitiously used every mean trick and stratagem to plunge them into open and corrupt perjury, basely manufacturing votes to defeat the law and the people, exposing their ignorant and innocent settlers to the scorn of the one and the pains and penalties of the other, in their infamous attempt to rob the constituency of their franchise, and to leave them virtually unrepresented by thrusting upon them, by such acts, their own nominee. They have brought forward on this occasion the unfledged stripling of nineteen, side by side with the hoary ruffian of fifty, openly, knowingly and impiously, to kiss the sacred volume with a lie upon their lips.

"This contest is a struggle not between James McGill Strachan and William Dunlop, but between the Canada Company and

the people of the County of Huron; and if it shall be decided against me in the court of final resort that the Canada Company can place their nominee in Parliament by their fiat, it will be a warning to every honest Englishman, to every cautious and calculating Scotchman, to every warm-hearted and blundering though educated Irishman, to shun the Huron Tract as they would the pestilence, where their political rights will be withheld from them by a corporation and its minions, whose apparent interests are different and often opposed to theirs.

"I may be accused of opposing the interests of the Canada Company. If I opposed their *true* interests, I would be the most improper man that you could send to Parliament. Were the power placed in my hands to compel the Canada Company to do what I ordered them, I vow to my God that I would do nothing else than what for twelve years of my life which I spent in their service I never ceased to recommend them to do, by letters to them as a body, by letters to their individual Directors, and by personal conference with both, but which recommendations, as Mr. Longworth stated in Mr. Hodgins' Tavern on the London Road, on Saturday the 20th instant, in the presence of Mr. Lizars, HE, MR. LONGWORTH, WOULD NOT PERMIT."

The foregoing letter bears date 31st March, 1841. These pamphlets follow the series of letters written the year previously by Mr. Hyndman, and were followed by another series from the Doctor, entitled "Doings in the Huron," wherein answers are made to accusations which appeared against him, based on old scores.

One subject which proved an aggravating one for many years was the number and nationalities of the magistrates. In the following letter to the freeholders of Huron, beginning "My Friends and Neighbours," of May 25th, 1841, during that interregnum between the Members' reigns, Dunlop says:

"It was only yesterday that I saw by accident, in an obscure print, the name of which I never before heard, an attack upon

me. As it is an axiom in law that no man is bound to plead to nonsense, I shall say nothing on the rigmarole of this production, much less shall I disgrace myself by retorting its Billingsgate.

"The writer states, by implication, that of seventeen magistrates and nine Commissioners of the Court of Requests, there is no Irishman *because* of the predominance of the party of which he does me the honour to say I am the head. Now the fact is notorious to all the county, that of these seventeen magistrates—I was made before this county was even explored —Mr. Pryor and Mr. Brewster were made some time after, and all the remainder were made before this was created a county and on the recommendation of the Commissioners and officers of the Canada Company. If these gentlemen had thought that there was an Irishman whose education and standing in society fitted him for so responsible an office, they most undoubtedly would have recommended him, and if it can be shown that there are any Irishmen so circumstanced there is no doubt they will be so recommended yet. There are only two magistrates who have been appointed since this became a county; these are Mr. Gooding and Mr. Jones. The former was recommended by me; the latter, I presume, by himself. . . .

"As to the Commissioners of the Court of Requests, the office is so undesirable that it is often found difficult and sometimes impossible to form a court in this part of the world, and I am aware of no one who ever courted the distinguished honour of sitting in the Sixpenny Chancery." He makes one exception, and treats the aspirant's ambition rather caustically.

Concerning the magistrates, Dunlop observed that "Mr. J. C. W. Daly's name has been excluded from the list, which was a great injustice, as although born in Manchester that gentleman was an out and out Irishman."

CHAPTER XII.

THE PEOPLE *VS.* THE CANADA COMPANY.

"The highest branch is not always the safest roost."

THE people spelt themselves with an extraordinarily big P when August came, and with it a waggon lumbering along the Huron Road from Toronto lakewards; in it were Messrs. Hagarty, Fitzgerald, Gwynne, Phillpotts, Ferguson Blair, Thomas Galt, and Sechar Brough, the Commissioners appointed for the special Scrutiny and the counsel for the contending parties. Four of these names were yet to grace the Canadian Bench; one was to wear the honour of Knighthood; but they were then tall slips of fellows bent on larks as often as on business, with a wonderful trick of combining both, full of talk, bright ideas and pleasant manners. Mr. Hagarty was a clever young Irishman, with not only the ready wit and tongue, general birthright of his country, but a ready pen as well, with the power of the versifier and caricaturist. Mr. Gwynne was a friend of young Galt, second son of the great inceptor of the Company and brother of the younger John whose famous walk was still an engrossing theme at a time when themes and their variations were plenty; young Gwynne was in the succeeding ten years to stand in the same position as Dunlop now did, his own election for Huron in 1848 with the Honourable William Cayley for opponent a protested one. Fitzgerald was the son of Colonel Fitzgerald, an old-time friend of the Tiger, tall, distinguished-looking and fair, of the Rainsford type; Phillpotts, short, stout

and high-featured, was brother to the missionary of that name eaten by cannibals in the South Sea Islands; lastly, Sechar Brough, who was yet to return to Goderich as its County Judge.

In the interim between the victory of March and the enquiry of August, Captain Strachan had taken his seat in the House, and on the date of "Mercurii 16, Junii 1841, Anno 4, Victoriæ Reginæ 1841," we find recorded: "A Petition of William Dunlop, of Gairbraid, in the County of Huron, Esquire, was presented to the House by Mr. Prince, and the same was received and read, setting forth:

"That at the last election for the County of Huron, the petitioner and James McGill Strachan, of the City of Toronto, Esquire, were the only candidates for the representation of the same county, and that Henry Hyndman of the said county, Esquire, executed the office of Returning Officer at the said election.

"That a poll being demanded for each candidate, the same was granted and proceeded on from the 22nd day of March until the 27th day of the same month, when the said Returning Officer declared the majority to be in favour of the said James McGill Strachan; the number polled for the petitioner being one hundred and forty-nine, and for the said James McGill Strachan one hundred and fifty-nine, and the said James McGill Strachan was thereupon returned by the said Returning Officer as duly elected.

"That at the said election divers persons claiming to vote in respect of estates held by them under deeds of conveyance, were admitted to poll for the said James McGill Strachan and counted on the poll in his favour, who were not entitled to vote at the said election, they not having been in actual possession or in receipt of the rents and profits of the estate in respect of which they voted, by virtue of the said respective deeds of conveyance to them, for twelve calendar months next before the said election; nor the said deeds of conveyance, under which they claimed to hold the estates in respect of which they severally

voted, having been registered twelve calendar months before the holding of the said election.

"That also votes were polled and given in favour of the said James McGill Strachan by persons who had not in fact, at the time of the said election, any freehold in the lands in respect of which they voted; that also several persons voted at the said election in favour of the said James McGill Strachan who were not of the full age of twenty-one years at the time of holding the said election.

"That by the admission of persons to vote at the said election, who from the above and other various legal disabilities were incompetent to vote for any candidate at the said election, the said James McGill Strachan obtained a colourable majority of ten votes, and was therefore returned to serve in this honourable House for the said County of Huron, to the great prejudice of the petitioner, who had, upon the said election, as he submits it will appear upon a scrutiny of the poll, a majority of good and legal votes, and is therefore entitled to take his seat in this honourable House as the representative member of the said county.

"Petitioner therefore humbly prays, that the said James McGill Strachan may be declared not duly elected, and that the petitioner may be declared duly elected and may be substituted in the place of the said James McGill Strachan, to take his seat as Knight to represent the said county in the present Provincial Parliament, and that the honourable House will grant such further relief to petitioner as the merits of the case may require."

"*Ordered*,—That the said petition do lie upon the table."

One side of this warfare always maintained, and will maintain while the event is remembered, that there was "a fearful exposé," —and it must be conceded that the public prints and records of the time bear them out; the other side, and voiced by no mean authority, maintain that "they sat for a week or ten days taking evidence in Rattenbury's hotel, a modest wooden edifice, the evidence chiefly consisting of sifting the titles of the voters

for Strachan, whose brother-in-law, Mr. Mercer Jones, was the Canada Company Commissioner; enquiring whether the voters were actually owners within the then statute laws," but "no pretence that any bribery had been committed." Further, "none of the great expense incurred was unlawful, for in those days candidates could keep open house and pay all the living expense of their large committees."

Reference has been made before to a little Irishman named Michael Kelly in Mr. Jones' private service, who also acted as porter and doorkeeper in the Canada Company's offices. A survey of the Company's books was demanded, and as the Scrutiny was held at Rattenbury's and they could not be left there at night, there was a daily pilgrimage when the faithful little man, full of belief and devotion, wheeled them back and forth in the Company's wheelbarrow, the heavy load bending still more his already crippled back. This was a point not to be missed by the satirical eyes of the strangers in town and the dreaded Clique. This small Irishman might have stepped out of Lover's or Lever's covers, then being read by all, with his screwed up features, one shoulder higher than the other, and the sinister look peculiar to him interrupted by fear, disdain, outraged loyalty, and a score of contending feelings as he trotted back and forth between the Inquisition and the new Canada Company buildings, then just finished and the pride of his heart. It would be doubly hard for him, as for all, to lose now when conquest had been theirs so lately, and conquests so hardly won that men had held politics as the maxim did Love and War. On the ultimate decision depended the distribution of the county offices, and each man worked as a possible Judge, Sheriff or Clerk. The union of the two provinces had just taken place; the Huron courts, which had hitherto been held in London, were now to be held in Goderich,—that unincorporated village which was to merge into a town ten years later by special Act of Parliament without having passed the novitiate of village government; and altogether, there was a sense of new departure and fresh beginnings to add zest to a struggle already sharp

enough. Patrick Gallagher now disappeared for a short space; gossips said he was in the woods, kept there because admissions he might make would be prejudicial to his side. Another, a great character who was said to have once cheated his priest by building a stack with a large stump for its centre and selling it to his spiritual adviser as it stood, was asked if he could swear that he "had had that deed in his possession for the time required by law." "Swear?" was the reply, "I'd swear through an iron pot," an answer which, however it might attest his fidelity, did not carry weight with the Commissioners. "Is it the stack?" he said to his outraged priest; "sure if it hadn't been built that way it would have heated." But all the Irish were not so easily swayed. "Yis," says an old man now, emphasizing his words with his stick which he holds between his knees, "yis, I went to Dunlop's election, but I had no vote; I nearly got drowned all the same, so I'm not likely to forget it. A man at Port Albert, where I lived, had two horses for teaming, and me and some others went down to see the fun; we went on the ice, for the roads were impassable. The ice, too, was ready to give, so we had ropes round the horses' necks. Two of the party were Frenchmen. The horses got in and the Frenchmen ran. Andy McConnell cried out, 'Ef ye don't come back I'll drown ye annyway;' so back they came, and we hauled the horses out, and by the time we got to the mouth of the river the ice was all honeycombed and moving. I can tell you it was ticklish work; for when we got to the top of the hill and looked back, lo and behold you, the ice was all out. That was a close nip, I can tell you; and man! but it was a wild election. Oh, no, there wasn't many heads broke. Nothing to signify. I hadn't a vote, but I know which way I'd gone; for I don't believe in carrying two faces under one hat, I don't."

They came from all the country side, Protestant and Catholic; from the Goschen Line, so named by Protestants because they would not allow the others to settle upon it; and from Babylon, so called by the same because it was at first almost exclusively settled by Roman Catholics. Then there were the two Irish-

towns, one at Dennis Downey's, the other at Flannagan's Corners. Of the former a bright little Irishwoman of the black-eyed, white-capped, neat pattern which modern Canadian life has unfortunately almost obliterated, tells her tale. "In all the fifty-six years I have known the Orangemen I never heard anything but what was kind from them; and ye must just praise fools as ye find them. Nobody who had any sinse paid any attintion to such little things as an Orangeman when he was happy yelling out 'Down with the Pope.' But Doctor Chalk, God rest his soul, would and did call back 'Hang King William.' But little things like that was all naught, and everything was peaceable and comfortable. Doctor Chalk was a fine man. *He* was a gentleman."

Doctor Chalk is remembered as having had "the best address" of any man who ever sat at the Council Board of the District. He was an English apothecary who practised when there were but few doctors, and when such ministrations were needful and welcome. He is still talked of as "a splendid man, who would go any distance to help sick people." Many a ride did he take of weary miles, when the way was impassable and men with torches went before him, there and then partially clearing the way they essayed to show.

The priest, Father Schneider, was an important character apart from his constant role of peacemaker. He held a charmed life among the enemies of his religion; he had been soldier in Napoleon Bonaparte's army, a Peninsula and Waterloo man, who now bore no grudge on old quarrels, but numbered among his best friends such men as John Longworth, who had fought under Wellington. He was a tremendous man, with a plain but good face, and strode along in his soutane as if his sabre were still clattering at his side. His ability to speak in Latin, his desire to speak in English, and his long divorcement from his native mixture of French and German, ended in his being able to speak no definite or known tongue. Once between Goderich and Irishtown (Downey's) he met the Orangemen having a walk. They opened up their ranks to let him pass through,

which he did, bowing right and left as in a progress, they saluting as he passed up the aisle made for him. To have had such a position was no small testimony to a man's worth. He with the English Rector and Mr. Mackid made a friendly trio, and there is a tale of a convivial evening spent by the three when some very good stories were told. He was a constant and



FATHER SCHNEIDER.

welcome visitor at houses outside of his own flock, the Hyndman's, Longworth's and others. At Longworth's Point he and his host, with a trefoil liqueur stand and steaming brass kettle between them, glass, toddy-ladle and cut lemon, would while away many early after-dinner hours of the summer afternoon and fight their battles again in retrospect. At Waterloo the halt

was called, for peace ended at that turning point of history. Dick Lyster, who was an admirable linguist and one of the most cultured where many were cultured, said the good Father's French was a treat, but that his English made him ache; in his eagerness to master it he would persevere at any cost to his hearers. He baptized many Protestant babes as well as Catholic, and often ministered to physical ailments, for he had been a physician before priest. He died in France, but masses for his soul's rest were devoutly said in the far-away Canadian parish where he was doubly beloved.

In after years at an election, the Catholic vote turned completely to the other side. The following scene is given by an eye-witness: "There was a committee meeting at the British Hotel, when there entered the Father,—very excited, and trying to explain himself in terms where English, French and German strove for mastery. He said that Mr. Cayley, one of the candidates, had promised him land in Ashfield, and he asked loudly, '*Where* is that land you promised me?' Mr. Cayley denied having so promised; but Father Schneider contended he had, and for church purposes. He then threatened 'If you do not give me my land, my people shall not vote for you; they shall vote against you.' Mr. Cayley was not a man to be brow-beaten, so he rang the bell, saying to the waiter, 'Show this gentleman the door.' And they did so vote; all but our two friends, Roddy Slattery and Michael Kelly. At all polling places appeared a small hand bill or placard—'It is a mistake for my people to imagine that I wish them to vote for the Honourable William Cayley. I desire them to vote for the Honourable Malcolm Cameron. P. Schneider, P.P.' So far politics in Huron had been Tory *vs.* Tory, division being taken wholly apart from pure politics. There had been no room for a real Reformer. Kelly and Slattery were now on the horns of a dilemma. Mr. Jones and the Canada Company were for Mr. Cayley, and they could not bring themselves to oppose either priest or chief. In the end the latter influence gained, and the Tory votes were polled."

The tactics were still much the same as in 1841, for one vote which Mr. Cayley's opponent won was given in the belief that he (Cayley) was a Russian, "and how could I vote for a Russian and a good Britisher in the field!" The Book of Books was a factor for victory, too, as Bibles were distributed among the Orangemen; but Mr. Dickson, the opposing candidate, defeated him. At the close, in his speech, Dickson said "that although always ready to accept the Gospel, they had in this case rejected the missionary." Mr. Gibbons, afterwards Sheriff, had once been pretty roughly used by the Black Hawks, and the feeling being hot over the educational grants at the time of Mr. Cayley's venture with Mr. Gwynne, our former friend of the Scrutiny, for opponent, Mr. Gibbons' vote was influenced against the latter, "a nominal Reformer," by the fact of the Orangemen supporting him. In after years when Mr. Gwynne visited the county town as Judge of Assize, and the new made Sheriff assisted him, the former could not resist the opportunity to twit Mr. Gibbons on his occasional lapse from political virtue.

Mr. Whitely, the foreman of the Canada Company carpenter work, was given the carriage of the mails from Galt, wheels being used when possible, but in spring and autumn the roads necessitated the saddle. A boy, Benjamin Rumball, engaged by Whitely, rode along merrily towards Irishtown one Twelfth of July, whistling, and forgetting as he whistled that his hat carried the orange and purple ribbon. Dennis Downey and his men were working on the road, and one of them jerked the astonished boy off his horse, which was turned loose, and sent him and his mail-bag on foot whence he came. It is said of John Longworth, J.P., when he sat in the chair of Justice, if an Irishman or an Orangeman were on one side, the other had little chance, be he plaintiff or defendant with good cause. In this quarrel the sympathy seems to have gone the other way. The magistrate drove down to Downey, who demanded the name of the insultor (who had meantime in his boyish fright taken to the woods), and apologized, thinking that an end of the matter.

"But," said Mr. Longworth, "what are you going to do about it? You have committed a criminal offence in stopping Her Majesty's mails. Whitely does not want to hurt you, but this kind of thing cannot be allowed." So virtue was contented with a fine of ten dollars, Downey supplying the money and Gribbin giving his cow as security.

"Fights, is it? Oh, they didn't amount to much; just a bit of a squabble at nights. If I'd had a vote I'd have polled it for Strachan. I was stopping at Caberfae's at the Gyard House, where some twelve of the First Royals were stopping. I am an Orangeman, indeed I am; and what's more, a Black Knight of Ireland. In Judge Acland's time there was a warrant out for seventeen of us, because it wasn't lagal for us to have walked in the town. There was Moderwell, Ross Robertson, Bob Ellis, and some others who tried to stop us; but we wouldn't be stopped, so they took our seventeen names. Holmes, the County Master of the Orange Society, gave us orders not to go into any public house, but just march round the Square. Then on the eleventh of July we were all supaynaed to stand our trial; so we marched into Goderich, lots more of us besides seventeen, with our drums and colours, as far as Ellis's on the Square. Ellis was a constable, but he wouldn't take charge of us: so then we marched on to the gaol, and we stood there, but they wouldn't open the door. Then, when we turned away a few rods off, the Sheriff opened a window and read the Proclamation. Then he ordered them he had warrants for to go into the court room, and them he hadn't warrants for, too: so we turned, a full hundred of us, and went to the court room. We went upstairs in a body, with drum and fife and flag: we furled the flag, and set it on one side; and then Harry Read, crier, called our seventeen names over. There were several magistrates, John Holmes, John Longworth and others, lots of spectators, and among them the young women who had walked in from the country side with the Orangemen. After all they hadn't magistrates enough, so they swore some in. Then Longworth moved that him and Holmes

would go security for the whole of us till the Assizes. Then we were dismissed and went home. Well, we hired Gwynne to plade our cause; but he only got as far as London and tuk sick there. Then the trial was adjourned again until the next Assize, and we got Four-eye Stewart and he pladed us out of court and brought us out free."

A contemporary traveller and historian gives the following story about this time, to the Roman Catholic prelates at Cork, in Ireland: "I had fortified myself with an abundance of documentary evidence to show the state of the Irish emigrant settlers in Canada. From Valcartier to Sandwich I showed to the Venerable Prelates that wherever Irishmen settled down—there were exceptions of course in every case—they had provided themselves with a peaceful, comfortable home, and by their conduct had not only benefited themselves and their posterity, but were materially adding to the strength and wealth of the country, in whose defence, indeed, in the hour of danger, they had proved their loyalty by taking up arms and rushing as one man to the point where invasion or rebellion threatened." So while in the Mother Country

> "Tories marred what Whigs had scarce begun,
> And Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had done,"

heaven and earth were being jumbled together for political purposes, things holy to one ridiculed and outraged by the other, and strife instead of peace the outcome of so-called religion; the Faiths, instead of kneeling side by side, were vis-à-vis and armed to the teeth.

Another observer about this time says, "Whilst I am writing, the Hibernian Society passes by. There are four banners, first St. Patrick, second the Queen, third Father Matthew, fourth the glorious Union Jack. It is the 17th of March, and the band plays God Save the Queen."

But the "fateful document" upon the table of the Legislature continued to do its work.

Subsequently we find a Select Committee appointed in the House to enquire into the merits of the petition.

"The Sergeant-at-Arms was directed by Mr. Speaker to go with the Mace to the places adjacent and require the attendance of the Members on the business of the House.

"And he went accordingly.

"And being returned, the House was called, and more than thirty Members being present,

"Mr. Speaker called upon the petitioner, his counsel or agent, to appear at the Bar.

"Luke [Sechar] Brough, Esquire, appeared at the Bar as counsel for the petitioner.

"Mr. Speaker called upon the sitting Member, his counsel or agent, to appear at the Bar.

"Mr. Strachan, sitting Member for the said County of Huron, appeared at the Bar in his own behalf.

"Mr. Luke Brough, counsel for the petitioner, presented a list of witnesses in the case of William Dunlop, which was read by the clerk as follows," etc.

This list contains one hundred and seven names, with many papers and records, the names comprising those of T. M. Jones, Frederick Widder, Donald McDonald of Toronto, W. Bennett Rich, and Charles Widder; Alexander McDonald, Stratford; Henry Hyndman, Returning Officer; Thomas Galt; Edward Griffin, agent for the Baron de Tuyle; Mrs. Catherine Papst, wife of Richard Papst, inn-keeper, Goderich; William Hicks, inn-keeper, and Mary Hicks his wife; John Clark, of the Lakeshore; William and James Cleine, of South Easthope; J. C. W. Daly, Stratford; Ben Parsons, jr.; John Galt, Registrar of the County of Huron; Morgan J. Hamilton; the Cantelons, Elliotts, Duggans, of Goderich; with others from Usborne, Biddulph, North and South Easthope. Strachan handed in a list of one hundred and eighty-two names, in which these were nearly all duplicated; while added to them are A. D. Naftel, D. Lizars, John Longworth, Baron de Tuyle, Frasers and Frazers, Lefroy, Cull, Murdoch Gordon, Honourable W. H.

Draper, George Boomer of Toronto, the Rattenburys; Lieutenant Marriott, R.A., London, and Lieutenant Mein, First Royals, England, the two last-named there in response to John Galt's petition for military aid.

"The Sergeant-at-Arms then locked the doors," and the business of the Committee went on with the usual formality and red tape. It was ordered that the Committee appointed to try the petition "do meet in a committee room in this House to-morrow at eleven o'clock a.m.," and then John H. Hagarty, one of the commissioners for taking evidence in the matter, was appointed chairman.

The affair was ended by the Select Committee resolving "That the petitioner, William Dunlop, Esquire, having the majority of legal votes on the poll-book at the last election for the County of Huron, was duly elected.

"*Resolved*,—That the opposition to the petition of the said petitioner was not frivolous or vexatious."

The scene of the trial had been changed from Isaac Rattenbury's to an inn on the London Road, and from there special messengers took the news to Goderich and Kingston.

The returns were "amended by erasing the name of Mr. Strachan and inserting the name of Doctor Dunlop, after which Doctor Dunlop took his seat in the House."

"And the Tiger's red whiskers grew redder for joy."

Captain Strachan had enjoyed his hardly won honour of representing Huron in the House of Assembly for fourteen days.

The *Colonist* of September 8th, 1841, says:

"When the news reached Goderich of Doctor Dunlop having taken his seat in Parliament, it spread like wild-fire. A correspondent informs us that a voluntary meeting of the inhabitants took place at dusk in the Steamboat Hotel, Goderich, to congratulate each other on this important victory of the people over power and corruption. 'Never,' says our correspondent, 'have I witnessed so instantaneous, so enthusiastic

an assemblage—one mind, one heart—but a thousand voices seemed to pour forth the bursts of honest rejoicing.' The mirth grew fast and furious till a decent hour, when they separated as became the friends of order and decorum. 'Not so our dastardly opponents; a party of them congregated in the Orange Lodge house, from whence a gang of miscreants, headed by a turbulent fellow, . . . sallied forth and waited in ambush, till they pounced upon a slender, defenceless creature, . . . whom they knocked down and beat senseless with clubs. He was carried to the nearest tavern, where he still lies in a dangerous condition. The affair is undergoing investigation, with every hope of bringing the ruffians to justice, which, however, will be attended with great difficulty, as the greater number of them were disguised. A dinner in honour of the Doctor's return to Parliament was to have taken place at the Goderich hotel yesterday, numerously attended from all parts of the country.' Our correspondent promises to furnish us with an account of the proceedings, and concludes by expressing the hope that the Legislature will make the attempt to put down these disgraceful Orange confederacies."

Another dinner was given as a compliment to Mr. Sechar Brough, the successful counsel to whom the Doctor owed much, despite the acknowledged righteousness of his case. Mr. Hyndman was in the chair. Michael Kelly and the books, his dog-trot and his wheelbarrow, had made food for much fun; and now when some speaker referred to something as "the cart before the horse," another rose to a point of order, gravely correcting the first as to the vehicle being "not a cart but a wheelbarrow." Applause and roars of laughter followed such sallies, and Mr. Brough's quizzical Irish face, full of fun and appreciation, was convulsed with merriment. Another clever and satirical guest observed all, with a power of expressing impressions in prose, verse and speech, and soon election songs began to be sung at supper tables instead of the accustomed ones, and squibs and lampoons attested to several clever pens. The following, by far the best, came anonymously,

but the author could not hide himself, so well was the pen known:

> "*Let Sporus tremble. What! that thing of silk,*
> *Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?*
> *Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?*
> *Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?*"

> "A flourish now of penny whistles,
> Old Tiger, smooth your angry bristles;
> Wave, flags and banners; beat, ye drums,
> The Huron's charming member comes.
> See him, electors—there he stands,
> A masterpiece from Nature's hands.
> Behold his thousand natural graces,
> His opera-step, his sweet grimaces;
> Be sure in Parliament . . .
> 'Twas but to charm ye he left the Army.
> 'Tis true that others hint queer stories
> Of why he left his martial glories,
> But they're just like the lies they dish up
> About his sainted sire, the Bishup.
> Great head, than wig-block thicker, stronger,
> Were but those ears a little longer,
> Thy matchless fitness all surpasses
> To rule a Commonwealth of Asses.
> Gods, how your champion will jump onto
> Poor shivering Syd'n'am in Toronto;
> . . . hear him saying,
> When Strachan is on his hind legs, braying,
> 'Go home, Old Boy, thy brain is addled,
> For Huron's member now is saddled.'"

Mr. Morgan, who was also credited with having a hand in the "Sale of Horses," contributed "Hurrah for the Bonnets so Blue."

> "The election is over, we've seated our man,
> Our hearts are full of delight,
> For Hyndman and Steward and resolute Dan
> Have made a most glorious fight.

Their opponents were mighty and strong,
Determined to carry the day ;
The nominee also, the great Captain Strachan,
A Lothario gallant and gay.

Then hurrah for old Britain's True Blues, . . .
We still will support our Canada's cause,
Hurrah for Old Britain's True Blues.

Old Scotia's sons now may the laurel entwine
With the olive's more sociable branch,
While they drain to the dregs a chalice of wine
Which friendship alone can enhance ;
And Erin's and Britain's proud sons
Unanimous yet may be found,
And prove that one heart and one hand still belong
To all those who tread Canada's ground.—*Chorus.*

May we live with each other in this our new home,
And our axes resound to the stroke ;
May we still be found loyal, though distant we roam,
And cling to our long cherished oak ;
May the shamrock, too, grace our green sod,
And Erin's sons smile at its birth,
While securely we sleep in our houses of log
And be always surrounded with mirth."—*Chorus.*

Mr. Morgan's sentiments did not always scan, but they did credit to his heart. His pious wishes for peace between Erin's and Britain's sons did not become fulfilled in his own case; for a prominent "Tip" paid him a visit, when the strength of the assault warranted Mr. Morgan in taking down a broadsword, with which he cut his visitor's leg. His wish was not to wound him in a dangerous place, but, as a Biddulph man said, "give him a dacent bating and not kill the man right out." Such humane precautions were not without great merit and value in times when on the Twelfth a female—and from over the Colborne way, too,—sat down on the bank in West Street, calmly took off her stocking, put in a big stone and hit a man squarely in the face with it, all by way of celebration, for there was no uncommon invitation to provoke it.

Another song, sung to the air of "Judy Gallagher," followed from the pen of Mr. Morgan, celebrating Mr. Gallagher's recent temporary absence in the bush.

"Mrs. Gallagher said one night,
As she was going to bed, sir,
Tho' you are my joy and delight,
I am certainly living in dread, sir.
Then only say you will not tarry here,
Don't say nay, charming Patrick Gallaghere!

Now only remember that night
The Commissioners came here, sir,
Were not we in a terrible fright,
Didn't *I* shed many a tear, sir!

And was not I left alone
For many a weary day, sir,
While you, my duck, O' hone,
Through the bush were forced to stray, sir.

And will you get a place
Or pocket any cash, sir?
Just think of your own disgrace,
And of this terrible smash, sir.

And the jail, too; do you think
That you will ever be jailer?
Just think of the Colborne Clique—
Now, isn't that a nailer!"

Mr. Gallagher had been an applicant for the post of gaoler, and under the new aspect of impending rule his chance was small indeed. He is then supposed to answer:

"Mr. Gallagher made reply,—
Do you think me such a fool now;
Just wait till I have a try
To get up a tuppenny school, now.
Then if I fail I'll not tarry here,
But I'll turn my back on the jail,
My own Mrs. Gallagher dear."

The school became a fact, kept in East Street, near the Square, in the historical building which served so many schoolmasters, the Lizars' house of refuge on landing, and which accommodated divines Catholic, Episcopalian and Presbyterian.

Mr. Henry Ransford was chairman of the dinner given to celebrate the end of the Scrutiny; and in his remarks proposing the health of Doctor Dunlop, who was in Kingston, he was very severe upon the Company generally. This dinner was given at Judge Read's inn on the bank, and the groups of spectators in "the gallery" numbered several small boys whose memories now carry forward the scene and the speeches given. Mr. Ransford, too, contributed a song, sung to the air, "Drops of Brandy." It is rather difficult to reconcile the severity of his appearance, described as handsome, imposing, condemnatory, and speech caustic, satirical or forcible, with the jovial tone of his muse.

"Come, gentlemen, listen to me,
I'll sing you a neat little ditty,
I trust you will all believe me,
It happened in this famous city.
An election had set the folks wild,
Such running and shouting and bawling,
All people, to the smallest child,
Were canvassing, squabbling and squalling.
Rumpty-tiddy, etc.

A lawyer one set did propose,
The others they fought for a doctor,
The latter they well did oppose
'Gainst Commissioner, Sapper, and Proctor.
The Lawyer he did get the seat,
And in Parliament looked very big, sir,
But he hadn't been there scarce a week,
Before we had powdered his wig, sir.

They found scarce a vote he had got
Would stand the slightest inspection,
And perjury, lies, and what not,
Had passed at this famous election.

So the Doctor a petition he penned,
And then got it quickly presented
By a great 'Prince' who there was his friend,
Who such trickery greatly resented.

Commissioners three then were sent,
(Not to sow, nor to reap, nor to harrow,)
But the Company's books they were bent
Should be sent to them in a wheel-barrow.
A wry face *one* Commissioner made
When he found they were bent on inspection,
And said, 'May the de'il take the blade
That first set on this —— —— election!'

Oh, then, what a pretty display
Of the manner the Lawyer succeeded,
The great man was all in dismay
And the lies that he heard scarcely heeded.
Yet old Bull Dog continued to bark
In spite of all proof and detection;
He would swear that daylight was dark
Before he would lose this election.

Let's take a glass all of us round,
The Doctor is now in his seat, sir;
We'll deafen all ears with the sound,
'The True Blues can never be beat, sir.'
In honesty, frolic, and fun,
The Hurons will ever abound, sirs,
So now that my song's nearly done,
Join in the chorus all round, sirs.
Rumpty-tiddy, etc."

Captain Strachan, who was a barrister practising in Toronto, is alluded to throughout this effusion as a lawyer. In after years Mr. Ransford himself became a Commissioner of the Canada Company: but by that time the "pernicious manner in which the influence of the Company had been exerted as regards the settlers in Huron had long been a thing of the past." The best institutions are open to abuse; the besetting sin of even the best is a desire for power. By the time Henry Ransford was one of those in power the adage that "it is the part of a good shepherd to shear, not to flay, his sheep," had been recognized.

Now came the distribution of county offices. Some were given to outsiders, but the faithful came into the largest share. The judgeship was given to Mr. Arthur Acland, an Englishman of the convivial type; he too, like the Tiger, had a liquor case, made much after the manner of that of the Twelve Apostles, but only containing six bottles. It went with him on circuit, and if it could speak could tell the history of the Bar in early days. Circuit meant travelling at stated times, be the roads as they might, and provision for a belated state was but common prud-



JUDGE ACLAND.

ence. Mr. Acland had been a student in William Draper's (afterwards Chief Justice) office, and he and the Tiger had been very fast friends; the latter is responsible for the name "Sweet Willie" by which Mr. Draper was widely known. The varied life and exciting experiences of their respective young days made a strong bond of sympathy, and in Dunlop's Toronto life were often exchanged and dwelt upon as things belonging to a past removed and very different from their Canadian present. Judge Acland was a welcome addition to Goderich

society, having come at the time of the second influx which introduced such names as the Delahookes, Weston, Hayward, the Otters, and many others. Up to this period "everybody knew about everyone," in a kindly, social way, when not disrupted by political matters, which again, strangely enough, had largely mixed with trifling social causes. But it had been a time of common needs, when a friend invited to dinner or to spend the evening might be asked to bring a chair, plate or glass, with him; for all homes were not garnished like Lunderston and some half dozen others similar in appointments. Under the new régime, simplicity of manners gave way to formal invitations and what are still remembered as "invidious distinctions." The entertainments given were pretentious. People still dined and wined, after a different fashion, but with no less degree of effect upon digestion and temper, proving that "the liver, though a noble, is an imaginative organ."

"Resolute Dan" now enjoyed the reward of his summer labours for Dunlop, and became Clerk of the Peace; Mr. Hyndman was made Sheriff, but only to remain so a short time as his death followed in 1844. With accession of power came occasional divisions among the Colbornites, and the Doctor became among them, as at other times, a kind of free lance. Rector Campbell had been for a time Chairman and Master of the Grammar School, but his Church government determined that no clergyman having aid from the Church Society should engage in outside work. He resigned, and the Presbyterian clergyman, Mr. McKenzie, succeeded him. He in turn resigned, and his nephew, young John Haldane, became a candidate for the post. But the Colbornites had in view a friend of their own; for John Haldane, though Scotch enough to satisfy the most exacting, had been not only not of the Clique but had been Secretary to the Commissioner, and scrutineer for Strachan at the election; so, under the rose, they wrote against him, for he was a personal friend of Dunlop, and had that Member's interest to forward him. Dunlop demanded a sight of the correspondence, for he felt that his position of

patron had been tampered with. He thus writes Mr. Haldane, January 11th, 1845, Montreal having become the seat of Government.

"HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, MONTREAL.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I to-day received your papers, but being tied by the foot on Committees it was two days before I could go to the Public Offices (which are a mile from the House), which I accomplished yesterday, and I am promised the warrant on Monday, when I shall remit the money—if possible in an order on Stout Mac. If not, in the most portable form. I shall then write you at length my sayings and doings here, in regard to Huron, which have resulted in a pledge from the Governor to do away now and forever with the back-stairs influence which has been so long counterworking me there. I have obtained (by main force, however,) a view of the correspondence, and an offer of copies of them if I required them. Hyndman—the organ of these veracious epistles, and who strengthens his claims to credence by stating that he is supported by gentlemen of great influence in the District and holding high official situations, he himself being the highest officer under the Crown, of Huron,—being dead, I declined the offer on my own account, but stated that there being others as reputable as myself, or more so, who were implicated in the calumnious slanders which had found their way through the back-door into the Secretary's office and on which, and on the faith of which action had been taken, I reserved for them the right of demanding them if they should see fit. It would appear that Hyndman, backed by his 'friends of great influence and high official station,' had been in close communication with the Secretary's office up to May last, when my letters to Daly rather cracked their credit in that quarter. I could not help agreeing with Daly, who, as he turned over the voluminous file, exclaimed, 'what a —— busy-body that fellow must have been.'

"With best regards to Mrs. H. and all your people,

"I remain, my dear John,

"Yours truly,

"W. DUNLOP."

On the 6th of the same month of January a letter from Government House signed "Higginson," says, "In reference to the Grammar School and Shrievalty questions, the Governor-General directs me to say that he regrets to learn that you consider yourself to have been treated uncourteously by any Department in the public service. His Excellency is fully sensible of the strenuous support which you render to Her Majesty's Government, and it is his desire that on all occasions your opinion should be received with the greatest respect and attention." To which Dunlop answered:

"My Dear Sir,—I beg you will have the goodness to convey to His Excellency the Governor-General my grateful thanks for the letter he has been so kind as to instruct you to write to me of the 6th inst. I have supported and shall continue to support His Excellency's present administration for the same reason that I opposed his last, because I conscientiously believe that in so doing I am consulting the best interests of my county, irrespective of any personal advantage or disadvantage that might accrue to myself or my friends, as I explained some time ago in a letter to Mr. Draper. I should have continued to do so, even had His Excellency not seen fit to have instructed the authorities to give me satisfaction they formerly refused. Had I alone been implicated in the proceedings which caused this correspondence I never should have troubled the Governor-General about the matter; but it is my duty to protect the rights of others, and it must be evident that my power of supporting the Government to the fullest extent must in great measure depend on the demonstration of the confidence which that Government reposes in me."

He promises, in his letter to Mr. Haldane enclosing all this, another in which shall be a "trifle of all my yarns to other officials, but this is enough for the present." The poor Sheriff had been dead for one year when his name was thus used to conjure a hearing at the seat of Government; "he had been the mouthpiece and appears on this occasion to have been the scapegoat." In regard to the money promised to be sent, it

may be mentioned here that the commerce of money orders did not obtain in Canada till 1855.

The Mr. Daly mentioned was the famous Dominic Daly, the political Vicar of Bray, the very antipodes of Dunlop, who sang but one song be the Outs in or the Ins out. And John Haldane was established in his school.

On one occasion the Board at Goderich met in great dudgeon because they could get no answer from the Government to several letters sent. While the Secretary was writing for the Board, the Doctor asked Mr. Haldane to write to his dictation, to Mr. Stayner, the Postmaster-General, "It was a pity they did not appoint officers of business habits like him and therefore avoid irregularities." In a postscript was added, "If this letter, like its predecessors, should also miscarry, kindly write back and let me know." An answer, with every apology, was the quick result.

The Haldanes, father and sons, were favourites with the Tiger. He writes again after Mr. John Haldane is teaching, and has among his scholars the two lads from Gairbraid: "My dear John,—Rascals were detained threshing and cleaning grain. What has become of your father? I wanted to do something for him and Bernard, but it appears they do not want it."

Old files of newspapers bear testimony to the Doctor having taken his wit, his eccentricity and his honesty with him to the seat of Government. The House was always full when it was known he was going to speak. And it was about this time that another Scotchman, named Macara, whose ultimate destination was to be Goderich-by-the-Lake, wandered into the House of Parliament, although he had on coming determined to give up politics, thinking the amount of talent to be found among the members likely to be small. To his surprise, on entering, a person of commanding physique, powerful address, deep voice and choice language, was speaking in a way which would have done credit to the House of Commons. But Dunlop did not care to spend much time there, for

"Sweet was the blink o' his ain fireside."

In one caustic speech he said that those who lived in Kingston and had fat berths there might not care about spending time; but he and many others had come from afar and had business at home requiring attention, "and therefore he wished to hasten the work." In that September of 1841 he was in particularly high feather. In a postscript to his letter to Physicians and Surgeons upon the Medical Bill entrusted to his care, he says, "Editors who are anxious to have good advice when sick will have the goodness to insert the following." He made many speeches on the tariff, and seemed especially anxious over the whiskey question, its points and its taxation. Steamboats engrossed much attention. They formed a great part of the property of the province, but paid no revenue to Government, not "even the common tavern license, that every log shanty selling whiskey did."

His fellow Member, Mr. McLean, asked, "How would you like a tax on bachelors?"

"Admirably," cried the Doctor; "*luxury* is always a legitimate object of taxation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer seemed to think he had enough, but in cutting our coat according to our cloth it was always well to have a little selvidge for overlapping and cabbage. However, if it was not necessary to tax them now they might accord to the steamboat proprietors that grace which Polyphemus accorded Ulysses, that they should be the last to be drowned." Silks and satins he was always in favour of taxing heavily.

Talking, this same day, September 1st, 1841, of certain proposed improvements, he "was glad to hear the Secretary's declaration that the loan was guaranteed by the Queen. It had been the impression of many persons that a trap had been laid for us and that we had fallen into it. There was no tax on whiskey; there was, indeed, a tax on stills; but a tax on whiskey, which would not add a farthing to the glass of the consumer, would raise a large income. He believed the tax on stills was called the Archdeacon's Cheap Whiskey Bill. He denied that inferior grain was always used in distilleries. In

his place as fine wheat as ever grew was used for that purpose. He thought the attention of the House should be directed to the timber duties. His hon. friend from the frontier (Mr. Thorburn) had a fondness for dealing in cheese-paring and candle-ends, but he did not seem to like figures,—perhaps he thought to increase the revenue by taking off the duty—(laughter)." In Montreal one night a Bill was brought in for the taxing of whiskey and dogs. The Doctor gravely asked if any Member present could inform him how many quarts of whiskey were made from a bushel of rye, Indian corn, or wheat. He got an answer, "About sixteen quarts." "I believe," he rejoined, "the hon. gentleman is right; but heaven defend me from your sixteen quart whiskey. I like a stiff horn! I have read of the beast of two horns and of the beast of ten horns, but I am a beast of many horns." This convulsed the House, the admission, or boast, being at that time but too true.

In passing through Toronto to his Parliamentary duties, on one occasion he as usual lodged at Sword's Hotel, the forerunner of the present Queen's, where his genial face still looks out from a deep gilded frame upon the descendants of those who lodged there then. About breakfast time the Doctor, in an exceedingly unkempt state, came down—hair on end, slippers and trousers and no coat telling their own tale. He called for a seidlitz, two glasses and a jug of water. A Yankee traveller sat watching his preparations and the taking of the draught. "Squire," said he, "I wouldn't mind taking one of them there mixtures myself." "All right," said the Doctor, not too confused to lose such an opportunity. He gravely handed the man first the blue powder tumbler and then the white. The Yankee nearly expired. The Doctor, instead of being sorry, expressed himself as angry at the "vulgar impertinence" of the man, and would not have stopped short at a practical joke which would have killed him.

We have already seen what Doctor Dunlop's defence of the Canada Company was in 1837, and also his opinion of the

manner in which the Canadian officials carried out the wishes of the Company in his "Canada Company *versus* The People." As a context to both, or as a later revelation, we have him in 1844 answering "What was the Canada Company," as follows:

"A wealthy monied corporation, that had got an immense advantage. He would not apply to them what Lord Sydenham said, that they were a parcel of rapacious land jobbers. No, he would not say that; but it was the opinion of a man who had some acquaintance with them. They said that the wild lands were just dead stock on their hands; that might be a very pretty story, when they don't examine into it. They bought it at a fair estimate at about 1s. 3d. an acre! The whole of the Crown and Clergy Reserves were sold to the Company under Lord Bathurst. There is an agreement on the records of Upper and Lower Canada that they were to get 700,000 acres of the Reserves at 3s. 6d. an acre. There was some difference, the Ministry got frightened, and Lord Bathurst sent for the late Mr. Galt and said to him, 'We cannot stand to our bargain;' but Mr. Galt told him 'You must.' 'Well,' said my Lord, 'we will give you an equivalent; we will give you 1,000,000 acres instead of 700,000.' Then they got 100,000 more. That was what might be called a good bargain. 1,100,000 acres instead of 700,000, and they got the whole of it for 1s. 3d. an acre, instead of 3s. 6d.

"Mr. Boulton rose to order. He was sure that the hon. gent. was giving some information which the House had never heard before; that he could not see any necessity for letting the House know of the bad bargains of the Government.

"Doctor Dunlop would stop at once if the House were tired of hearing him—(Hear, hear; Go on.)

"That was not all, however; the Company got sixteen years to pay it (Hear, hear) without interest; and yet this was the very bad bargain on which they had no profit.

"*Mr. Anglin:* What do they sell it for now?

"He was coming to that if they would only let him go on. The very lowest is 12s. 6d. an acre, and the town lots for a

quarter of an acre £50, and for a corner one £75. That was £300 an acre for what they had got for 1s. 3d. This was what they were told was so much dead stock. When he first explored the Huron Tract he would not have taken the stand of Goderich, which is now selling for £50 or £75 a lot, and in the more settled parts of the town as much as £300 and £400, he would not then have taken it for a military grant as a free gift. What was it that raised the value of the land since that period? The work of the men who came into it; nothing else in the world."—*British Colonist*, November, 1844.

In these later years Goderich ceased to be his chief living place, although it still was his home, with Lou, his faithful friend, confidential adviser and viceroy, there. Even with her personal supervision, and eye and hand shrewder and more capable than his own, matters were not in the flourishing condition they had been in in the old days. The Captain had gone "with that grim guest who loveth the silent best," and experience was now teaching the good Tiger that "the table robbed more than the thief." However, at Kingston, at Montreal, at Lachine, the "Twelve Apostles" and Colonel Prince, and many of his old friends, were with him. He was now offered the Superintendency of the Lachine Canal, through which ships had been passing since 1825. In answer to Mr. William Draper's question as to the acceptance of the office, "Can a duck swim," was the reply. It was said the office was a sinecure, created for him, simply to get rid of him from a House where he would ask penetrating and unexpected questions, and where his honesty and power of probing were inconvenient. His merciless ridicule was not to be borne. He had used his pen as formerly he did his sabre. Now his tongue was worse than either.

And so the second of these wonderful brothers goes from the Gairbraid house, and death is to claim him before he makes his return journey there.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SOCIAL POT POURRI.

"Since you cannot tell to whom will fall the task of writing your obituary, make it a rule to offend no man."

In speaking of the rage for private history in his time, Scott says: "It may well be permitted to alarm any one who has engaged in a certain degree the attention of the public."

"WHAT was it made the Long-ago?" queries the poet.

There is in every generation a certain amount of mental waywardness which discontents people, particularly the young, with every-day life and makes the ideal confounded with the real. In Sheridan's time it was called Romance, a disease to be followed by a worse one, the Byronic phantasy. Sheridan and Byron were both gone when Canada Company literature fell among the people who made the social pot pourri of Goderich and its environs; but romance endured, and found there a fertile ground. The book chests, lumbering over what was scarce more than a bridle-path, or soaked in the over-topping lake waves as the chartered schooner perched upon the "bar," had in them volumes rivalling in romance, excelling in impossibility, and far less healthy in tone than such Canada Company literature, of which "The Castle of Otranto," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "The Scottish Chiefs," "The Children of the Abbey," and "The Romance of the Pyrenees," "Emmeline," and "Celestine," were the chief. The measles was not more catching than were these books when epidemic. Purple sunsets and castles built on crags; secret staircases and bloody fingermarks; heroes whose plumed helmets, swords and

banners were gloomy or magnificent as the mystery required, yet always gigantic: damsels and dungeons, ghouls and lovers, formed the literary food of the newly-arrived maidens in poke bonnets, whose cheeks were shadowed by bunch curls, and of the matrons in stiff black satin and brocade, who held the latter up daintily to fry the pink trout provided by their red-shirted lords. An illustration of this class is found in the life of the Evans family. They were among the first arrivals up the river bank a few miles from Goderich, choosing a spot where, as Mrs. Jameson says, Nature was in her first innocence and beauty, fresh from the hand of her Master, unsighed on and unsullied by humanity. The log house was so close upon the bank that ingress and egress had to be given by the door looking toward the forest and future roadway. The kitchen was the first of the three large rooms, with big open fireplace, crane, Dutch oven and ingle-nook of old times. Divided by a screen, one part served the purpose of dining-room. Next came the drawing-room, furnished with skins of beasts—lamb, wolf, bear, calf and coon—rugs for the floor, or stretched upon seats made by the boys. From this opened the one large bedroom, where mother and daughters slept. Upstairs the loft was divided into the men's sleeping apartment and a store-room. The whole house was thickly overgrown with grapevine, the French window of the drawing-room heavily framed with it. That window opened upon the bank, the river some seventy feet below, with wooded islands; and the wild roses whose succession of blooms made the whole summer beautiful, freshly picked, were all about within the room so primitively furnished, yet which was decorated with miniatures and portraits that told of the life left behind. From openings made in the woods the view gradually disclosed itself, beautiful as any point on the far-famed lower Niagara, with the difference that the Minnesetung had hillsides instead of gorge, the stream winding toward the house through the heavily timbered valley, and after rounding the nearest curve made a line of silver so tangled that, where the openings allowed, it could be

seen across country for some ten miles; effects beautiful beyond words. A plantation of wild plum made a summer snowdrift in the blooming season, a place which was the objective point of many a picnic. Each member of the Evans family was indefatigable in device, ingenuity and industry, but never for a moment forgot the obligations of family and caste. Mrs. Evans in her own little kingdom kept up a kind of royal state, of which the only outward signs, past her own stately manners, were black satin gowns and Indian muslin turbans. With gown tucked back and mittened fingers, she manipulated the long-handled frying-pan in the big fireplace, where she fried many a dish of crisp, delicately browned, pink-fleshed trout taken from the stream below the door; at all times she disposed of her irregularly supplied larder in a manner more befitting a princess than the wife of a backwoodsman. Her eyes took their compensation from the portraits on the walls, and her life was a mixture of the memories called up by the sight of these pictures, a romantic edition of the Swiss Family Robinson edited on the spot, and real and not-to-be-mistaken Canadian hardship. Mr. Evans' miniature shows a pair of very large and beautiful brown eyes with arched, long eyebrows, clear complexion, a sensitive mouth with full lips, and a small pointed chin. He is said to have died of emigrant heart-ache, not incredible with such a face. His grandson, Mr. Charles White-Williams, whose place, "Duckworth," is named after Admiral Duckworth, under whom his paternal grandfather served in 1794 on the great First of June, has many interesting souvenirs of each side of his family still in his possession. The family pictures and heraldic records, added to the life and death of these people who buried themselves in the wilds in the thirties, make chapter headings to the story common to many of their time and class. Gentle blood and ermined coats-of-arms could be of little practical use in the bush, be the latter never so beautiful.

Mrs. Evans and her daughters were most particular in the matter of the dance. A story is told of how once, when gloves

were indispensable and not to be obtained, coarse woollen winter mitts were used instead. On this occasion the piano which furnished the music was in one room, and the dancers in another; but so gentle was the performance on the instrument and so thick the log partition, that halts were called until all should find out just how and where they were situated towards the sound. And then mitt-cased hands plucked at the gown to hold it above the satin slippered foot, the turban gravely curtsied to its *vis-à-vis*, and Pantalon went on to a dignified close.

But feasts were not always of trout and seasonable berries, set out on flower-decked tables. On the Huron Road, near Clinton, a Mr. Ledyard had settled, a rather eccentric Englishman. It was told of him that once, in England, he had leased a house, one of the many provisoes in the lease being that the place should be kept properly painted. A difference of opinion between him and his landlord as to what this meant led to a quarrel at the expiration of the lease, the landlord demanding an entire coat of new paint. This Mr. Ledyard furnished by painting the whole house, from garret to cellar, black. Like many others in Canada, his first struggles were with potatoes. A farm hand, dismissed suddenly, was ordered to first plant a certain quantity of the tubers. In a surprisingly short time the man reported the work done. Later in the summer a turf of potato-vine showed itself in one spot, and it turned out that the planting had been done in one shallow pit. One winter day a feast was planned by Mr. and Mrs. Ledyard, invitations having been sent to Mr. and Mrs. Ransford and Mrs. Webb and her daughters. Sheriff Hyndman happened to be taking his wheat to Bell's mills, and drove the Webb ladies with him. A heavy snow-storm had left, in front of the Ledyard house, a drift some eighteen feet thick, which Mr. Ledyard and his neighbour, Mr. Ransford, had in vain tried to keep clear by driving their cattle back and forth through it. Mr. Hyndman left his charges there, but had to take them up again, for to the house they could not get. They saw the dinner steaming

on the table, but had to return to Goderich without helping to eat it.

This Mr. Henry Ransford had come out in 1832, and although a cynical traveller of the times says that "military half-pay men and scholars were the cheapest and most useless things in the Canadian market," Mr. Ransford, if both, was still a most enterprising citizen and a thoroughly good immigrant. He was at daggers drawn with the Canada Company, his prejudices paving the way for one of those duels which "might have been." Yet he was not of the Colborne Clique, but a kind of free lance among them all, sometimes friendly, sometimes with the coldness of friendship approaching an armed neutrality. He was a dashing, handsome Englishman, with an equally handsome American wife; had been in a good regiment, had studied medicine in London and Paris, and was altogether one of those life-tasters with whom his period abounded. Many of those who made the society of that time so delightful with their learning, wit and accomplishment, had the one great fault of their country, time, class and cult—drink.

> "Men learned to drink who never drank before,
> And those who always drank now drank the more."

But they stuck to their loyal toasts, and in almost any house could be heard, "Here's to the land we left and the land we live in," or "Here's a health to all good lasses, including the Queen." Conversation, music and song lasted into the small hours, and

> "The cock may craw, the day may daw,
> And aye we'll taste the barley bree,"

was the refrain to each and all. Canadian bedrooms were like those of former days in Ireland, not used much, because it was handier to sleep at the table, or under it. But Mr. Ransford, like the Sheriff, was "counted a sober man in those parts." He was not a total abstainer by any means, always keeping his decanters well stocked; but he had no sympathy

with or toleration for carousals. The cause of this distaste was the sight, when stationed with his regiment at Nevis, in the West Indies, of many unfortunates picked up drunk to be shortly carried out dead. His soul sickened, that men so bound to have liquor would even drink the raw rum as it ran from the troughs. That was swift and certain death. Henry Ransford took up several thousand acres in the township of Tuckersmith, and set about building himself a homestead. He laboured under the ordinary disadvantages, but one anecdote in that connection will suffice to show the stubborn metal of the builder. He wore the long curls of the period; the mortar needed for the making of the fireplace lacked enough hair, so that stern goddess, Necessity, was his Delilah, and the chimney corner to this day bears testimony to the riches on the outside of a cranium and the bump of determination which they covered. He found in his coat's capacious pockets some apple seeds. These he planted at the doorway, and two large trees stand to-day, gnarled sentinels; for the Canadian, like the Englishman, counts his house his castle and appreciates defence from prying eyes.

A French girl from New Orleans was once a visitor at this house, where her language was as familiar as the English. At the same time, in the Commissioner's house, was a guest famous, rumour had it, as the belle of Dublin, the same honour from New Orleans being given to the Ransfords' guest. Still another Goderich house entertained a foreign belle, and local jealousy was aroused on behalf of the three home beauties whose names are still remembered with pride and affection, and who, in popular opinion, were equal to anything produced in countries old or new, Gallic, Milesian or English. One day the beautiful French girl, coming up the hill on foot (and alone, strange to say), was met near the Colborne bridge by a gay party of riders, one of whom was a visiting belle. The Baron de Tuyle was of the equestrian party. They all thought it a good opportunity to see clearly the beauty some passing feud had prevented being met socially. It is said they

stared; she reported that they also talked much and, worse still, laughed. The speech she did not understand, but the laugh she interpreted as offensive, and upon regaining her friends gave a lively report of the meeting. A letter was written to the newspapers, describing the riding party in terms requiring no translation, but asking the editor who would be likely to answer to such a description. The upshot was a challenge by Mr. Ransford to the Baron de Tuyle; the quarrel, as usual, was patched up, and the final and general verdict was that the palm belonged to the three native beauties.

One of the Scotch families of 1833 was that of John Haldane. He spoke with a broad accent, but not with the dialect that many of the anecdotes told of him lead one to suppose. Some of the tales are too good to be omitted. He was a small man, with a large, white-haired head, the blackest eyes and the snowiest teeth. The eyebrows were black and shaggy, and the whole appearance striking and venerable. He was much better posted in law and literature than in the work of his choice, and had been of that general Scottish avocation, Writer to the Signet. He tried his maiden farming hand on potatoes and swine raising. Like Mr. Tims, he sowed the former broadcast, with similar results. He purchased some hogs which he was told belonged to the famous grass breed—long-snouted creatures fitted to root up an oak as well as an acorn—of the razor-backed, slab-sided variety, resembling the species which increased knowledge has developed into the later fad of razor-backs. The anatomy of these brutes betokened unceasing hunger. A neighbour saw them in Mr. Haldane's root field and notified him; but the former was deep in a new book, oblivious to pigs and potatoes. "Mr. Haldane," cried his friend again, "your pigs are in your potato field." "Aye, aye," he answered absently; "but never mind, they're the grawss breed, ye ken, and wudna tech the tawties." But the pigs of famous pedigree lived not up to the tradition of their caste, and he mourned the wreck of his potato field. He was a most polite man, with manner coming from a courteous and thankful nature. Whatever was

done, it is said his involuntary "Thankye, thankye, thankye ye're vera kind," always followed.

But he could be roused to anger, and even to strong language We hear so much in those days of being gated, fined, and what-not, for small offences, that the story of a writ or summons carries no disgrace with it. "Gated" meant not being allowed to cross the town limits. This took the place of being put in gaol. The men were on parole and had bondsmen who saw they did not cross the borders. The courts had many cases. The suits sometimes were not for more than half a dollar, but they gave the bailiffs plenty of work. It so happened that one of these disagreeable documents found its way to Mr. Haldane by the hands of a bailiff who bore a striking resemblance to Mr. Charles Pryor. Mr. Haldane mistook him for the latter, and thinking he was entertaining one known in the gates, pressed the bailiff to remain to dinner, and killed a goose in his honour. The bailiff, nothing loath to get a good dinner, accepted, and did not disclose his identity or deliver his unwelcome message until the feast was over. The gentle Mr. Haldane was very angry. "Ye're a dom leear, sir, ye're a dom leear. Gie me back ma guse, mon, gie me back ma guse. Get oot o' ma hoose," and so speeded the parting guest.

With his three sons and two daughters, he lived on his farm by the Bayfield Road. John Haldane, junior, now in his eightieth year—"an elevated spot in my journey, and commanding a long and eventful retrospect,"—says, "Our fathers made a great mistake; while gratifying their whim of Farming" —note the capital—"they sacrificed their children." For seven years the father and three sons persevered, succeeding in clearing forty acres; in some seasons they carried off the prize for wheat, and the younger John proved his muscular fitness by splitting two hundred rails in a day, walking to town after the feat and bringing home twenty-five pounds of flour on his back. But the young man, like his father, was a student, and his inner song was,

"Rich is the harvest from the fields
That bounteous nature kindly yields;
But fairer growths enrich the soil
Ploughed deep by thought's unwearied toil
In learning's broad domain."

The three young men now struck out for homes of their own. John and William went into the Canada Company's service, the former as Secretary to Commissioner Jones, and Bernard entered a bank. But John's vocation was teaching, and in 1840 he became Grammar Schoolmaster upon the resignation of his brother-in-law, Mr. McKenzie. The lines succeeding those last quoted might have been written of or for him:

"Of you the growing mind demands
The patient care, the guiding hands,
Through all the mists of morn;
You knowing well the future's need,
Your prescient wisdom sows the seed
To fill the years unborn,"

for his twenty-five years of mastership have left a memory filled with the satisfaction of success. No law student who left his hands was ever plucked—rather, his boys passed with flying colours; the country is yet governed, taught, and advised by many of those who owe to John Haldane the greatest measure of their usefulness to others and their own success in life.

"The Pilot" and "The Last of the Mohicans" had wrestled with these translations from the Italian and tales of the Black Forest, with the result that Indian chiefs, hemlock bowers and festoons of wild grape took the place of knights, castles and ivy.

There was one tale of feminine disappointment and heart-break which far outdid those of ordinary settlers; a tale connected with that "Adonis of the wilds" who was Dunlop's faithful follower and friend in his first Huron explorations. An early writer tells us that this Louis Cadotte was first a dependent and then a partner of Arthur Rankin, of Essex, "a tall,

well-proportioned half-breed, appearing capable, if judged by appearances, of knocking down, like a second Maximilian, an ox with one fist blow," but, like many strong men, was mild, of unassuming manners, and deeply loved by the English lady who afterwards became his wife. All agree that he had courtier-like manners, and this historian credits him with high and honourable sentiments. Henry, in his travels during the second half of the eighteenth century, found the only resident family at the Fort of Sault Ste. Marie was of one named Cadotte, a Frenchman, who had a Chippewa wife and who spoke the Chippewa tongue. This man "enjoyed a powerful influence" over the Indians round about, who considered him their chief; indeed, it was through him that the Chippewas of Lake Superior did not join Pontiac at Detroit. No less a person than Sir Robert Dorcas was that summer at the Sault upon "a voyage of curiosity." People then on such voyages often discovered more than they sought, for it was about this time that a "mess of English broth" was considered a specific for courage among the Indians bent on war. Henry, whose book formed the data for most of Parkman's famous "Pontiac," was still living in Montreal, a hale and hearty but white-haired man of eighty, in 1811. His portrait, which is the frontispiece of his very interesting work, is of such a robust and sanguine Englishman that the tribes may be forgiven for having once appointed him to the pot for the making of "English broth."

Once, after perils innumerable, which he describes with the simple realism of a Bunyan, he escaped from his tormentors in Mde. Cadotte's canoe, as she was a lady of great influence. The canoe was manned by Canadians; and in order to escape the eyes of the redskins he was dressed in toque and blanket coat. He was challenged for an Englishman; but the wily madame made him affect not to understand, and the next day saw him safe in Cadotte's home at the Sault.

Carver, the navigator, also tells of the Fort at Sainte Marie, "commanded by Monsieur Cadotte, a French-Canadian who, being proprietor of the soil, is still permitted to keep possession of it."

According to the author of "Peter the Whaler," some time in the thirties a lake steamer had on board a young English girl, a bride, who brought with her a piano and a variety of hitherto almost unknown furniture. Handsome and very intelligent, she played and sang well, and had all the manner and mark of a gentlewoman of the times. Some time before this, Mr. Catlin (forerunner of Buffalo Bill), the well-known exhibitor of North American Indian curiosities and lecturer upon native customs and manners, thought he would collect a band of real live Chippewas for the entertainment of London in its most civilized quarter, Regent Street. An Iroquois embassy taken to England by Colonel Schuyler in 1708 was a novel sight for Europeans. Bonnycastle says, "It answers certain purposes every now and then to send people to represent particular interests in England; and in nearly all such cases John Bull receives them with open arms, and with his natural gullibility is often apt to overrate them. The Chippewa Indians so lately in vogue were a pleasant instance."

In London they were to dance their war dances, tomahawk and scalp, sing war songs and smoke a pipe of peace, drive a sledge, paddle a canoe or harangue after their more peaceful models. Catlin soon had the required number, but was minus a chief or any one who had the magnificence and appearance of the typical chief. Our friend Louis Cadotte, the descendant of the Mons. and Mde. Cadotte of Henry's travels, looked the character; and a chief he became for a certain remuneration. He spoke French and English, Chippewa and many Indian dialects, and had been an interpreter between the Tribes and the Government at the time of Prizes and Tribute. He looked his part to perfection, and in bears' claws, chamois leather, wampum and war-paint, described to London audiences many gallant deeds, hair-breadth escapes, adventures on shining lakes, buffalo hunts and deer stalkings, blazing forests and prairies, and all the pleasures of a freedom unrestrained by the shackles of civilization, where his thousand braves were ready to follow him at a word. A young, impressionable girl was one of the

audience. She was well read in her Cooper, with an enthusiastic and poetical temperament, and her imagination coloured scenes and circumstances which had no existence outside of it and that of the so-called Indian chief's. Her ears were credulous to the charm of the tale which flowed from Louis Cadotte's facile tongue, and he saw the power he possessed. Upon learning that she was the daughter of wealthy and highly respectable parents he did not scruple to use the knowledge. To cut the story short, he talked of love and the happiness to be found in the far-off haunts of his native land. He doubtless loved the girl in his own way, and afterwards claimed that he never told her he was a chief. She promised to be his wife, and her friends in vain argued against the mad project. The wedding of an English lady and an Indian chief became the proverbial nine days' wonder, and Cadotte and his bride sailed for the land of the setting sun. The account relates that he took her to a "remote village" (supposed to be Goderich), on the banks of one of the Great Lakes, where the total disillusionment came to the bride. She found out and endured uncomplainingly the full misery of a squaw's life, which her own sense, if she had any, must have told her was of her own making, and she supported her husband upon the remittances she received from home. At the end of two years he was tired of the place and went back to his native village, the Sault. She took her piano and furniture with her, and in her log hut had a better life than formerly. Her friends had heard of her unhappiness and were anxious for her return; but her repeated refusals showed her affection to be deep-rooted, and her ideas of constancy high if somewhat mistaken. She replied that she was his wife for better for worse, and that at the least she must attempt his reformation. She longed for the solace of her own religion: but the empty, unfinished chapel tells its own tale, and the persevering and successful Jesuit Mission gathered her as a convert. Pioneers in religion always, the Jesuits had in 1634 erected a rude chapel at the Sault, the first log hut built so far from civilization; and although the travelling Anglican

missionary, Elliot, later deserved all praise for his untiring zeal, it seems to have been universally conceded by travellers and explorers that "one thing is certainly most visible, certain and undeniable, that the Roman Catholic converts are, in appearance, dress, intelligence and general civilization, superior to all the others." The burnt forest about the Sault seemed the abode of the very spirit of sadness and regret; churchyard, battlefield nor tomb could create feelings more melancholy and oppressive than this burnt forest. The influence of the missionary over Cadotte made his treatment of his wife less harsh, and she added interest to her life by opening a school for the Indian children, where she introduced the young squaws to the mysteries of her piano. Her great desire was to prepare her husband for that eternity towards which she felt herself to be quickly travelling. This desire may have had much to do with her conversion to his faith. She died, and her tomb might be a monument to folly and constancy. No sooner was she dead than her prayers seemed answered. Cadotte was inconsolable. Unknown to himself, he belonged to that large class of husbands who expect to wipe out with "beloved wife," carved in marble, the unhappiness of a lifetime. At any rate, he became an altered man. His work over, he would spend his time in his hut, or at her grave, and there read and meditate. To the last he denied having ever intentionally deceived the English girl, bitterly regretting her fate and the part he had played in it. In his after Goderich life, when he spent much of his time in the rustic porch at Meadowlands, the noble looking old man, with his long white scalp-lock, was a hero to all the growing lads.

John Brant, Dunlop's friend, was another hero. An educated man of gentleman-like manner and address, a member of the Legislature, one of Canada's bravest defenders in 1812, a consistent advocate of his people's rights, Brant was the intimate of many of those in the service of the Canada Company. When Mr. Buchanan, the British Consul, visited Guelph, the Superintendent gave a large dinner in his honour, on which occasion

Brant was one of the guests; his health was drunk, and his response was courteous and eloquent. His filial devotion and pride in his father's name were deeply stirred by the attack made upon the great chief by the poet Campbell, and when in England he made a point of seeing that Campbell not only acknowledged the injustice done but that the retraction was put in print.

The Black Forest itself, or the wooded fastnesses of the "Children of the Mist," could not rival the gloom and impassability of The Bush; and to those whose ears had been tuned to the waves of the German Ocean pounding its rocky and desolate shores, the waste of Huron was no bad exchange. Here, as there,

> "The sunken swells
> Not one, one moment, in its station dwells."

The very thing that had been their attraction became the last straw in the load of weariness which made them homesick. One mother, missed at home and sought for, was found sitting on a stone, looking out over the waste of waters which had brought her thither, heart-sick to return to the place she knew she would see no more. It was not until Yahonk had led his wild wives through the October skies, and grape leaves fell with the rest of the red and golden leaf harvest; not until the ripe nuts pattered, and the maples had set the shores ablaze among the sombre pines while the red sun burned through the Indian-summer haze, that a foretaste of things yet to come echoed along the first blast of coming winter. The log dwellings, large and small, the Old Country furniture or New Country makeshifts, and piles of cordwood were welcome exchanges for the picnic qualities of the summer gone. But it was not long before the beds of feathers from field or bird, and coverlids of hitherto unknown thickness, were speckled every morning with snow, and frozen water and victuals faced the hungry ones at breakfast time. It took many seasons to teach them to live and dress according to

the climate; and in some cases lives were lost before the lesson was learned. One young fellow, although warned repeatedly, persisted in wearing clothing of English weight. He was found one morning in the early spring, frozen to death, resting against a tree, in dress clothes and no overcoat. It is surmised that this story is of the same young man of whom Mr. John Morris used to tell that he (Mr. Morris) found the body and buried it at the foot of the tree where it rested. The name was Summers. Forty years afterwards an English fortune awaited him, when Mr. Morris certified to the facts of the death. Terrible as this kind of occurrence was in reality, it served as food for Doctor Dunlop's joking propensity, and no matter how impossible his story he always found some credulous listener. He told of a man frozen to death, the snow-covered body left heaped in a shed. A visitor asked what it was. The Doctor replied that it was a man frozen to death three months before. They put him on a table, built a fire to keep themselves warm, and began to dissect him. At the first incision he began to wake. "Hold him tight," said the Doctor, "while he comes to life." "And would you believe it," he said afterwards, "the man completed the work he was engaged on when frozen."

Green timber and unaccustomed workmanship did not provide comfort, and with March it was

> "Lo, the killdeer plover turns again,
> An exile sick for home."

When one returning to the Old Country asked what he should bring back as a small present, the answer was, "Bring me a bushel of haws. That will be the most acceptable, for I am tired of snake fences." The older faces grew either sad or hopeless, or more determined, according as God had meted His good gift of fortitude. Some, who took up the rôle of

> "The die is cast, our patrimony spent,"

perceived that for men of their calibre the next hostel on their journey was "The Sign of the Grave;" so sang "Let us drink,

let us love, let us sing, let us play." Not so, others. "To hunt, to fight, to wait for years, to hew out a farm, to make a homestead, one must needs be a man." So out of all that vast lot of mistaken vocations such names as Ransford, Young, Dickson, Holmes, ring true to the dictum of the Psalmist, "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees."

This "Long Ago" was a society made up of world-wide travellers, some of them satiated, some of them belonging to

> "Those who beyond seas go will sadly find
> They change their climate only, not their mind;"

barristers English and Scotch, of whose contemporaries Scott had said, "Of all bright, intelligent society, that of barristers is the best;" clergymen who liked wine and cards and were late to their task because the clock was maliciously put back to allow the game to be finished ere the faint sounds of dawn should be heard; sons of Bishops and of military men, all ignorant of the first requirements of the land and life, whose friends addressed letters of introduction to "J. W., Lake Ontario;" men whose first season made them weary of life through the torture of dreariness, or who took such measure of relief that they found wrong-doing was not that alone but folly also; retired military men and sea captains whose half-pay was but an excuse for less labour; a few who were explorers, bound to discover and subdue; and with them, those who played at pioneering as at a new game, musing, dreaming, and using the worlds, old and new, as a panorama got up for their view—more liberal in criticism, abuse and condemnation, than in the labour of observation and intelligent judgment upon new-found exigencies of life. It is not by a change of circumstances that a man becomes reconciled to life, but by fitting himself to those which are given or chosen. There were many who could not do this. "Give an honest Canadian a bit of pig, his wife and his pipe," says the lively McTaggart, "and he is as happy in the bush as you are (in Britain) and treads his

brushwood way as pleasantly as you upon a Turkey carpet." But these Huron people were not Canadians. The quatrefoil of husband, wife, pig and pipe, appealed not to them, and minds strayed to Turkey carpets left behind. As firmly fixed out of the orbit of general events as if living on a different planet, save through an uncertain correspondence, the elders formed a world of imagination filled with figures out of the past, and the juniors lived on the hearsay of childhood. There they were; and there they had to remain. A senior confesses to a curse on the lips at nightfall instead of a prayer. Yet some of the most disappointed aided and abetted the coming of others. There is an Indian legend that Niagara demands an annual sacrifice of two human lives. The Demon God of the Huron Tract was not so moderate. In 1832, 1833 and 1834, many were caught in the embrace of this Moloch of the Woods; some of them finally made good their escape, as, like Yule, they might be heroes out of Canada, but not in it. Others, not so fortunate, remained, with hearts consumed with hate and homesickness. One man confessed that he despised the ground on which he stood, and his daily curse at morning and night became a regular formula. It was not long before Henry Lizars grew tired of his "estate," and was thankfully transferred to the Company's staff at Toronto; but even that did not suffice, and with wife and family he set his face towards Scotland. In New York the wife, no doubt much changed from the bride of sixteen who had arrived there a few years before, died, and with her their infant child. Fellow guests at the hotel became interested in the little girl, and ended by adopting her. She lived with them until their death, when she inherited their money, after which she joined her brother in Australia. So does the Empire get peopled with souls scattered like seeds from a broken pod. Storm-tossed Henry Lizars at last reached Edinburgh, comforting himself with the thought of being able to die in so respectable a corner of the world. Others dried up and withered after a brief and

riotous life, or a short term of hard labour; while some lived to make a struggle for their children's sake. The last studied the problem and followed it to its inevitable conclusion—work.

But the young all believed soundly in the new home. Parents who had awakened to the fact that a living was to be had only at the cost of two generations, sometimes rescued a child here and there and made efforts to send it elsewhere for education and travel. One mother and father took two of their boys—one born in the country, the other too young to remember any other—to New York, there to despatch them to Britain, where relatives would supply the place of parents. They thought it a shame to send the lads without Niagara having been seen; so to Niagara they took them. But the two youngsters of ten and twelve, doubtless feeling forlorn in spite of the excitement of change, showed that the Indian element had entered into them and were not one whit impressed. "Pooh," said the younger, with a toss of his curly wig at the frothing waterfall, "Ben Miller's falls are as good."

There was firm belief among some of the elders also. A Scotchman named Patterson sold his farm and returned home; but he saw nothing in Scotland but smoke. His relatives there petted him and tried to make life what he had imagined it would be. But no, "he would rather starve in Canada than live in Scotland in affluence." Another, who came to the country and prospered as landlady of an inn as well as farmer, returned to Scotland at the end of twenty-two years. She "didna juist like it. Auld friends were deid," their children neither knew nor cared for her. When she rose in the morning it was cold and damp; she could not breathe, and became asthmatic. She came back to Canada, and her clear ringing voice in her small hostelry far up the lakes proclaimed her cure a complete one, and Canadian air all the medicine necessary.

"A bumper of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than Justice, Judge or Vicar;
So fill a cheerful glass
And let the humour pass."

The humour did not always pass until the farce of the Flats, the Longworth pistols, Dunlop's pacing, and the hurried messenger with regrets from the second party, followed in quick succession.

"But if more deep the quarrel,
Why, sooner drain the barrel
Than be the hateful fellow
Who's crabbed when he's mellow."

As in the time of the swash-bucklers, more were frightened than hurt, some not even frightened. "Sword and buckler fights begin to grow out of use. I am sorry for it. I shall never see good manhood again," says an old play; and Doctor Dunlop seems to have been of like sentiment.

But "the crabbed fellow" was, in more cases than one, "that crafty animal called a politician," and we find this social pot pourri divided by the river, with forces drawn up on either bank. The social life which made this story of the Long Ago had three distinct epochs, each short, but full of its own excitements,—the pre-election, *the* election, and post-election periods. In the first, neighbours were too scarce to be coldly or haughtily treated. They had hewn their way side by side into the bush and stood afterwards on one common level. There never yet was a more blessed sight in a new land than the face of an old friend; while with new ones, the woes of a common martyrdom made quick acquaintanceship and of a strength to outlast a generation.

In early days the presence of the "great Commissioner" was occasional, and the difficulties of travel made the visits lengthy. He came by the London Road, his carriage well laden with luggage, and followed by a large black-and-white Newfound-

land dog which he afterwards gave to Mr. David Clarke. Although his business lay chiefly in Goderich, his home was yet in Toronto; but about the time of the second period's warlike, indeed bloody ending, the mansion prepared for his residence under Mr. Longworth, the other "King" of Canada Company fame, was about finished. Since vacated by Dunlop, the "Castle" had seen merry days under genial Charles Widder, than whom "a nicer gentleman nor straighter man never stepped into the Tract," for whom Mr. and Mrs. Letarge kept up a comfort and elegance of living in a style of which there were many examples scattered up and down that wilderness. The moving from Toronto there was a great undertaking. Andrew Stinson and Matthew Black undertook the charge of conveying the twenty-one waggons in a line, each piled high as an omnibus and dipping its unwieldy shape with every upstarting rib of corduroy, windfall to be avoided, or causeway emerging from the snow. The Commissioner was in great concern for the safety of his belongings, and loudly swore that he would give a thousand pounds to be safe in Goderich.

"Sure, sir," said the faithful Andy, "if you but take my advice we'll get you there."

"And what's that?"

"Just this. You get two of the longest tin horns you can find, and give one to the man at the head of the train and one to the man at the back of the train, and whenever you think the stage is near, tell them to blow like mad and all they know how. Sure it's the stage I'm feared of, and its agin the law to put it out of its way. If one of them big waggons once leaves the road, for sure it'll be stuck in the snow till spring. And for fear the stage 'll fall off the road when it do pass, we'll all hang on to it and give it a shove together. Sure we'll get into no trouble at all for a little thing like that."

"'Pon my life, Andy," said the good-natured Commissioner, "but you have a great head."

The horns were got, Matthew Black laughing at the musical part he had to play, and the passage was made, H.M. mails

endangered this time by no less a person than the "great Commissioner" himself.

The new Canada Company building, with its steep French roof, dormered third-story windows, plastered walls and low ceilinged rooms, now became a castle indeed; for the lord of all, in the person of the First King of the Canada Company, Thomas Mercer Jones, lodged there and filled it with the twenty-one waggon loads; he and all sweetly governed and gently presided over by the most gracious lady who ever graced that wilderness of Huron. A favourite after-dinner story then, and one in the texts of Canadian history, is how her brother, John Strachan, by then a chief citizen but formerly of Hamilton, had once in jest boasted at an American table how he "governed Canada." "Governed Canada?" queried the Yankees. They did not think much of that country, yet doubted his word. "Yes, indeed I do; for my father rules the Family Compact, they rule the Governor ('poor shivering Sydenham in Toronto'), my mother rules my father, and *I*—rule my mother. So I govern Canada." They were evidently a family born to command; for now Mrs. Thomas Mercer Jones, née Elizabeth Mary Strachan, only and very loved daughter of his same Grace, Primate of Western Canada, held court and ruled all before her, her brother included, even if the obedience and homage were willingly given, the wand that of a fairy, and the queen herself a butterfly. It was not long before she found fault with the home provided for her, and changes began to be made. What is now the back entrance was then the chief one, as its heavy panelled door, hinges and Gruffanuff knocker shewed, long after the principal entrance had been changed to the street where it steepens to the Harbour Hill. Round to the side was a driveway bordered with garden beds, tree-planted, curving to the said entrance, and letting the visitor look upon a wide sweep of lawn, on the edge of which still stood Dunlop's first Castle, the remains of Pryor's rose-planted garden, and a new garden of its own, all designed and put in shape by Mr. Jones' coadjutor, the Engineer, Mr.

John Longworth. It did not meet with the lady's approval. The entrance was soon changed, and within the mansion the stairway was reversed and many alterations made to suit her judgment and taste. An arbour stood on the brow of the hill; here and on the bank benches in the first summers, Mrs. Jones, her friends of Goderich and from abroad, her children and their nurses, would sit looking out upon the expanse of water, the winding of the river, or across to the Ridge where the Baron de Tuyle made merry with his friends. Those were idle days, pleasant after the halcyon fashion of people who had nothing in life depending on them, who lived for the pleasures of the moment, who knew that certain dates brought certain cheques; life that left little fruitage behind.

This date of the Jones' arrival marks one of the three epochs following the one of the election, when whiskey and blood flowed freely together, which succeeded the earlier one when the "hereditary barbarian" came out in force.

"If," says Henry, some seventy odd years before, "if I could have forgotten that I ever had been otherwise than I then was"—he was a captive, prior to his rescue by the Cadottes—"I could have enjoyed as much happiness in this as in any other situation."

"I really do believe," said Lord Edward Fitzgerald, some few years later in Canada, "there is no luxury equal to that of lying before a good fire on a good spruce bed, after a good supper and a hard moose chase in a fine, clear, frosty moonlight night. . . . One ought to take these fillips now and then; they make one enjoy life a great deal more."

The people in Goderich had by now had so many of these fillips, they had so long been food for sorrow and mosquitoes, that a new era, with modern dress-making, life up-to-date, fashion, and a good spice of the artificial, came as a welcome lapse. The Colborne Clique alone remained obdurate. They, like Mrs. Jameson some five years before, found such conventionalism to be in its most oppressive form when it was not allied with means of keeping up other kinds of improvement,

and with the inevitable background of bear, wolf and forest, pronounced the new era one of sham. She animadverts on the over-laying with stuccoed ornamentations figures historical and poetical, much that was coarse and rotten brick-work, lath and plaster in the older countries, but admits it was necessary; rejoicing, however, that in the new country the absence of conventional manner enabled one to "tell at once the brick from the granite and marble." The section of society belonging to Colborne had also rejoiced in the absence of any need for conventionality and thought this return to first principles but a hugging of chains. However, circumstances and the prestige of the names of father and husband favoured Mrs. Jones; and Church, gaieties, dress, all changed under the new régime.

So far the school-house had held divines of all sorts; followers of the early Jesuit and of that Methodist missionary who preached the first English sermon in the Tract. A Roman Catholic Bishop (supposedly McDonnell) was one, and the people, eager to listen to such a novelty as his sermon, had flocked in crowds which reached to the Square after the small building was full to overflowing; there Mr. McKenzie and other Scottish divines had taught; and Robert Francis Campbell, first Anglican Rector in the Tract, sent by the Missionary Society sometime in the early thirties, had so far officiated. The latter had driven up to his cure, passing through Stratford, on the hay-covered, strawberry-strewn Huron Road, behind a horse which had a famous history. General McGregor, father of the Rob Roy McGregor of canoe fame, had brought it from Scotland. He had been in command of a detachment of the Thirty-first Regiment on board *The Kent*, an East Indiaman destroyed by fire in the Bay of Biscay in 1825; which incident again had Goderich connection, for her commander, Captain Cobbe, whose fame has furnished exciting reading for successive generations of public school readers, was brother to Mrs. Rich, wife of William Bennett Rich, an officer in the Canada Company. The horse then became the property of General Brock, and was ridden by him on the fatal day at Queenston. It received a

shot which did not kill outright, as the one destined for its master did; but the wound made in the animal's back never healed, and years afterwards it had become the property of Rector Campbell, had conveyed him to Goderich, and had been made a free commoner on the pasturage of thick sward which made that place then and long after be dubbed Goose-Green. The sight of that unhealed spot bespoke respect for the ancient shrunken sides. The Rector and his family arrived in Goderich one Sunday morning. A pretty Rectory, with great possibilities of being beautified, had been built by Thomas Kneshaw, an Englishman, one of the first comers. It was a rough, lath-and-plaster house, with brown painted fluted wood-work, French windows filled with small lozenge panes of varying size, with wings which, with its many gables, took from it the bare and ugly square of the general Canadian home. It was secured by Dr. Hamilton, another Churchman; but history tells that the landlord met the incoming Rector at the doorstep, and would not permit him to enter until the place was paid for. One clergyman about this time when asked the boundaries of his parish, answered that it might be considered without any, as no boundary line lay between him and the North Pole. All clergy then were poorly paid; but a horse was a necessity, for a man might ride sixteen to sixty miles to perform baptism or marriage. So far the last had been the work of any Justice of the Peace within hail—men such as Dunlop, Pryor, or Brewster. Besides the Justices, only the ministers of three denominations were privileged, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics and Anglicans. According to the Bishop, all but these favoured ones were partners in "skism," and marriages so solemnized were but "noaminal." In after years, when this abuse of power was brought up in Parliament, the question of fees also arose. "Fees!" cried our old friend the Tiger, "I never heard of such a thing. I have married many, and never asked for any but a kiss from the bride." One privileged parson held what came to be known as "wood-shed weddings," to discourage couples from finding him at his own house, as

there his fee was but one dollar; by meeting them at an hotel, in their own homes, or elsewhere, he was entitled to collect five dollars. Whatever the price, the said kiss from the bride was one of the benefits of clergy. Less urbane even than this parson was a border American Justice to a flying couple, whose haste proclaimed elopement, who asked his services at dead of night. These he tendered, unintentionally clothed in surplice, from his bedroom window, ending his usual formula with the parting shot, "There go another pair of poor —— fools!" From the uncertainties and eccentricities of such Justices the advent of the new Rector was a great boon. His is a memory which lives green in many old hearts. Outside of the Tract the travelling missionaries went their rounds, on horseback, in travelling dress, through their successive parishes; a valise before them containing gown, surplice, books, Communion elements, chalice and paten; a greatcoat and umbrella completed the ensemble. The chief difficulty of these poor men's lives was getting in and out of bed. They often had to "put up" in large families whose houses consisted of but one room, in which males and females all slept. But practice made perfect. At one service, we read of the vessels being a black bottle and tumbler, with a total ignorance on the part of the congregation as to what a surplice was. A perquisite of the clergy was to travel free of tolls. This, then, being the very general state of congregations, and the travelling parsons losing much by their mode of life, dwellers in Goderich, parish and priest, were mutually pleased. The Rectory and garden became an ideal Arcadian home; and the Rector, with his beautiful voice, cultured accent and high bred face, was a prominent figure in the early picture. He taught the Grammar School for a short time, and farmed his glebe, but he soon gave up the former. He had come of a seafaring family, his father or grandfather being at the Battle of the Nile, and he himself a middy in H. M. service. While stationed somewhere on the coast of England, the story went that he met a Miss Emily Winter, whose heart he won but who stipulated

that he should leave the Navy and enter the Church. "Ah," said the quizzical Tiger when he heard it, "Mrs. Campbell, you spoiled a good officer, and made a poor parson." He never pretended to be a theologian. But his social qualities won love, and his natural gifts provoked the admiration of even such caustic judgment as the Bishop's own; he opined that Rector Campbell was the finest reader in Canada. "It made you wish to go to Heaven just to hear him read the prayers."

"Rector Campbell was a nice enough man, but it was his wife and Miss Campbell that was the angels," says an old parishioner. "Just angels thim wimmin was. I mind they'd go every day to the poor people, and the very poorest and wretchedest was thim they'd stay with most, and they'd talk and pray and stay and help till dark." This from an old man over eighty-nine, his eyes full of the far-away look that comes when the world is done with, chiefly tender over the doings and children of old times, or grave with the gravity which belongs to old people who are expecting to go, yet whose minds are still clear.

The Rector's simplicity was often imposed upon by his less guileless parishioners. With his other domestic ventures he kept a goose flock. A neighbour stole one of the birds and then came to where the Rector in his shirt-sleeves worked in his garden, and asked for sweet herbs to stuff it. These were given in all good faith. With everyone, there is always connected some anecdote of the Tiger. "Here am I," he writes to a friend, "laid up with wounded shins and the devil a one of you comes near me. It would be excusable in you (John Haldane), who are an ignorant layman; but not in the Rector, who must have read in the service that 'Moses was an oysterman and made ointment for the shins of the people.'"

Truly, as Richard Hutton says, the humour of the Scot is sometimes far-fetched.

The services continued in the school-house until the advent of Mrs. Jones. With the general stir came an agitation for something different. Dr. Hamilton offered a stable which he owned in West Street, opposite John Strachan's house, as a substitute

until St. George's Church, then in prospect, should be built. It had also been used as a ball-room, and hot discussion at once arose on the score of seemliness. Dr. Hamilton lived in a cottage on the same property, did not require the stable, and to the practical minded it seemed an offer worth taking The last included the Canada Company people, and Mr. Jones—(of whom a sober after judgment records "a just, just man, and although in the Family Compact not of it; whenever the interests of the public clashed with the autocratic wishes of the Pact, was always for the people, . . . standing by them when there was friction")—became umpire.

"I cannot see," said he, when applied to, "where the objection is. Was not our Saviour born in a stable?" Accordingly the building was done up with big square pews, and other furnishings which in time found their way to the new church.

Goderich has always been known as the pet and darling of the Canada Company. That the Canada Company management for many years was but a reflex of Family Compact sentiments, manners and government, despotic in matters social as well as business, is also well known; that there was one transaction in which the real head of both, Bishop Strachan, would seem to have been instrumental in depriving the darling of its rights, has not yet met the publicity which such an item deserves.

Sheriff Hyndman had written, in his generally descriptive letters home, a sketch of Church affairs wherein Dr. Hamilton's stable and the matters relating to it, detailed here (and perhaps much more), were given. This fell into the hands of Miss Lawrence, a cousin of his grandmother. Lord Goderich, afterwards Earl of Ripon, was then heir-at-law to Studly Royal, with its far-famed Fountains Abbey and Chapel of the Nine Altars, and was also heir to the estate of this same Miss Lawrence. Both, no doubt, were horrified at the idea of a community in such straits forced to such a substitution. A correspondence ensued with Mr. Hyndman. Miss Lawrence's wish and instructions were to have a stone church built in

Goderich, at a cost of $20,000, the inference being that she shared the expense with Lord Goderich. All arrangements were put in the Bishop's hands, with the result, it is alleged, that the "historic Church" of Holy Trinity was built in Toronto instead of on its rightful site on the banks of the Minnesetung.

The chain of evidence seems complete save for one thing. What kept Sheriff Hyndman silent? The eye which detected less glaring mistakes, and the pen which chastised them, must have been, for once, asleep and inactive. The name of the donor of Holy Trinity has only recently been made public. In these early years the secret was in the keeping of but three people. The publication of it has been very generally interesting as a tribute, not only to the hitherto unknown donor, but to the business capacity of the Bishop, who so well husbanded the $20,000 placed in his hands through the Bishop of Ripon, that not only was that edifice built, but the remaining funds so well invested for its benefit elsewhere that it possesses a revenue for its maintenance.

What it is to rake up the ashes of the past! They are not easily laid to rest.

Miss Lawrence's portrait adorned a certain recess in the wall of the Lunderston drawing-room. She was an interesting person to the people there, for she seems to have been one of those relatives from whom there were "expectations." After her death her will was disputed by another branch of the family, named Dailey; and again, in that same recess, was a family picture wherein Colonel Dailey, in his red coat, was in the act of introducing his daughter to another member of this intricate family connection. By that time recess, pictures, and all of Lunderston, had gone up in fire and flame, and the Hyndman family had returned to Scotland. Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, who made Miss Lawrence's will for her, gave a judgment in his time which seems rather apropos of the exchange of site for this church which pious and charitable Miss Lawrence had set her heart upon building. He once was asked if it was not an anxious moment for a judge when he

had to decide upon questions involving ownership of property. "Not at all," he replied, "one or other of them must have it. What does it signify which?" So in his turn did a humourist write his epitaph:

> "Here lies Sir Launcelot Shadwell,
> Sometime Vice-Chancellor of England,
> 'What does it signify?'"

Enquiry in Toronto as to the well-kept secret of Holy Trinity Church reveals that the name appearing as donor is that of Miss Lambert. Miss Lambert lived with Miss Lawrence; so this curious sequence of coincidences between gifts, maiden ladies and bishops, becomes plain enough.

It must be confessed that there was a good deal of the nabob and Ranee about the Commissioner's establishment. Naturally, this butterfly queen was the cynosure of all eyes, and many tales, most of them pleasing, some amusing, come down to us of the times which she made her own. In the new stable-church the Canada Company held two pews, one of which was occupied by the Jones family and one by their servants. The latter always filed in first, lady's-maid, nurse, two men-servants, sometimes more, sometimes less of the total eight. Below the "double-decker" sat the clerk, who gave forth the sonorous Amens and responses toned in keeping with square pews, cushions, hassocks, and curtained choir; his voice in psalmody was as far-famed as the Rector's in reading, and he led the singers who sat behind curtains in a front square pew. From behind those curtains many sounds not in the flow of the service came forth; and there is a legend of an instrument, warranted to play so many tunes, which on one occasion refused to stop and had to be carried upon the green to play itself out. Bishop Strachan held a confirmation here in 1842, to which the Hyndmans' well-filled pew contributed two candidates. Celebrations of Holy Communion were rare, never more than once in three months. Baptisms seem to have been performed in homes or at the Rectory. In the drawing-room of

the last William D. Otter was christened, Mrs. Campbell, the Delahookes and other friends having gathered for the ceremony with the father and the beautiful young mother.

Brewer Young, a Devonshire man and a great churchman, took up the offertory for years, not on a plate but in a little purple velvet bag, fringed with gold, hung from the end of a long pole, which he passed round the square pews. He always wore knee-breeches and long stockings, and shoes which had silver buckles and iron heels. Graceful Mrs. Taylor, with her two boys in Eton suits; dove-coloured silks, black satins, Canton crêpe shawls and netted silk shoulder scarfs; men wound and unwound daily in four yards of neck-cloth; blue coats and brass buttons, skin-tight trousers, flowered waistcoats and gold-headed canes, all came in the Sunday procession. The men stood in the corners of their pews, presumably praying, but actually sniffing at their hats. The Rich pew, with the pretty mother and her rosebud garden of girls, settled into quiet; and the clear, bell-like tones rose in solemn warning "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

After the service was well begun, a commotion at the door weekly resolved itself into a procession in which the Commissioner and his wife came first, followed by those who formed the perennial house-party, and her bachelor brothers with Charles Widder of the old Castle. Beautifully dressed, the Ranee knelt far into the middle of the square, and the congregation, one half admiring, the other criticizing, divided their attention between her and the mellow accents of the Rector or the aggressive antiphons of his clerk. Here once as she so knelt, her little son stood beside her on the hassock, viewing, like others, the glories of his mother's bonnet. It was trimmed with bunches of glass cherries. He cautiously reached his tiny hand, picked one, and encouraged by his success and her unconsciousness, continued until the bonnet was unadorned save by bare stalks, and he had pinched each globe of glass into fragments. The look of intense mischief on his handsome face was as amusing as the act. Her two boys in velvet tunics,

tasselled sashes, and with curled heads which proclaimed them a mother's pride and darlings, might be seen any day in the succeeding eight years out for their daily walk, singly or together, attended by their nurse, as correct in her costume as they were, and followed at a few paces by a footman in livery. Hypercritical writers of those days harped on the "anomalies of the wilderness," and considered even a piano one of them. What wonder that eyes, backwoods Canadian or soberly British, should open wide at such sights. There was a six weeks' trip to Newport to enliven the dulness of a long Goderich sojourn, with lady's-maid and coachman to attend, where, rumour had it, eight hundred pounds was spent. "Alas," cried feminine thrift, "there was also ten pounds spent for a bonnet!" All idle gossip of the day; but what pigments with which to limn this chapter of early fireside history! Apropos of what no doubt was a visit of importance even in Newport, there is a funny contemporary story of how Canadians in Canada were despised by their American cousins. The same magistrate who performed the wedding ceremony from his bedroom window, wishing the happy couple God-speed in an original fashion, was brought a culprit at an equally untimely hour. Enraged at being disturbed, he, after the charge and defence had been heard in the moonlight before his window, gave sentence,—"Banish him, banish him off God's earth!" "But where," cried the humble limb of the law, "where, your worship, am I to take him to?" "Take him to Canada, take him to Canada!" and the sash rattled down angrily.

A well-appointed carriage, Brown—immaculate in white gloves and intended by nature for a Life Guardsman—and a footman, enlivened the streets, which now began to assume the shape of something resembling the name, as alder swamp, swale, and temporary causeways gave way to drained and smooth roadways. There were driving parties where the carriage was filled with gay people, with outriders, girls and beaux, for there were good horsemen and horsewomen then. And the pretty central figure, the charming woman who gathered them all about her

and disarmed personally those whose criticisms were keen elsewhere, made herself delightful to high and low, rich and poor, men and women alike. To please was the weakness of her life; surely an amiable one. She flashed here and there —a smile, a word of kindness, an entertainment, a vision of colour, lavish hospitality, great if ill-regulated generosities, and we wonder that so much power could be vested in one so frail. Once in Toronto, where she was also a prominent figure, a friend had said to a relative that he was sure the Commissioner's wife was in town;—"How do I know?—because I saw something which at first I thought was a flash of lightning passing down the street!" But if gay herself and revelling in all her world could give, she was kindness and sympathy itself to those to whom fate had not been so partial. "It is one of the blessings of this country," says one writer, "that a young person's respectability does by no means depend upon those points of style in dress, and many a pleasant little evening have I seen where the young ladies wore merino frocks, cut high or low, and prunella shoes, and no disparaging remarks were made by any of the party."

There was one occasion upon which the best dress belonging to either sex came out, and where the superior one indulged in fancy costume. That ball, given in the building known to this day as "Hans the baker's," was a great affair. The ladies appeared in their best, but with no disguise. Mrs. Rich was Lady Patroness. There was a good amateur theatrical club then in existence, and its wardrobe and properties were called upon for the men. All the old military uniforms in the district, moth-eaten or smelling of cedar and camphor, got an airing that night. Robert Cooper, tall, slight (and credited with no ear for "time"), was clothed as a "fine old English gentleman," and in spite of his figure looked and acted the part to perfection. Young Dan Lizars sank the civilian and looked martial in Captain Luard's Royal Artillery uniform, supplemented by a sword borrowed from another military friend. A third youth was there, also a law student, whose costume history fails to

hand down. These three were then unconscious that they were destined to ascend the Bench of their country. The young Englishman became Judge of Huron, the young Scotchman Judge of Perth; while it remained for the Canadian, young Robertson, to reach the higher Court of Assize.

There is an old Scotch saying that all fiddlers are Scotchmen; but Jimmy Collins, who provided the music that night and who was an institution of his time, was an Irishman—like many of his compatriots, somewhat original. He was a travelling tailor—that is to say, he lodged at the house wherein he worked; and as he made cloaks and habits as well as men's and boys' suits, his stay would last in the larger households into the fourth and sixth week—a saddle-bag Worth. He would come with the materials for his work in one bag and his fiddle in another. The day's work over, the candlesticks were set in safe places, the tables and chairs wheeled out of the way, the fire on the hearth raked up well not to catch the passing skirts; then the fiddle came from its case, and with head well back, Collins tucked it under his chin, and the feet of the household kept time to "Money Musk," "Sir Roger," and the "Roast Beef of Old England." Now as he beat with his foot and directed the dance from his corner at Hans', we hear him call out, utterly ignoring the fine old English gentleman,—"Bob Cooper, ef yez don't know *whin* to begin, just stop till *I* tell yez!"

Mrs. Jones seldom accepted invitations, but she entertained often and lavishly; the Commissioner's hospitality knew no limit. But punctilio and the vogue were never forgotten.

Once when wine bills, excessive drinking, and the convivial habits of the day were under discussion, Mr. Jones answered, when asked if So-and-so had not been tipsy at his house, "'Pon my life *I* can't tell. 'Pon my life I never saw a man drunk in my house. 'Pon my life, I believe I was always drunk first myself. *I* could not see *him*, don't you know." No one emulated the style of the Jones' dinner-giving and balls. Comfortable as were some houses, pretty, tasteful

and ingenious as were others, the old Canada Company building had greater possibilities. Library, halls and dining-room downstairs; large drawing-rooms above; good servants, supplemented by those of the Company, who ever manifested towards their chief and his lady a devotion quite after a feudal pattern; last, not least, the small, clever head—with cushion on top and strings of pearls in the hair, as is shown in an old miniature, oval, bevelled and gold bound—were all factors in success.

Sir Humphrey Davy's photographic plates were lying neglected then, and Daguerre was busy with his iodine, hoping after years of patient labour to more than fix the tracery of ferns and lace. The miniature painter had it all his own way, and very beautiful bits of ivory and glass this class of artist has left behind. Mrs. Brown of the Lakeshore was an artist of real ability; and farther down the same road was Trelawney, where Wandsford the painter and his wife, with Tom, French and others lived, combining a sawmill with palette and brush. Of course, the sawmill failed; poor Tom French found an early death by drowning in the waters which roared and smiled by turns round Trelawney; but the evidences of the colour box endure, and Wandsford's pale tints hang still on many walls. For beauty of finish there was nothing like the ivory miniature, the small ones set in pearls, nearly all bearing under their glass backs a fine curl of hair, brown, golden or black, tied in at the lower end and turning with the frame till the curled ends looked like a peacock's "eye."

One night the Canada Company building was lit from garret to cellar, and the Commissioner and his wife welcomed their entire circle of acquaintance. They danced in the large dining-room on the right of the hall; the library opposite was a resting place, and upstairs in the drawing-room, with its two bright fires and heavy yellow damask and bullion fringe, stood the little Queen of all, in white watered silk, with pearl ornaments in her black hair and on her white neck and arms. You may be sure the gown had searching eyes upon it, for it

had just arrived from England, and the maidens in tarleton and muslin were appreciative gazers. The big chandeliers, sconces on the wall and candelabra, held many wax-lights which shone on very happy faces. But Jimmy Collins and his fiddle were not there. Music of a more advanced kind from London took his place. The supper was a standing one, after the fashion of the time, and in the centre of the table was an enormous frosted cake, tier upon tier, making it look like a wedding breakfast.

The room opposite the drawing-room, looking towards the lake, was Mrs. Jones' own, where her women guests left their wraps. It was a trick of hers not to wait until they reached the drawing-room, but to run across to them. Kind as she was to everyone, young girls had her special sympathy. She would offer a bracelet to one or a ribbon to another, as her quick and artistic eye saw the little deficiencies in their dress. Once she offered an ornament to a young Scotch maiden, a pretty ringletted girl whose saucy tongue and clever head made her a general favourite. "No, thank you, Mrs. Jones," she said; "I put on my best in your honour, and I am very glad to dine with you; but if I am not braw enough, why I'll just go home."

> "It was a lodge of ample size,
> But strange of structure and device,
> Of such materials around
> The workman's hand had readiest found."

In those shadowy early days, when Henry Lizars took up his "estate" beyond what came to be known as Longworth's Point, he found someone, sick of an older world, established even earlier than himself down the same shore. A log hut stood on the bluff, and a ravine of great natural beauty held a little stream which purled down to the lake below, a ravine where spring brought her most beautiful wild-flowers and autumn her gaudiest tints. The action of the waves where the beach narrowed had eaten away the earth, and a solid wall of interlaced roots met the spray, forming

a barrier from the square of sand which seemed part of the property. The owner, for whom even a name is wanting, disappeared, and the place was taken by an English family of the name of Brown, who converted it into what an old settler calls "a dream of beauty." The entrance was from the Lakeshore Road, through fields and much unpromising underbrush; but first a paddock, then a garden which spoke well for the summer pot and winter cellar, and finally a pleasure ground surrounding the vine-clad house with its rustic portico, prepared the guests for the beauties of the ravine, the white beach below, and the expanse of Huron, right, left, and forward. A famous fête was given here, where not only the Commissioner and his wife, but a gay party of their friends from Toronto, appeared, the last containing no less a guest than the Bishop's wife. Judges and Bishops, in fact all potentates, then travelled with a state befitting their rank and scarceness.

Homespun and log cabin notwithstanding, a judicial or ecclesiastical coming was a glorious thing; and drawn by four horses, attended by two servants, one of whom in the Bishop's case acted as verger, both dignitaries were served at dinner either in house or inn by their own men. Indeed, the last were nearly as imposing as their masters.

Now the coach, two liveried men and the gay party itself made quite a stir at the Lakeshore. The people roamed about the paddocks or sat in the arbour at the brow of the cliff, sipped their claret and coffee underneath the vines and the rustic portico, or rambled down the pathway in the ravine to where the lap of the cool water made an addition of gentle sound to the list of attractions. Little vistas of it could be had where the wild clematis, grape and bitter-sweet, to all appearance in natural luxuriance, had been so arranged by the clever Mrs. Brown, who possessed all the talent of a female Paxton. The very brush, utilized by her, in piles hid from view undesirable things and made trellis for her morning glories and scarlet-runners. That which with others was food

for a brush fire, with a wild grape-vine and her guiding hand became a thing of beauty. It was a house which, like the Evans', told of the glories of the East India service; its presses could bring forth wonderful muslins, laces, silks, feathers, shawls, fans, carved ivory and Indian jewelry. A pretty love scene took place here, for the future bride of John Strachan then made her début in Goderich society. The Toronto girl sat on a sofa in the drawing-room as he entered the open French window with a rose in his fingers. Its size and beauty drew forth admiration, but he passed all by and gave it to her. "For me!" she exclaimed, "really for me!" and placed it in the belt which encircled her petite and beautiful figure. When some days later the Episcopal carriage turned towards Toronto, she in it, it was escorted some distance on its way by the lover on horseback. She confessed she was not as heart-whole returning as she had been coming. At the Lakeshore, however, although the Commissioner's wife was irresistible, the home society, backed by Old Country visitors, who scrupled at "Canadian display," looked askance at Toronto, and expressed on the spot many of the sentiments which have made Mrs. Jameson and some of her contemporary writers disfavoured by that particular section of Canadians for whom her words were meant. It is a pretty memory of the Ranee as a dove, with olive branches of peace, flitting from group to group, bringing smiles upon faces that were all too easily ready to settle into frowns. Sunset brought the garden party to a close, and the girls in merino gowns, or fresh and frilled prints, gathered in groups, and as the democrats, springless waggons and saddle-horses came from the log stables, discussed the manners and dress of a world outside their own. These merino frocks were made low and had small capes which the wearers donned as the dew fell; while those in print picked their way over the grass, each frightened that her one pretty gown should be spoiled. It was one of those days when calm fell with the setting sun; no spray fretted against the wall of roots below; the lap upon the shingle was

at its faintest, and the water added its quota of colour as the cat's-paw made by some vagrant breeze dimpled to the tints of purple, pink and yellow, which made a belt where the blue of water ended and that of sky began. The poke bonnets turned lakewards for one last look, and netted scarfs were plucked up round slender shoulders; another day's pleasure was finished, and five miles or more lay between them and home.

"How is it," said a lady at what was called "a Goderich tea-party in Toronto," "how is it that half the names notable in Western Canada, particularly Toronto, have been Goderich ones a generation or so back?" Ah, why, indeed, had not Dunlop's "Backwoodsman" been written, or the Canada Company not been the unique thing it was.

Still farther down this Lakeshore Road came the Bignall place, not so beautiful as the Brown homestead, but possessing charms of its own from those of the entertainers, who were West Indian people—one more ingredient in the cosmopolitan flavour. At a winter night's gathering here a Moorish-looking beauty, striking from being so unlike anyone else—one who dared to dress without regard to fashion, and who had she been a belle some fifty years later would have been termed artistic—was a central figure of interest. More interesting would she have been had the boy who stood at her side revealed the part he was to take in the military life and history of Canada. He was a handsome boy, generally dressed in kilts, but on this occasion was in frock, sash and strapped shoes. "Mrs. Otter was a very Lalla Rookh," and her boy a general pet. Visitors then often took their children with them, and one lady counted as a necessary part of her impedimenta, indispensable as her jewel-box, the cradle in which she deposited a series of babies, somewhere out of earshot of the music, but near enough to the maternal eye. Now, however, Mr. and Mrs. Otter, nurse and children, were house guests at their friends the Bignalls, and Master Willie took occasion to show how bad a boy he could be. The crowning

act of his disgrace was to go into the supper-room, solemnly take out the decanter stoppers one after another, lick them, and as solemnly replace them. His father withdrew with him for one of those conferences where power is so miserably one-sided; but on return, feeling sorry for the boy, made much of him, and told him to say to a certain guest that she was the prettiest girl in the room. The second in loveliness to Mrs. Otter herself, if indeed she was second to anyone, was one of those mentioned in the quotation, for she wore a crimson "merino frock," trimmed with swansdown, which set off her dark beauty at its best. Long black curls shaded her sweet face as it bent towards the advancing boy, who stood for a moment beside her toying with the long gold chain which hung round her neck. General attention had not yet wandered from the future hero of Cut-Knife, and a silence fell as he opened his mischievous mouth. "Miss Jane," came the childish treble; "Miss Jane, my papa *told* me to tell you that you were the prettiest girl in the room." It has been said that that common little log-house, with its two rooms below and divided loft above, held more beauty, good birth, fashion, good living and good manners than we manage to cram into half our "palatial residences" of to-day.

The belles and the beaux were packed into ponderous sleighs, built by local carpenters, with plenty of foot-room for the hot bricks, hot bottles and heated cordwood sticks—"arks on runners." Out tumbled Griffin, Derbyshire, Charlie Widder and a host of others, all shaggy monsters in bearskin coats, toques or eared caps with pinnacled crowns, ready to loose the girls from their many trappings. A large shawl pinned under the chin, with the corners well spread, was a lady's final precaution against storm. Then what a metamorphosis, when, like Cinderella's cloak, these disguises were cast aside and out stepped the severe evening coat and bright-coloured dress. With the small hours these same butterflies went back into the chrysalis. The sleigh set forth in an atmosphere where everything seemed turning to wreaths like Miss Jane's swansdown; the bells

tinkled, and silence settled down on the Lakeshore Road. In summer they entertained in a kind of bower on the green in front of the house, where they danced and made merry, and had comfort, too; for the chairs and tables were brought into it, and with flowers for decoration it was no bad exchange for the meagre winter accommodation. Mrs. Bignall was famous for her suppers, and all manner of dainties, from jellied turkey to whips, made their appearance at the parties. She had the knack of making all things interesting, knew a little of everything, and with her husband—a huge man, kind, considerate and courteous—helped her friends to pass many bright hours. Their only daughter married a brother of Captain Montgomery.

Balls, picnics, routs, followed each other in quick succession during these few gay years. The first were sometimes held at Judge Read's on the bank, his big room with a gallery at one end making a famous ball-room. Here one night young Mrs. Galt provoked the comparison of "the Lady of the Lake," as she floated about with tartan scarf pinned at the shoulder over her white dress; whilst turbaned dames, with jewels lying on their foreheads, held there by one or more black velvet bands, after an old-time fashion, lined the walls. On St. Patrick's day of 1844 a charity ball was given in the church stable, in aid of a man who had had his arms torn off in a threshing mill. Miss Jane Hutchison, a visitor from Scotland, appeared in yellow satin skirt, yellow crêpe over-dress, black velvet bodice, and yellow turban, a very striking figure, for even in Edinburgh she was counted a handsome woman. Her host's collie, Tiger, had taken Miss Hutchison under his especial protection. He could do everything but speak, and watched everyone's property jealously. On this night Miss Hutchison gave her escort the bag containing her jewels and ornaments; he lost it on the way home, and next morning Tiger was found at her door with the package in his teeth. These visitors liked new experiences, and sometimes found startling ones. Miss Hutchison, accompanied by a friend, returning from a neighbour's house, lost her way and had

to remain in the woods all night. At the time of year when the tree tops are heaviest in leaf, if a dark cloud comes up before sunset the twilight seems to "fall with a clap." One treat got up for her pleasure seems to have been an uncommon one. A pleasure party consisting of the Lizars and Galts, a family affair to which a few friends were invited, set off for the Manitoulin to show her the strange sight of Bounty and Presents distributed to the Indians by the Governor. They sailed in two small boats, the *Happy-go-lucky* and the *Go-ahead;* beached their boats at night, lit fires and bivouacked in their tents; dived in and out of the "pocket Edens;" sang Moore's boat-song; revelled in the beauty of that wilderness of wood, water, shore and sky, and arrived at their destination before the Indians. These they saw come in at daybreak, the black dots rising out of the water with the sun; and as the light heightened, the crescent-shaped fleet of blanket-sails came into full view. As the mooring place was neared the horns of the crescent approached each other, the order in which they drew to being worthy of the most perfect movements of a fleet of men-of-war boats.

By some coincidence various Wilsons, Reads and Reids, Stewarts, Stewards and Hamiltons, settled in and about Goderich; and as Christian names were much too commonplace a mode of distinguishing people in those times, nicknames followed. There was Horse Stewart, and Four-eye Stewart, Tuppenny Stewart and Fourpenny Steward, and the Stewart corpse at the Dunlop dinner party; there was Black Hamilton, so called by the Doctor when covered with mud during the building of his cottage in West Street; White Hamilton, as a matter of distinction; Judge Read, and Yankee Reid who lived at The Corners. The latter hailed from the land of the Stars and Stripes. Half his fame was on account of the beauty of his daughters, and The Corners was a favourite resort; the long drive in winter but added to the pleasure. In summer gay parties of riders made their way there, and also down the Bayfield Road when a freshet did not happen to float off the

causeways. The Reids' house at The Corners had been an inn, log, built with wings, and with a few trees round it, the latter no small adornment; for though many had gardens which come down to us "full of sweet smelling sound," the forest trees had been ruthlessly cut down, and the new ones had not yet grown. At a party here we find Willie Otter's first public appearance. The young mother looked her loveliest, more like Lalla Rookh than ever. The details of her dress read like a Court chronicle; pearl white satin, short, showing feet and ankles, over it a long tulle-net skirt, full set of pearl ornaments in hair and on neck and arms. There is still more about her "creamy white complexion, gorgeous eyes and quantities of hair." They danced in the largest room, at the bidding of Jimmy Collins' foot and fiddle, while in a room hard by sat the nurse with a long-robed baby on her knee. Some day, no doubt, when our Canadian history has mellowed, an ancient lath and plaster or log dwelling will be shown as the birthplace of Colonel Otter.

The Corners, so called by Vandeburgh and Rattenbury, is the name by which old-timers best remember Clinton. It was the centre of a settlement which contributed a good deal to the jollity and history of the pot-pourri. The road now called the Huron was then known as the London Road. The old original Huron Road at the site of Dublin—(*vice* Carronbrook, *vice* Irishtown)—one of the two police villages of Canada, diverged and skirted the southern boundaries of McKillop and Hullett, taking Clinton by the way, in a direct line to the Goderich harbour; by it Mrs. Strickland and many first settlers came, when there was little to follow but a blaze. The London Road, much better and later made, at The Corners (or Clinton) turned towards London, passed the site of Exeter and the only white man's house then within a radius of twenty miles (James Willis'), and became a more favoured route for travellers than the original one. This home of Yankee Reid's was the wayside inn built by Peter Vandeburgh in 1831, the only one for many miles, and when the inhabitants of The Corners comprised but the Vandeburghs and the Gibbings. The next

to come was one who had been stoker of the Rocket when on its famous trip from Manchester to Liverpool—Joseph Whitehead. The Pughs, Ledyards and others followed, and in time, with the "second epoch," an English Church clergyman, Mr. Delahooke with his daughter, the dashing Mr. Otter and some of his friends. A farm, a sawmill, a wedding, when Miss Delahooke became Mrs. Otter, and we come to the dance in the old log inn.

The tonic-sol-fa and the movable *do* had not then made music general; but the love of it was in people's hearts, and it is almost pathetic to listen to the tales of how anything coming near the name brought listeners. The Pughs' piano is historic. It was the only one at that time in the neighbourhood on that side of a badly bridged river. Neighbourhood was a wide word; so when parties were given within twelve miles or so, a sleighload of young beaux would come to borrow it. There were some rare wits among them, Charlie Derbyshire perhaps the brightest. Charlie Widder was borrower-in-chief, and as horses as well as pianos were sometimes scarce, when the Engineer, John Longworth, would be safely off on horseback, he would half coax, half make the Canada Company man, Andrew Stinson, left in charge of the stable, take out a pair—always the best—and off he would go with his fellows, bent on fun. It so happened that once when The Corners was their baiting place, who should walk in but the Engineer, who for some reason or other found himself there without means of further conveyance, "and he wasn't as wild as you'd think, either, for he was uplifted at the chance of getting home." The Pughs' piano could tell tales of musical evenings where Daw Don and his flute, Helen Lizars and her voice and Pryor with his, made music better than that for dancing. One settler who returned to England for a visit brought back with him a hurdy-gurdy, certainly the best of its kind; it was the chief piece of furniture in his drawing-room and provided a recital of which the company never seemed to weary. The famous repartee of Charlie Derbyshire is an anecdote given by many. The

circumstance of it evidently made an impression at the time. In the medley of occupations, inn-keeping, farming, store-keeping and stage-driving, in which these gentlemen indulged themselves, he became server in E. C. Taylor's store. A magnate of the neighbourhood, of whom rumour said he owned a hatter for a father and who was also accused of thrift approaching parsimony, walked in one day and asked for half a pound of raisins. The impertinent Charlie said he had none. The buyer investigated behind the counter, and quite an altercation ensued. It ended in the latter throwing down his card, with the remark, "Evidently, sir, you do not know who *I* am!" "Thanks," said Derbyshire, looking in his own hat, one of a famous make, "I have your address already. Indeed, I never put on my hat but I think of who you are."

Some of the tales of The Corners which come down almost justify Inches when, apropos of the "Backwoodsman," he remarks upon "the hurtful writings of such visionaries, who, in their enthusiasm, reckon as nothing difficulties which are insuperable and disadvantages of climate which are unsurmountable." But had people entirely believed Mr. Inches, Canada was fit for nothing but a penal colony of the most dismal kind.

The cholera year was one of tears for many settlers. We hear of one mother of twelve children who came out then with her husband and the two oldest; on their way up the St. Lawrence the crew of the boat took fright and landed them, with others, in a marsh by the river side. A heavy rain fell, and they took refuge in a deserted barn; but so great was the dread of emigrants as possible conveyers of cholera, that no passing Durham would take them on board. In time they progressed as far as Dundas; here the younger of the two children died, from an illness due to exposure; the other, very ill, was attended to medically in Toronto; and then the young girl-mother, barely out of her teens, held it in her arms while the waggon journey was made. A night of terror, when her husband, with gun and watch-fires, kept a pack of

wolves at bay, was one of the many adventures ere The Corners and the particular spot of the dense forest which they were to call home, were reached. Here in the succeeding years, by the light of a strip of cotton drawn to the edge of a saucer of lard, she patched garments torn in the bush and clearing; rocked her ten forest babies in a long bath-shaped affair, the head of it being a flat seat where the mother sat so placed that the child rocked with her, and, as she rocked, sewed; here the little boy, carried so far in her tired arms, died, and five of the babies followed him. But nothing daunted by poverty, death and unceasing hard work, she baked, knit, sewed, spun and weaved; cut up her silk wedding gown into sun-bonnets, and saw her children "capering about her in made-over relics of former days, silk velvet bodices and lace-trimmed silks, which had come out in the *Caroline*." What she could not be happy without was her cup of tea; wild chocolate and the makeshifts of the country tea-table were her last straw. Once, when her husband had a sheep to sell, he drove it to Goderich; but no one could be induced to buy, and he "tossed" whether it should be driven back or a pound of tea be taken in exchange from Christopher Crabbe, merchant (and many other things) there. The toss decided for the tea, and a strong brew was made that night. The accomplishments learned in girlhood taught this woman how to embellish her humble walls, and her love of flowers made for the log cottage a picturesque exterior. A life of patient toil, faithfully performed duty, great hardships, yet happy withal "if I could but have kept my babies."

There were fashions in those early times which later years have so dropped that they are almost forgotten. "Has he fought duels? Good heavens! And how did he comport himself in love?" He and she comported themselves sometimes after the ladder of ropes, trysting place and stolen kiss methods; nor was the stern father wanting, to throw in a flavour of tragedy. One story of a flying sweetheart and a lover who should have been waiting in an arbour, soft arms

thrown ecstatically about the gardener's neck, and a storm of reproaches and tears when the panting Lothario came, has its humorous side.

The vaporish, hysterical heroine who fainted on very small provocation had not yet lost her prestige. Love affairs were not the prosaic things they are now; no girl gave a fig for a course of true love which would run smooth. The excitements of a larger intercourse were to follow the advent of the railways. Until they came, local politics, duels, elopements, serenades and an exchange of locks of hair, filled up the pauses. Men were not yet bald at twenty-one, and girls had not gone in for higher education. The duels were not easily evaded sometimes. Nothing but blood spilled by the hand of the aggrieved one seemed an adequate punishment for crimes of the tongue. "The ——s, Mr. Speaker," says one orator who belonged to the same school of elegance, thought and feeling which animated Huron, "have ever been traitors to their country, personally and politically worthless, from the toothless hag that sits grinning in the gallery to the white-livered recreant who stands cowering on the floor." The sister of the recreant sat in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons.

The constant recurrence to pen in verse, hitting off scenes political or social, has also been given; but the third, a passion for playing practical jokes, would, if given in full, furnish material for volumes. Of course the Doctor was a prince of jesters, full of wicked pranks; and when they were brought to a safe conclusion and his victim helpless, he "laughed till the room shook." Once when his friend Dickson, Dr. Chalk and others, were at Gairbraid, they sat in the dining-room where Lou and her maids made preparation for supper. She put some pickles, which consisted mainly of capsicum, in the middle of the table. The Doctor reached over, innocently picked out one and handed it to Mr. Dickson, telling him what rare pickles Lou could make. His friend did not bite hard enough to get the desired results, so the Tiger said, "Chew it, mon, chew it, or you'll no get the flavour." Dickson chewed, grew red, then

purple, spluttered and called for water. This, with more than a soupçon of the creature added, only made him worse, and the two doctors "nearly died of laughing." This happened after an Assize Court, always a time of excitement. Rattenbury's, at The Corners, was the good-bye place, the point at which roadways home diverged, and it was the custom for the Goderich men to escort the outgoing judge, lawyers or friends, thus far; then came a final glass and God-speed. Some went to London, some to Toronto; the Huron men dived right and left into the mud roads, and the escort made its way back to Goderich. This time, just as Mr. Dickson was ready to go his way, the Tiger handed him a neat little packet, saying to give it to Mrs. Dickson, with Lou's love. Suspicion made the receiver, whose mouth was yet hot, open it. He found a sample of the pickles, with a recipe for the same, and a recommendation as to its goodness. "*Dom* the pickle; dom the pickle!" cried Dickson, throwing it away, thereby providing Dunlop and Chalk with another laugh. It is strange that children were always in awe of Doctor Dunlop, in spite of his kindness of heart and action towards them. He loved them and would have played no practical jokes on little ones, had he stopped to think; but his desire to tease was strong. "Wull I put ye in ma pocket and tak ye wi' me to the Huron Thract?" said the big man once to a small boy who stood fascinated yet trembling before him. The boy did go, but not in the pocket. He is now Mr. Justice Robertson. But there was always a friendly hand-shake at Rattenbury's, a cheery message, a parcel to be delivered, or a parting word of peace for and from everybody.

Although, according to Inches, "Goderich is more completely out of the world than any other spot which it has been attempted to settle in Canada," the people, through the Assize, the intercourse between head-office of the Canada Company in Goderich with the Toronto one, by social visits and in other ways, kept themselves in touch with the outside world. The year 1837 saw London a garrison town, and the gaieties of life which followed the establishment of the military there made a

new inducement for visitors from Goderich. The London District had its own eccentric "wild man of the woods," military man, pioneer and organizer, the hero Talbot, much like to Dunlop in his country. They were great friends. The first time Dunlop visited Talbot on his six-hundred-and-fifty-thousand acre grant, in the eyrie perched over Erie,—Lake of the Cat—he sent the man who accompanied him back to the nearest inn, bidding him wait for his return there, and proceeded up the famous elm avenue alone. But the man knew host and visitor too well to miss what might be coming so he took the liberty of remaining in hiding. He saw the Tiger turn his coat and bonnet inside out, cut himself a huge stick, and go up the avenue to the door of the long, rambling log dwelling which the autocrat of the forest called home. Dunlop gave the door a terrible thump. The general factotum, Geoffrey—who, by the way, had orders to admit nobody —answered the summons quickly, for a knock was a rare occurrence. In answer to his query as to who was there, a roar came out of the darkness wherein loomed the gigantic, queerly dressed figure, "Go to the deil and shake yourself." Geoffrey flew to his master, who was in a room above the door. His report made the Colonel lean out from the balcony and demand who was there. "Go to the deil and shake yourself," roared Dunlop again.

"Show him up, Geoffrey," said Talbot, quietly; "it is either Dunlop or the devil."

The Colonel betook himself sometimes to London, even joined in scenes of gaiety; but more loyal even than Dunlop, never doffed his homespun. At a ball held in the barracks in 1847, the flannel suit was of red and blue check, made with a smock frock, belted. This, and his long white hair, made him a bizarre figure; but he danced with the prettiest girl in the room. He had then finished that decade after which all things are but vanity and sorrow, and lived through or endured forty-five years of his voluntary solitude; yet homespun and age notwithstanding, his was the most distinguished appearance even

in a gathering which held many future baronets and earls. In feature he was the exact reproduction of the Sailor King.

Another tale which has London for its scene was of a young man, notable then and afterwards, who sat behind a girl in church and saw her long plait of beautiful hair hanging over the back of her pew into his. Out came his knife, a firm pressing cut, and her renowned adornment was gone. Spirits were high indeed, when one guest at a dinner crammed his neighbour's pockets with small silver; and again while the House was in session at the seat of Government, managed to sit next a Member who was an orator and who had a trick of drawing out his handkerchief when his eloquence began to wax high. At dinner the joker contrived to cram with chicken bones the pocket where the handkerchief was. In the middle of the speech out it came as usual with a flourish, and there was a storm of chicken bones in the air.

London was nothing if not military. During its garrison life, that of the civilian in plain claw-hammer was not a happy one. The custom of putting in verse the feeling, scene, or events of the passing moment, gave rise to the following verses, which, after "A Flourish Now of Penny Whistles," form perhaps the best specimen extant of this phase of ability in that era. They were credited to an officer in the Commissariat:

SING THE DELIGHTS.

"Sing the delights of London Society,
Epaulette, sabretache, sword-knot and plume,
Always enchanting yet knows no variety,
Scarlet alone can embellish a room.
While spurs are clattering,
Flirting and chattering,
Bend the proud heroes that fight for the Crown;
Dancing cotillions,
Cutting civilians—
These are the joys of a garrison town.

Jones, Henderson, charming mad Evans,
(So graceful his cap with its peak arrière),

My sisters and I are at sixes and sevens
When we try to decide on his favourite Fair.
Captains in plenty,
Of subalterns twenty,
Their names far too numerous here to put down,
Ogling and eyeing you,
Sueing and sighing too,—
These are the joys of a garrison town.

There's . . . son of the great English Brewer,
They tell me he's heir to ten thousand a year ;
He's handsome and tall, and
Than any of those I have ever seen here.
Last night after dancing,
So tenderly glancing,
His arm round my waist while I blushed and looked down,
Would he but make an offer—
How pleased with his proffer—
I'd spend all my life in a garrison town !

Little reck we of you, black coated laity,
Forty to one upon *rouge* against *noir* ;
On soldiers we lavish our favours and gaiety,
For the rest, why we leave them to feel *désespoir*.
Odious vulgarity,
Reckless barbarity,
We have for such canaille as those but a frown,
While flirting with Fusiliers,
Smiling on Grenadiers,—
These are the joys of a garrison town.

Glorious picnics (the twenty men are all
Much celebrated for giving champagne),
Walking from church with the Governor-General,
Admired by that elegant aide-de-camp, Mein ;
While Colonels commanding,
Ices are handing,
We are led to the valse by some sub of renown ;
Ensigns and Majors,
Old and young stagers,
All are alike in a garrison town.

But there's one drawback to all this felicity,
Ne'er was a rose that was minus a thorn ;
When the route comes they pay P.P.C. visits,—
Wish they'd do better than leave us to mourn.

Averse to espousals
They won't make proposals,
(Hints they don't take, and at threats they but scoff),
Forgetting caresses,
Rejecting addresses,
They laugh in their sleeve and say, "Haw! I'm off!"

The fair ones who furnished the matter for the foregoing tales had many of them received their education outside of Canada; some were grown girls when they arrived—a comparative term, for brides of sixteen were common, and a girl of twenty-one was considered a hopeless old maid. But the younger generation springing up had to be taught, and one of the most telling and characteristic features in that early Goderich picture was the Webb School for Young Ladies. Like many things, it was criticized in the time of operation, but filled a most useful corner in a day of necessity. The school was kept by Mrs. Webb and her three daughters (Irish Presbyterians), the two younger very striking-looking, handsome women. The fruit of their labour held much seed, for they taught how to teach again as well as how to learn. They were great sticklers for form and etiquette. Mrs. Webb went into mourning when William IV. died; and as entire change of colour was hard to get, filial piety for the sovereign was content with a piebald costume in which a broad black ribbon, tying down the coloured bonnet, was the chief emblem of woe. Crape was a scarce article in 1837, for when George Cartwright Strachan, aged twenty-one, died in November of that year, his friend Charlie Widder searched the neighbourhood for a hat-band. None could be got until Mrs. Kydd, who happened to be in mourning, was able to give him enough for that purpose.

In muddy weather then—and when was it not muddy in early Canada?—ladies "clattered along on pattens wi' their claes tuckit up to the knee," and Mrs. Webb, short, stout but prim, wore pattens. Sheriff Hyndman had a small round leathern flask, with a glass eye in its side. It was a family joke to call this flask "Mrs. Webb," because she enjoyed the rare distinction of being a most determined teetotaller. Mrs. Webb was nearly

square, and so was the flask. A Mr. Foster and a Mr. Brown were once making a temperance tour, and in the course of their wanderings through the country dined with Mrs. Ransford, her husband not at home. All the other guests were ladies, Mrs. Hyndman and the Webbs. The gentlemen did not refuse plum pudding and brandy sauce; but when they published a sketch of their tour they mentioned the dinner at which the ladies expressed themselves, in true Amazonian style, in favour of temperance. Mr. Ransford was enraged at the men's impudence, but it was considered a good joke against Mrs. Webb. It seems she could unbend, for once she danced a real Irish jig with Sheriff Hyndman, and enjoyed it as much as he did. Their school was first kept in a little log house beyond Longworth's Point; the site continued to be known as the Webb Lot until, with the Point itself, it tumbled into the lake below. Like others, they at once set about beautifying the place, and soon had the usual old-time garden, neat walk and trim border, where violet, cowslip, daffodil, gillyflower, lavender and dog rose were like so many Jonah's gourds, so quickly did they rise, and indeed fade, for it was not long before the shanty was left and another building found. The modest curriculum of the school would provoke a smile on modern student lips, so free was it from 'ologies and 'isms; but the education given was correct, and thorough as far as it went. Their rules were simple and few, but oh, so strictly enforced, with the aid of dunce's cap, back-board and taws, personal neatness and good manners being the *sine qua non*; the latter, they argued, was the outcome of a moral principle. They themselves were ladies in the true sense of the word—pure-minded, honourable, cultured gentlewomen, whose truth and sincerity their pupil world never doubted. The survivors, all elderly, some aged women now, bear, and will carry to the grave, the habits and principles then so rigidly taught. These ladies never mixed in general society but had a few friends, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. MacDonald, their special intimates; they kept themselves and their energies entirely for that community of law and order

which they formed out of young persons who would otherwise (most of them) have drifted anywhere. Every midsummer they gave an afternoon party to their pupils, and the garden, which was an object of general interest, made a great additional pleasure in the day. One thing much criticized in the community was the pupils' manner of entering and leaving the school-room. They did not enter by classes. Everyone was punctual—there was no difficulty on that score; two of the ladies, Miss Abbie and Miss Margaret, stood each by a special desk, and as each small girl entered she curtsied to the first, went on and curtsied to the second, and then took her seat. At the lunch hour—all lunches were carried there—one or the other read aloud some improving book; strange to say, this was considered a rich treat, for such amiable intention on the part of teachers does not always meet its deserts. On leaving, all assembled, bags in hand, before the awful three, Miss Betsy, Miss Abigail and Miss Margaret, and each class, beginning with the youngest, filed before the standing majesties, when the aggregate class, with one swoop, curtsied. The ladies bowed in return; one class passed out, the next one came, and so on, until the little log school-house was quiet. When visitors arrived, the pupils rose en masse to receive them, but then went on with such work as engrossed them as though no one were present.

At Mrs. Tims' dancing-school deportment was resumed after the short interval it took to convey the pinafores, pantalets, strapped calf-skin slippers, side curls under Michigan waggons, from one school to the other; a short interval of scamper. Here the figures of the dance were called out, and the little girls responded with appropriate action to *chaine des dames, chassez croisé, pas seul.* Mrs. Tims, pretty, young and graceful, with her Continental manner, was a great contrast to the Puritan simplicity of the Webbs, old-fashioned for their time. The modern tennis or gymnasium makes athletes of our girls, but for straight backs and rhythmic steps our grand-dames were unrivalled. All little girls had for school and common wear, as

also many grown women, head coverings which we now call sunbonnets, but which were then called "Michigan waggons" because they were like in shape to the covered waggons used by the Vermont emigrants on their way to western Michigan. These bonnets were very close and hot; but it was almost criminal for feminine cheeks to be tanned, and a freckle was thought a most unwomanly ornament,—so they served their purpose, for they were excellent shields. It was not then fashionable to be robust. A girl with a good healthy appetite never dreamed of exhibiting it in public, but after the manner of heroines of romance toyed with her food. Robust health and a strong mind, if held in a female form, had to be hidden; all evidences of them were unfeminine, and a reputation for delicacy of lungs or wits was the thing. As a century or so before an opinion had been expressed,—"Oh, sir, she swore so dreadfully she must be a lady of quality," so now were pale cheeks and small appetites credentials. The Misses Webb kept a Sunday-school for the religious education of the young people who formed their chief week-day interest. Mrs. Campbell held hers in the stable church, and afterwards one in St. George's; but distance and roads settled as to which school should be attended. The discipline did not relax in that of the Webbs, although not maintained as drastically as on week-days. Giggling, with the weaknesses common to little girls in white low cut muslin frocks, sashes and poke bonnets, was overcome by separating two of a feather and sandwiching in some "really good little girl." Then in the bustle consequent upon rising from their knees, for all knelt with faces towards the forms, the bit of information nipped in the bud by Miss Betsy's watchful eye would get itself said across the interpolated one. The rims of two Michigan waggons met with a crash, and—"My mamma had a new baby this morning"—"There was a schooner on the bar last night"—when down Miss Betsy would swoop again, and "My child, who gave you this name?" began.

The old servants were of a kind that has almost entirely passed away. Some of them braved the uncertainties of

emigration with their masters and lived and died in their service. Rectory Anne and Mrs. Kydd's Kitty were village characters. On wet afternoons the latter would arrive, in pattens, at Mrs. Webb's humble door, with umbrella, small goloshes and shawl for Miss Aggie. Kitty's costume, which she brought from the Old Country and which she never changed in fashion, made her look like the stage peasant. Low shoes, short skirt, small jacket and high muslin cap made her fair weather equipment, as she took the little girl daily back and forth. Rectory Anne had been in the Campbell service in France, afterwards in England, and from there to Canada, where, although faithful as ever, she by no means approved of things. In familiar parlance, she bossed the house, the Rector especially having to do as he was told.

"Lawd—ah—me—you mustn't do that;" "Lawd—ah—me you mustn't do this," was ever on her tongue.

She followed him still farther; for when in time her mistress died, and she had closed her eyes, the Rector was removed to Bayfield; Anne went, too, to be brought back by him, his three daughters and son-in-law, to be buried beside her loved "Mistress an' Miss Carrie." One night in 1835, soon after their arrival in the wilderness, she "lost herself" trying to perform some message not one hundred yards from the house, in the morass which was afterwards the Goderich Square. The whole town turned out to look for her, and her master and mistress spent a night of misery on her account. She was found at daylight, sitting on a huge boulder underneath the bridge. She had the temper and tongue generally ascribed to valued old domestics, and rated her rescuers roundly for not having found her before. At the Rectory she was equally hard upon the Rector and Mrs. Campbell for not having sent out more capable searchers. But she was a favourite in spite of tongue and temper.

A noted divine not long ago said that some people cannot get enough of themselves by always being in their own company, so they keep journals. This epigram points to the

writers of great I's and little u's; to the introspective; and to those who look upon the small book as a place where the writer can make a fool of himself an' he pleases, where he can be actor and audience in one and dispose his own claqueurs. A well-indexed commonplace-book is another matter. Judiciously written and filed, these small volumes might fix the events and the complexion of their times in unfading ink. What a work might the Rector Campbell have done had he but kept a journal. Any parish, and his in particular, was a world epitomized, a history in itself. By enquiring, memorizing and condensing, he might have left a story which would cover all ground from Gooding onwards; would have taken Time by the forelock and



"Looking back on those days."

measured the march of his footsteps; celebrated the conquest of the biting axe, and the raising of each roof-tree. And it would have been a history of human nature; of more benefit than stacks of pamphlets on political campaigns, perhaps better than the yellow rolls of old sermons which decorate the corners of every Rectory garret.

Looking back on those days, some of the actors feel them to have been a dream, a romance of which someone else might have been the centre; a bad dream at that sometimes; "and yet," comes the old refrain, "we were happy." Those who derived happiness from the round of pleasure found it soon pall; those whose daily toil had enough of the pleasure to sweeten

their lot were perhaps happier than where there were more accustomed ways and steadier means, for there was always that spice, variety. But for the wicked, the hopelessly idle, there is a fading into black shadow; and as they fade we hear them sing:

> "We only know we embarked in woe,
> And are bound for the Great Unknown."

Few young men of education and accustomed to the world realized what was a backwoods life. If romantic, "free from the haunts of men" had a seductive sound; but the reality was so sad and solitary that in many cases they purchased oblivion at the expense of future welfare. The whiskey bottle, the society of those they regarded as inferiors but who were destined to become their superiors, disappointment, loneliness, despair, turned many into poverty-stricken drunkards. Whiskey and wet feet destroyed more promising young men than ague and fever. There is a fable somewhere that a man, weary of worldly life and thinking evil found no home in the forest, transferred himself there. When about to dismount, a figure came forward from among the trees and offered him help. The appearance was too familar. "You must be—you are the devil!" he cried. "At your service, my friend," was the answer; "I often wander about in these paths as well as in cities, and find plenty to do. Indeed, it is hard to find a place I do not occasionally visit. I shall not fail to look in upon you here now and then." The soul sickens at tales of wilful self-destruction, despair, blighted promise and forgotten graves, with which the period abounds, and turns to those memories of pure fireside history distinctly Canadian, with the flavour of the still-room and spinning-wheel, for spindleside was then thoroughly feminine, nor was spearside extinct in contradistinction, as Huron's age heroic showed. Every house had a medicine chest or a substitute for one, in which old wives simples and the herb cures learned from the Indians had place. The bark of the white walnut was said to have most curious

convertible medicinal properties; when peeled from the trunk downwards it was a powerful emetic, but when stripped upwards its character changed and it became cathartic. Everyone dug, sowed, spun, wove, baked for themselves, even in the homes of the town; many of them were *rus in urbe*, farms in the town in all save size. The three or four acres were divided off into separate yards; house-yard with out-buildings, bake-house, wash-house and summer shed. The baking was one day's work, maids and mistress alike busy. First there was the making of the fire, in which a moderate supply of kindling for a modern month was used; this was then fed with lightwood, and after all became red-hot the unconsumed fire and ashes were drawn out in front upon an immense brick hearth; then the batches of loaves from the baking-board were put in and remained until it was time to take out the great cones of golden brown; in went buns, a dozen pies, and the weekly cake, all to come out equally good and toothsome. The laundry-house had not the appearance which taps and stationary tubs give now, but a tremendous amount of weekly work was done in it. The coarser clothes were rubbed on boards, but fine things, or those approaching fine, were done altogether with the hands; so before beginning, every laundress protected her wrists with bandages, in spite of which the blood often came. The washings were immense. Women wore, instead of one divided skirt, from two to four, or even five, white ones; these were corded, tucked, ruffled, and of immense width, sometimes "set" upon barrels after being ironed to make the starch take a proper shape. Muslin dresses, flounced to the waist, with fichu, bell sleeves and open throat when not baby bodiced, and prints and ginghams were the ordinary wear for summer. Men, more lavish than in the days of John Chinaman, contributed one white shirt a day, with extra ones for occasions. The long lines crossed and recrossed the yard, and warned the young ladies of the house of the terrors of ironing day, for it was then the custom for each young girl to be responsible for the starching and ironing of her own white

dresses and skirts. Then when the end of that day came, the big Indian baskets were piled high with the pretty finery, and laughing voices and long curls, cheeks pink with the extra heat, and hearts light with some picnic or party in prospect, made naught of what was one of the toils of the then fashion. The cook-house was generally removed from the house proper, to keep the latter cool. It had not that effect upon those who emerged from it to brave the rays of a mid-day sun, as they crossed the house-yard with dishes well covered to keep the meats hot. Labour was cheap in the early days, and the old did not scruple to exact it liberally from the young. Four cows were a usual allowance for such establishments, and there was the weekly butter-making in the old-fashioned dash-churn. In the long porches and side verandahs were benches running round the walls, on which relays of pans made their diurnal appearance, one scalded, burnished and airing, while the others in the cellars below were full. The skimmer and the cream crock stood near the last, and a small stream running along the sandy floor completed a butter-woman's paradise. The house-yard had its dog kennels, but the dogs were not as hospitable as their masters. The place swarmed with life; hen mothers strutted about calling to their chicks; "Coo-coo" brought a flock of tumblers and fantails about the one who called, her apron full of corn and other barn-yard goodies; turkeys gobbled and ducks and geese waddled to and from the lake and river. Chief ornament in such a yard was an enormous iron pot. It meant sugar, apple butter, soap or candles, according to the season. Hard by stood the lye barrels, but the town farmers drew the line at sugar. That came in big blue paper-covered cones from Toronto, London or Hamilton, with the year's supplies, or for general use from the Indians who brought it to the door (with the rest of their travelling capital of blue-beech brooms, Indian baskets, grass mats and knick-knacks,) in "mohawks," these varying from a handful of sugar to fifty or even one hundred pounds. Once a year, in the early autumn, there was the big candle-making with beef

or mutton tallow, the former preferred, for the candles made from it were whiter and harder. The fat was melted in the cauldron; the man in charge had some dozen long sticks on which were strung the wicks, dipped in in rotation slowly and allowed to cool, set aside on a stand, and then dipped again until the right size was attained; their own weight kept them straight, but careful management was required for a good job. The boxes were ready and the paper for packing them, when they were neatly put away. These were for kitchen, cellar and common use. Others were made in tin moulds, the wicks strung in the middle and the melted fat poured in. This was superior work to that of making the dips, and was left to the young people of the house; but any of a bad shape, or broken, had to be remelted. These were the candles that stood in brass or silver sticks, or in candelabra, that lit up the kettle's brass sides, or shone on Jimmy Collins' round Irish face and black eyes when he fiddled of an evening after the spinning-wheel was silent and Cerberus was left alone.

From the yard opened orchard and kitchen garden, they and the lane fenced high with pickets above the fencing proper, and great gates whose hinges told upon the coming fruit thief. And there were prim rows of gooseberry and currant bushes, black, white and red; raspberry and blackberry canes which would droop in spite of guards; black, white and ox-heart cherries, and peaches which made such luscious jam—jam with the kernels floating in it; apricot, apple and pear trees, with their white-washed boles, stood each in its small circle of dug and manured ground. The kitchen gardens were old-fashioned affairs, with vegetables in the centre of the beds, and sweet-william, pinks and gillyflowers mingling their sweetness with the pungent chive border. And each child had his own small patch where he sometimes rivalled his elder. Times were too busy in such large establishments for flowers which needed much cultivation; but barberry hedges with festoons either side of a fence, crimson and graceful, a white lilac, elder-blossoms, beds of cowslips whose destination was the wine-vat,

violets and daisies growing wanton in the grass, did not need much cultivation. Such spots were shelters for the few free hours. There the wind never blew roughly, thanks to high fences and hedge, but was always sunny and warm. They missed the ivy, but that was a vegetation exclusively connected with crumbling ruins in the past age; there were no fitting walls on which to hang it, even had it thriven there.

"Our winter is quite set in and the river frozen over, and I am skating from morning till night. I don't know how long the rage will last, but while it does it is very pleasant. I begin in the morning as soon as it is light, and stay till breakfast; go out and stay out till it is time to dress and parade. . . . The snow, I believe, will soon put a stop to that" (drilling), "and then I mean to go to Quebec on snowshoes. . . . I long to give you an account of some of my trips; the idea of being out of doors, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and of overcoming all the difficulties of nature by the ingenuity of man, delights me. Everybody who has tried it says it is much the warmest way of living in winter, for by being in the woods you are sheltered from the winds; and at night by clearing away the snow, banking it up round, and in the middle of the space making a large fire, you are much warmer than in the best house. . . . I believe I shall never again be persuaded to live in a house."

The idea of perpetual snow had come down from Voltaire's time. What wonder that these rosy accounts reproduced by Dunlop, and the works of his own pen, had misled many. As shown, his practical jokes sometimes took the form of monstrous fictions. In one skit he gives an account of the freezing of his own hunting party, himself excepted; when found, the men were set up in a shed, like fence-posts awaiting planting, against such time as the spring thaw should come. These watchers above the sullen Huron, while it roared or was silent but for ominous cracks and detonations which told of rifts in the ice far out, began to wonder if any tales told of frost could have been in jest. They thought of the prince at the Russian

fête whose statues were captives soused with water, frozen to stand in life-like attitude to the admiration of foreigners; and they shivered.

The rigours of Canadian winters were proverbial, but sometimes mild ones made a gap in those six-month views, when to look from a window shook faith in the procession of the seasons. But they did look; and some did not despair, when in the dull monotony of the days the thermometer offered the variety of cold, colder, coldest, and again *da capo*. Such a winter as that of 1832, when cricket was played on the Flats on Christmas Day, did not come often.

"Now digestion wait on appetite, and health on both." It makes one hungry to hear of an old-time larder. When the September suns were hot and the woods along the shore looked like so many beds of giant pinks and roses, and the oak patches were copper forests of fairy-land, came the great brewing and preserving. The orchards had rows of bee-hives, and swarming was a time of excitement, when mistress, well done up in a broad garden hat, deep veil, long gloves, and armed with the branch of a tree, was followed by her maids or the entire family bearing tins of various sizes, from which issued a gamut of sound intended to "scare" the bees; the comb in great pieces lay ready for the tea-table, and jars of strained honey sat in the pantry rows among the jams. Then came metheglin and mead, to take their place with the parsnip, currant and cowslip wine—only its disposition was not so quiet, for in the hot September days, with the whirr from the spinning-wheel in the garret crossed by the lazy drone of the grasshopper, came ominous pops from below which told of bottles burst; for the spinning-wheels did whirr hour after hour of those palpitating afternoons, when

> "Hush, ah hush, the scythes are saying,
> Over the clover, over the grass,"

came through the garret windows from the after-math.

In the cellar, like monarch among subjects, sat a barrel of

whiskey; at twenty-five cents a gallon it was all too cheap. The custom of serving it to out-door gatherings in a pail with floating tea-cup was one come down from the fifth century, when the drink was metheglin and the cup bound with silver mountings, and not so distinctly a Canadian custom as travellers thought. The home-brewed ale, strong, brown, with a good cream, lay about in kegs, to be drunk at dinner soberly or tossed off at a gulp in the hay fields; again an old custom, for ancient drinking cups had round bottoms, a most convenient shape, as it necessitated emptying at a single draught. On each sideboard stood a liquor-stand, sometimes a triangular affair, a shamrock, where whiskey, rum and gin bottle each carried its silver label. After the early dinner and again at nine at night in came the toddy kettle, bright brass made brighter by constant scouring, steaming hot, and kept so on the same principle as an old-fashioned urn, with an iron made red-hot and fastened in a hollow beneath it. Such a kettle cost five pounds in Toronto. The square doyleys in sampler stitch protected the table top before the master and his visitors; each had his tall glass, wine glass, and silver or briar-wood toddy ladle, a cut lemon in a saucer, and sometimes whole spices for "doctoring" the toddy completed the outfit. The "church-wardens" were filled, and then the stories began—generally the same ones, how two horses were shot under one man at Waterloo; whose hat was riddled, his coat-collar shot off while the fighter remained unhurt, as in the case of Captain Kinnear: how another had eaten bread and cheese in a trench, lying flat on his stomach the while—not from lack of bravery, for whatever the faults of our fathers there was no room for a coward among them.

The pet animals of the early times were of great general interest. There are many tales of pet deer, sagacious horses and companionable dogs. The Tiger had a fawn which would come into the house to be fed by hand, followed its owner like a dog, and at a word would delight them all with its graceful jumping. But it became fierce and had to be shut in palings,

making a last exploit by nearly killing a boy, after jumping over or through everything intended to confine it. In the words of the stern Prince, "It was shot accordingly."

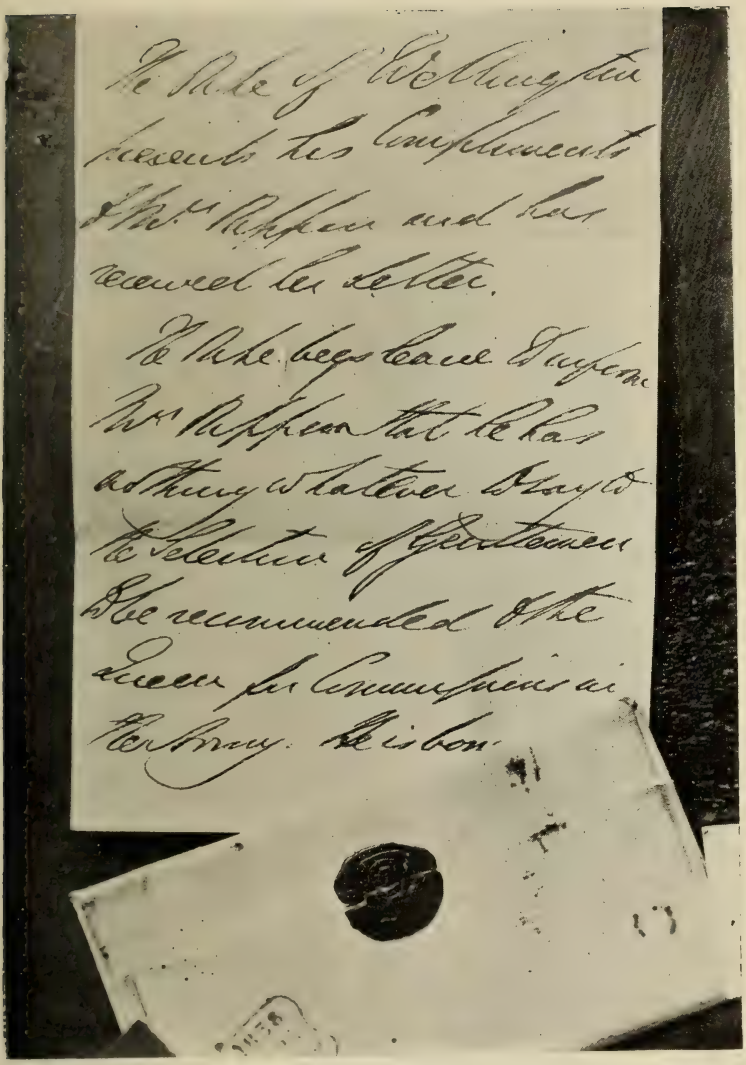
There was Black Bess, a really wonderful horse, which, to fit a quotation, could "drive through a key-hole, and turn on the top of a stump." It was a sight to see her go through a bush road. She had all the instincts of a *coureur du bois,* and could crawl over the logs like a cat, carefully hauling the sleigh after her. One of her colts, a grey, was equally intelligent and was taught many tricks. He would lift any gate off its hinges when he wished to get out. When given a shilling in his mouth he would walk to a bar and lay it down there—thereby showing he was a native born, with all the tastes of a Canadian of the times; and he could untie with his teeth any halter knot a man could make with his fingers.

Mr. Charles Widder had a pet deer, whose welfare troubled him when he was about to leave for a visit to England. He left it in charge of a little girl friend, who kept it in her father's stable. A horse kicked it, and there was a household commotion over the broken leg. She sent for Dr. Hamilton, taking it for granted he would be as much interested as herself. He came, rather put out at such a summons, and gave as his prescription: "Shoot the brute! Shoot the brute!" There was a very pathetic funeral, with a genuine chief mourner.

The arrival of post-bag literature was a welcome event in any month, or as settlement and roads prospered, any week; letters to England were two-and-sixpence and were six weeks on the way, with, for a time, an additional charge from the Canada Company for carriage from Guelph westwards. As has been said, the supply of books in the first luggage was good and wonderfully large; people borrowed and lent until the contents of each library became widespread. Some of the books had a personal touch, for the "Wreck of the Kent," lent by the Rich girls to their friends, perpetuated the heroism of an uncle: and a certain red-bound volume of Waterloo, Quatrebras and the Duchess of Richmond's ball, meant that Van Egmond,

Kinnear, Longworth, Schneider, and a dozen other familiar names had come at that famous roll call; Scott's Jacobite tales, Wade's road-making, and the Highland forts were so many familiar by-histories, for Caberfae, the Lizars, Captain Annand and other Goderich names had figured in those scenes; and Alexander Young had been in the employ of Gordon Cumming, the lion hunter, a name straight from Bruce. The post-bag contained letters from many living celebrities, more than one from the Iron Duke himself.

Some time in the early forties there came upon the Goderich scene a widow with four sons, who settled in the house where young John Galt kept bachelor's hall, made his puddings and entertained Yule. She had been, so rumour said, the belle of her time in Edinboro', and she bore many traces of the probability; a very distinguished-looking personage, built for a duchess but destined for poverty and privation in Canada, privation which she bore with a heroism derived from her war-like forbears and put under as great test as theirs, if under new conditions. Mrs. Kippen was the daughter of a Colonel Grant, whose Highland family was always contributing to the service of the country. Her husband had served under Nelson and was his personal friend. She soon found Canada was not to be for her boys that which she had hoped, and on account of services rendered by grandfather, father, and a long line of relatives, four commissions were sent them at a time when such were gained by purchase, in spite of the preliminary difficulties which the Great Duke was forced to set forth in one of his letters. One of her sons went to Africa in the Cape Service; another to the Afghanistan war, where he fell, not fighting, but through some epidemic fatal to the troops; a third, Horatio, name-child of the Admiral, to India, served two terms, became a Colonel, and died in Canada, where he returned after his long service. Like the mother in "Macleod of Dare," she saw her sons all go from her, for the only one to remain in the country studied law under the present Mr. Justice Robertson and died in Dundas while still a student; her soldier sons she never saw



"The preliminary difficulties which the Great Duke was forced to set forth."

again. A friend one day surprised her as she sat with an open book upon her knee, her thoughts evidently far away and big tears resting on her cheeks. The book was Felicia Hemans' Poems, and the open page was the familiar "Graves of a Household." Sure enough, those of her own were "scattered far and wide, by mountain, stream and sea." Her one daughter married Mr. Nairn, a man who buried great attainments in the bush; he became the village encyclopædia, for all, in a community where there was much learning, turned to him on points of debate.

Education and social position occasionally were factors in the success of the immigrant gentlewoman; as a rule, the more refined the woman the greater her ability to adapt herself to her backwoods life. In the roughest days of it, if there was grumbling it did not come from Mrs. Kippen's lips. The tall figure bent to the task, the soft palms did not disdain the firm hold:

> "Dear, patient heart, that deemed the heavy care
> Of drudging household toils its highest duty;
> That laid aside its precious yearnings there,
> Along with beauty."

There were settlers among the gentle who in their way served the country as well as those who knew how to work or learnt how. Sometimes they came after hearing in a vague way that someone had made a large fortune out in Canada. These fancied they conferred a sort of honour upon the colony by selecting it for a place of rest. Their humbler brethren were hard upon them, did not appreciate their excellences, and had only contempt for their ignorance in knowledge necessary to the times and country. But these people served their day and generation. Sparse schools, bad roads, the work exacted from the young, made it no small blessing to have by every fireside a well of education and refinement whose drops fertilized many brains which would otherwise have become sterile.

After a time the post-bag brought the new reading matter, books published in serial pamphlet form; Agnes Strickland's

"Lives of the Queens of England," and Macaulay's History; "Night and Morning" and "Eugene Aram;" Dickens and George Borrow. A reading and lending library was formed, of which Mr. Kydd was librarian and secretary, and John and Alec Strachan, Judge Acland, John Galt, Daniel Lizars senior and junior, Charles Widder and some dozen others, were members. They met at the different homes, new exchanges were made, and a bright, witty, caustic or learned synopsis and criticism of the last works was given. This was followed by a light supper, which was rigidly ruled to consist of tea, sandwiches and cake. Supper was the undoing of the club. At one member's house this simple meal was replaced by fowls, jellies, and all manner of delicacies. "We thoroughly enjoyed that supper. I remember there had been a dinner party or two, and everyone was in evening dress and it was a particularly good and jolly meeting. But we never met again." The others could not do the same, and they would not do differently. They often had impromptu debates, and did not disdain light laughter; for one subject was "What difference is there between conscience in all women and enough women in all conscience." A local newspaper was about that time established, and we read in one of its first advertisements that "All kinds of produce will be taken in exchange for the *Huron Gazette*, such as beef, pork, flour, barley, oats, peas, butter, eggs, etc. Parties desirous of paying in wheat will have the kindness to leave it at the Goderich Mills, Thwaite's store, Tuckersmith, or Rattenbury's store, Clinton, where they will receive a receipt." All of which goes to show that a feast of reason and flow of soul was in no case satisfying.

A very spirited newspaper correspondence took place between Doctor Dunlop and Sir Francis Hincks. They took as *noms de guerre*, The Tiger and The Hyena. The letters were headed "Correspondence of the Feræ Naturæ. The Tiger to the Hyena, etc." Of course a howl came back in response to the growl. All this appeared in the Montreal *Gazette* after the departure and death of Lord Metcalfe, and arose out of a fear expressed by

Mr. Hincks that were a proposal made to erect a statue to the memory of the dead nobleman a disturbance might arise. Things had not quieted down from 1837; Metcalfe had practically suspended responsible government, and in his amnesty for rebel exiles had excluded Mackenzie and Papineau. The Doctor pretended to read Mr. Hincks' scruples in a way exactly contrary to his meaning, and the letters back and forth made good reading matter for the newspaper world. This was after Goderich had practically ceased to be his home. He and the "Twelve Apostles" were domiciled either at Lachine or in Magill Street, in Montreal, where he lived at the house of one Grant, with James Johnston, of Bytown, and Colonel Prince. These three represented England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the trefoil made an exceedingly jolly household.

From the time when Moore, going home after his short trial of life in Bermuda, took Canada on his way, there had been many lesser literary lights coming for a glimpse of Niagara, an attempt at tree felling standing in a tub the while, or the passage of a rapid. The little poet, rosy and like a Cupid, according to Scott "the smallest of men not to be deformed," then wrote of the massy woods and the store of inland waters:

> "Oh, Lady, there are miracles which man,
> Caged in the bonds of Europe's pigmy plan,
> Can scarcely dream of—which his eye must see
> To know how beautiful this world can be."

Lover, the novelist, song-writer and miniature-painter, came with his two daughters. He gave his famous Irish entertainments, but did not, like Max O'Rell and later followers from other countries, return with a small fortune. The remunerative part of his trip came in "American Evenings," which he gave in London on his return to England. But he illustrated "McGrath's Letters," a work edited by an Adelaide clergyman, which gives us many lights on early Canada. One picture in the book brings us back to the shores of Huron. It is of an enormous she bear, standing five feet high when upright, a

mild, peaceable, docile companion to her master, and as good a watch as any dog, for not a stir or sound could come at night near his tent but Miss Macawnse—the name to which she answered, meaning "young bear"—gave a warning growl. One morning while camping on the lake shore, Mr. McGrath took an ante-breakfast swim and found his companion had forestalled him with the meal; on his return to the tent, every morsel of bread, sugar and biscuit had been devoured, and all the camp equipment was in the most glorious confusion. Poor Miss Macawnse was tied to a post and received a sound drubbing on her hairy sides. She never again ventured to hurry breakfast, but took her seat as before, with the utmost gravity, on her own side of the mat which answered for table, and waited her turn for bits. In the picture etched by Samuel Lover, Esquire, R.H.A., Miss Macawnse shares the tent with her master and a pet deer; the mat has plates, a teapot and dishes, on which are what seem to be bread and fish, and a gun rests against the wall. An affrighted face is poked in through an opening, dark enough to be a native's, but perhaps that of Charlie Derbyshire, who, in Goderich, never tired of telling tales of this wonderful bear.

Kingston, author of many books which have delighted boys' hearts, with his bride came out on his wedding trip. On their way to Penetang they bumped along the deplorable road, relic of Dunlop's first effort at road-making, the first military communication between Toronto and the lake, now all overgrown with underwood and so narrowed that the bride and groom were nearly hooked out of the vehicle by the branches. They passed some clearings—little nooks chopped out of the forest, log huts standing in the middle of each. These became fewer, the tall trees taller, and arched closer overhead; the gloom settled into total darkness. Yet on they plunged, literally with leaps in the dark, over rotten corduroy and broken planks, holding on like grim death—and this was a wedding journey! His "Western Wanderings" convey his impressions from Quebec to Mackinaw, with many side turnings and byways. Their

driving tour took them through "the famous Huron Tract," but they seemed to confine this part of their trip to the Guelph and Waterloo district. He gives a good account of the German and Dutch element in the latter, "many of whom we saw wearing long beards and primitive looking dresses," evidently the Amisch of to-day. "We met a group which from their antique appearance might have come out of some painting of Holbein's, an old Dutchman and his frau, driving in a little cart. A broad straw hat shaded his flat rugged face, grizzled all round with a huge beard, which fell, or rather stuck down over his breast. The frau wore a close quilted blue hood which covered every hair in her head, and only showed a quaint, wrinkled face with clear little eyes twinkling out of it." When the Amisch came out from the parent sect, one of the chief points on which they split was the regulation pertaining to hair on the face, a beard being considered by the seceders as necessary to salvation. The name is built upon that of Ami, the chief seceder. The Kingstons travelled in the fall and his pages abound with the gorgeousness of the colouring matter ever before his eyes. Charmed by the novelty of a Canadian autumn landscape, he seems to be forever sitting down on a log, to cover paper with the most brilliant reds, pinks yellow and purples of his colour box. He took exception to the constant change of the seat of Government, and proposed that like a butcher on Lake Simcoe who had a floating stall which went from village to village on the shore, displaying prime roasts, steaks and chops, there should be a steamer fitted up as a House of Parliament, to be taken from Toronto to Kingston or Montreal, and thereby save enormous expenditure. He was disgusted that we had no canal at the Sault, and suggests that the whole Canadian Parliament might be sent up, chained, two and two from opposite sides of the House, and kept there until they had built it. These travellers were asked upon return what language Canadians spoke and if they dressed in skins. "But what," exclaimed an old servant, "what better could you expect of a found-out country!"

The Ettrick Shepherd spoke of coming out; but only a nephew and niece of his, who settled in Galt, came. "Canadian Impressions" from him would at least have had the merit of originality.

Unlike the inhabitants of sweet Goderich City, "where the fish are and the Great Commissioner," these literary travellers never tired of food for the brain, the new-found delicacy, whitefish. One says that the Roman Emperor who proclaimed a reward for the discovery of a new pleasure should have made a voyage down Lake Huron in a birch bark canoe. Certainly, if Apicius had lived in these days, he would have breakfasted on broiled whitefish before he hanged himself. One missionary ate it three times every day of his life for seven years, and still relished it. The gill nets, with leads and floats, were introduced upon the upper lakes by a Brazilian fisherman, and superseded the seine before in use.

Perhaps the most interesting of the visitors was one who had been hero and not writer, no less than the original of Charles O'Malley. His grave is in St. James' Cemetery, Toronto, a coffin-shaped stone of Irish granite with shamrocks at each corner. The inscription is, "Francis Gethings Keogh, Cohorts, XXIX., Dux. obiit Jan. IX., MDCCCXIV., Aetatis suae LX."

"The face of a country," says a noted writer, "is a book which, if it be deciphered correctly and read attentively, will unfold more than ever did the cuneiform inscriptions of Persia or the hieroglyphics of Egypt." It will be remembered that the time of the birth of Goderich, and onwards, was Napoleonic. Listen to the names of her streets: Arthur, Wellesley, Wellington, Waterloo, Nelson, Hamilton, Trafalgar, Brock, Napier, Montcalm, Wolfe and Anglesey. The four which direct the wanderer among their many angles, North, South, East and West, come after these as if pointing to the four quarters of the globe,

"Where the British drum-beat ushers in the dawn of day."



"Charles Widder, stick in hand."

There is a legend that Mr. Pryor, in a hilarious moment, drew the plans of Guelph and Goderich upon a chip, his fancy in the first taking the form of a peacock's tail, and in the second a cart-wheel. This was not so, as the offices at London and York were entirely responsible for these rhapsodies on Euclid. Below the lighthouse is St. Christopher's Beach, why so named it is hard to say, unless it looked to the Directors as if ready for a second saint to carry pilgrims across. Within St. Christopher's jurisdiction the *George the Fourth* was wrecked in 1834; she was safely hauled off again, but in the same gale the *Stirling* was not so successful. The latter was loaded with provisions and stuff for the settlers, and was a total wreck. The lighthouse ground was always a favourite point of outlook; and here once, when viewing a wreck, Charles Widder, stick in hand, was with the rest of his party immortalized by a strolling artist.

A lake mariner needs to be made of brave stuff, but sometimes he has the double fortune to have a wife of the same. Mrs. Rowan, wife of the Highlander who ranks next in seniority on these waters to Captain Murray MacGregor, was of the true heroic metal. It is told of her that in storm she could steer the vessel as safely as her husband could, and in time of necessity she would go aloft when perhaps a sailor quailed. Lake sailors are no better men than Nelson was, and sea-sickness must sometimes have its way. Mrs. Rowan always accompanied her husband, and if a man had to succumb she took his place. Her relatives lived at Southampton, and once on her way up the lake she was put ashore there, to be called for on the schooner's return. Rowan's Highland speech, with its attractive inflection, was wafted through the clear atmosphere as he attended to his wife's comfort, and from high up on the land she heard the order given to a sailor, "A bo-at t' t' wo-ol-age t' bring Ma-a-ary ab-o-o-ard."

The townships kept the memory of the Directorate alive. The records of the earliest meetings of the Company, in 1825

and 1826, show such names as Downie, Hullett, Fullarton, McGillivray, Logan, Easthope and Ellice, Tucker Smith, Blanshard and Mornington. It was not only the place names which told a story, but also those of individuals. When the Queen, "God bless her," was a baby, it was said Georgina was chosen for her, but His Majesty declined to allow his name to occupy a second place. Unasked, his subjects not only took his and the succeeding one of William, but Caroline and Charlotte flourished too. The virtues of Queen Adelaide gave circulation to hers, even though its definition was "princess." One baby girl brought in arms to the Canada Company town was Wilhelmine Adelaide, and retains to this day the combination in "Queenie." "My pretty Jane" was on every tenor's lips then; so there were many Janes, some of them more than simply pretty. As yet the reigns of Mary and Anne were kept in mind by many a poor girl having to answer to them both. Sarah Anne, Eliza Jane and Mary Elizabeth were equally popular. Fashion, which for the passing hour is the exponent of taste, had much to answer for in this chorus of sweet vocables. Susan, Ellen and Louisa had not made place for Geraldine, Gladys and Gwendoline; but there were many changes and interchanges, until "what was Goose Creek once is Tiber now."

On the drive-way to the Ridge the only old landmark left is Calloway's cottage. Here John Galt made one of his many essays at bachelor house-keeping, where on one occasion he offered a hungry guest a large tin dish full of boiled duck.

There were a number of very jolly bachelor establishments. The Lyster brothers had theirs, with two old family servants of the name of McGlade to serve them. After Charles Widder and John Strachan left theirs at the Castle, the French couple, Mr. and Mrs. Letarge, whose capabilities for providing comfort and luxury were great, transferred their good offices to the small cottage on East Street, where young Dan Lizars and Alex. Strachan had a cosy bachelor home. George Brown, one of the sons from the Lake-shore, with a lot of other young fellows, kept

house together, and it was Brown's particular work to get the tea. The others, as the time drew near, would cry, "Polly, put the kettle on!" and Polly he remained for many a day.

About 1845 the Baron left the Ridge house for an unusually long absence, and Calloway, the factor in charge, goodnaturedly let picnic parties have it for the dance succeeding rambles on the wooded hill-side. The folding doors were opened and the furniture, which was meagre, was piled and packed away. The provender baskets were put into a room off the drawing-room until, too tired to dance any more, the merry revellers sat themselves down to enjoy the contents. There was no table for the supper; it was laid on the floor, and Mrs. Rich might be seen sitting beside an enormous cherry pie, while the Lysters, Westons, Daw Don, Reginald Gaffney, John Galt, Charlie Widder, the Strachans, Raby Williams, and all the beaux of those jolly times, like so many flies buzzing about her goodies, asked for some to take to the tired ones who sat on the low sills of the open windows, or, like Mrs. Rich, made an impromptu divan of the floor. One night a terrible storm came up just as the party was shawled and ready to go. The drawbridge could not be trusted in gales and roughened water; so the shawls were taken off and a second edition of the evening began, to last until the storm went down, and first dawn and then pink sunlight came slanting through the branches where the rain-drops still quivered. It was a heavenly morning; but, oh, the heavy feet that recrossed the drawbridge, and the tired arms that pulled the boat; and there was still the opposite bank to climb before homes were reached.

The Baron had gone to seek a bride. He brought her back, a tall, fair, slight woman, plain of feature but stately, always dressed in grey. Her stay in Goderich was short, although before and after her husband's death she made occasional appearances there. But she never fraternized with the people. She took no interest in his oak avenues and village lots for school purposes; she preferred Toronto and New York. There are only dim glimpses of her in a few memories, sitting on the

bank with Mrs. Jones watching those famous sunsets; these, at least, she had not seen surpassed elsewhere. Like Kingston and his bride, she jolted over the corduroys, or sat muffled to the eyes in a cumbersome sleigh, enjoying the unwonted pleasures of pitch-holes, drifts and single track; but unlike them she did not take kindly to such. Nor was she much to blame, when we hear of such journeys as when Judge and Mrs. Acland were four days, with four horses, in coming from London, only making twenty miles a day at the very best. The Canadian Baron was born in Toronto, and it is said that his father died in the State of New York, probably while visiting the members of the Van Buren family who were his intimates there. There is one relic of the Van Buren who was Chief Magistrate, in a prayer made for the President of the United States, "If Mr. Van Buren be a good man, that he might be made better; and if a bad man that he might be speedily regenerated." The Baroness, who, by the way, was never so named, but was always called Madame de Tuyle, returned once to Goderich after she was a widow, no longer in grey but wearing weeds, and looking taller, slighter, statelier than ever. Her last act was to give Mrs. Calloway a farm; and then she fades away.

Not many years ago, an old resident of Goderich stood on a quay at the Island of Arran waiting for her boat. She saw a lot of game packages lying about, come down from the Bute estate and addressed to various friends of the house. One package was to the Baron de Tuyle in Belgium, probably the son or grandson of the man who made such a stir with his handsome presence, distinguished manners, and night-cap decorated with an ox-tail, away back in Huron happenings. Cowper wore a white-tasselled night-cap at high noon, as he wandered about his garden in Weston; so the fashion was imported, as well as being in imitation of Jean Baptiste and his "tuque."

There are tales of how the Canada Company opposed a railway coming to Goderich. Railways were the great interest in the



"Such communications would be hurtful to the natural advantages of the place."



"Widder sued them for damages for intercepting him from the river."

forties. Many inhabitants were ambitious to have one, others argued such communications would destroy trade and be hurtful to the natural advantages of the place. Mr. Gwynne went to England to negotiate a loan for the one first projected; but he met with opposition and the thing was quashed. Again, later, Mr. Cayley warned the anxious ones that nothing but opposition was to be met with from the Company. But in time the Buffalo and Lake Huron came that way, and Mrs. Jones, with a neat little spade, turned the first sod; John Longworth and other old military men turned out in their uniforms to honour the occasion. There was a tremendous crowd, and "great doings." The following lines are from the pen of one of the oldest residents:

"The railroad ruined Goderich commercially. Widder sued them for damages for intercepting him from the river. I was amongst other witnesses examined. Chief Justice Wood asked me if I did not consider the railroad a benefit. I answered, 'Commercially, no.' I was severely reprimanded, but I was right, as events proved. Goderich was the seaport town for Clinton, Seaforth and Stratford—towns then only on the map. The farmers from these places brought in their produce for shipment and dealt at stores. The station at Clinton cut us off from this trade. I found on my return from a visit to Toronto that the magnates of this and the Grand Trunk had met at Goderich, had a champagne lunch, and had cajoled our people, who had an interest in the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railroad, into a sale of it to the Grand Trunk. I remarked, 'As far as I can see, you have ruined Goderich.' I foresaw, as it happened, that the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway, which was bound to maintain itself as an independent road, became merely subsidiary to the Grand Trunk, which merely used it to carry surplus freight. The wheat which had been brought from Milwaukee to Goderich was sent to Port Sarnia, reducing the advantages to bare facilities of travel, failing to fulfil the idea of Sheriff MacDonald that we would now have two strings to our bow; or the charge of

Thomas, Widder, McDermott, and others, that I was on 'old fogey.'"

Away off in the very inner heart of the Tract, over the stony bottom of the Thames, was a ripple which went by the name of the Little Falls. No made track crossed the desolation of sameness, none but the curious trodden paths which led to the salt-licks, and by the margin of such streams where the deer, the fox, the wolf and all the forest brethren agreed upon as quenching places for their thirst. The military men in London found that good fishing was to be had at the Little Falls, and there they came with rods and lines to catch the spotted pink-fleshed creatures. As early as 1841, the Commissioner decided that there a town should be founded. He went again about 1845, accompanied by Mrs. Jones, to give the town an official name, for the lack of such led to confusion in the giving of titles. A discussion arose at the meeting called as to the name, and she, to the rescue as usual, suggested it should be called after herself. St. Mary's it then and there became, the beginning of a thriving and picturesque town.

Mrs. Jones, after laying this foundation of a memory far outlasting a name graved in marble, further said that she would donate ten pounds towards a school. A local legend of the pretty stone village is, that when in after time the usual ten per cent. allowed by the Company for school building was asked for, the Commissioner reminded the villagers of his wife's munificence, and made it the excuse for making no further school allowance.

It has often been found that it is not a far cry from high-handed government to petty savings; but although both Mr. Jones and his Company proved themselves very capable of the former, it must be admitted that there is nothing to warrant the belief that they were prone to the latter.

The little stone building still stands, looking out from the crest of its hilly site on the many churches and schools, the great stretches of beautiful Blanshard farm lands, the belts of timber and winding stream, which make up St. Mary's portion of that wonderful transformation scene of Huron.

There were so many interesting people in that social pot-pourri—perhaps most interesting and amusing in their quarrels —that this chapter might go on indefinitely. Some who appeared in it made a brief stay, and after a meteoric display passed out of its orbit. Others made written comments of their times, comment by now unhappily generally mislaid, lost, or destroyed. Had the Arabic legend with them held good,

> "The written word remains long after the writer,
> The writer rests below the sod, but his works endure,"

much herein given might have come in better sequence.



CAPTAIN CLARK.

Captain Clark, out on the Lakeshore Road, filled sheets every whit as well written and spicy as the Tiger's own, and took no inconsiderable part in the local warfare. To him came his brother, a doctor in the British Service in East India, tall, dashing, full of the manner, life and influences of an English crack regiment, with him two sons, Allister and Charles, and one daughter, the gentle Alice Clark. But their home on the

same shore as the Captain's, with entourage looking as if transplanted bodily from another hemisphere, made but a half page, yet piquant, racy, picturesque, in that fleeting Goderich story, and of the Captain's writings not a trace remains.

All round that country side, less than half a century corroborates the judgment that nothing shall endure. The log houses have been pulled down; Gairbraid's oaken lengths have been sawn asunder, been burnt up in box stoves, and have warmed a generation whose minds are set on newer patterns of house and home. In this wreck salvage was alone made of that hospitable front door with its door-plate; they were relegated to the making of a hen-house, and *Mr. Dunlop,* his copper face blackened with age and weather, instead of looking out upon river, meadow, downs and hill, was confined to the narrow limits of a poultry run, till rescued by an ardent history-hunter.

Along the Lake shore the changes have been greater still; a day's search is required for each once well-known landmark; for a people who knew not Joseph have made it their own.

The Canada Company is still in official existence, but the personality, the warmth, the vigour of its life went out with the first railroad whistle. "*Nous sommes,*" said these far-away belles, beaux and grand dames, "*Nous sommes sur les bords d'un monde qui finit; et d'un monde qui commence.*"

Yes, in the older lands the rustic was the backbone of the country. He was sailor, labourer and emigrant. In the new he was the backbone and the motive power; while those who made this oasis of imported culture in a wilderness, left of their cloud-capped fancies, ambitions and hopes, not one wrack behind. Like the dapple in a summer sky, their very memory has dissolved, while the marrow, the bone, the sinew of Huron stands up to certify in the third generation to the work of that Company which made growth and prosperity a possibility.



CHARLES GIRVIN. WILLIAM YOUNG. ROBERT GIBBONS. JOHN MORRIS.

"With my hand and the power of my arm have I gotten all this."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HEART OF HURON.

"And Jacob . . . lighted upon a certain place and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. . . .

". . . the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed;

". . . And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, . . .

"And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. . . .

"And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar."

In "Hours in my Garden," the owner stands beside a strawberry bed, wrapt in loving admiration of the scarlet fruit which his knowledge and care had brought to perfection. How much of its flavour was owing to congenial soil, to moist showers and radiant sunshine, it were hard to determine. Harder still is it to apportion the relative power of the many influences which go to the moulding of personal character. The shaping of each individual gives the general tone to a people or a community, and the influences combining to give that shaping are as intangible as the growth from rich soil, shower and sun to ripe scarlet of berry resting on its bed of trifoliate green.

How shall it be determined—who shall say what we of Huron owe to these men and women, grandfathers, great-grandfathers, great-granddames and grandmothers, many of whom we have never seen, some whose very names have been forgotten, but who, living their faithful lives before us, helped to make us what we are?

Who, then, was the first emigrant? Even Adam, when he stood on his forfeited threshold and listened to the Divine command to go forth, subdue and till the earth.

From Eden to Huron is a far cry; but Huron,* in the history-making place which it holds in the life of the province, is worth search. It has been said that when tillage begins, other arts follow; farmers, therefore, are the forerunners of human civilization. Dunlop in Canada adapted Brougham's deliverance on the resulting power of an axe-blow, and on that basis



SEAL OF THE COUNTY OF HURON.†

many a shuttle must have been set going in Manchester and Birmingham, driven by some Huron motor. The Doctor's

* Huron used in this sense refers to the original Tract.

† The Seal of the County of Huron displays an armorial "achievement" technically described as follows:—Azure, a garb or, on a chief of the last a plough proper; crest, a dexter arm embowed, couped at the shoulder, vested above the elbow, wielding an axe, all proper; accosted by a wreath of laurel and another of oak leaves; the whole surrounded by the legend "The County of Huron 1841." The parts of such description not intelligible to those not learned in heraldry may be described shortly as a shield of which the lower two-thirds part is blue and has in it a sheaf of golden grain, and the upper

appeal was ever for an axe and "a spade and a man who can use" them.

Was it not a Scotchman who said, "When there is no difference in men's worth, titles are jests." The untitled immigrant, the man of horny hand and perhaps meagre education, was the man who made the country; he, indeed, was the heart of Huron. He may have arrived with a full share of observation, natural or acquired; or he may have had knowledge driven into him at the end of a setting pole, or of a bill—the latter in appearance often like the old war sickle of the sixteenth century, with its slightly straightened blade and wooden handle in line with it;—or he may have been clumsy beyond the wife's endurance, as he set the home-made quern up as a fixture; perhaps he cut a boot or foot as he prepared the stumps for conversion into "niggers;" but nearly always he was full of pluck. Necessity has ever been the mother of invention, and at no time has the truth of this proverb been better proved than in the early days of the Tract. One traveller of undeniable judgment and ability draws attention to the brighter intellects to be found on this side, ascribing the difference to the necessity the labourer is under to use his wits. It is impossible for the Canadian of whom he speaks to say "I can't." When a man reached this country first he probably continued on in the old groove for a time, because his father had done so before him, with no motive to use the wits given him nor even looking to see if he had any. But a year or two in Canada made him theoretical as well as practical, and

part is gold, having on it a plough with a wreath of laurel on one side and of oak leaves on the other; the remainder does not require further explanation. In some copies of the Seal the plough appears to be standing upon ground, but as this is unheraldic, and spoils what is otherwise a correct heraldic composition, it is omitted from the description. It may be questioned whether the Arms of a County should include a crest, which is properly a military adjunct to the Arms; but as the Counties of Upper Canada had, in the early part of the present century, a distinctly military character, which practically still continues under the existing militia organization, a crest does not seem inappropriate.

there was before him that thing of all others to be desired, a freehold. The freehold once his, the back was straightened; "With my hand and the power of my arm have I gotten all this."

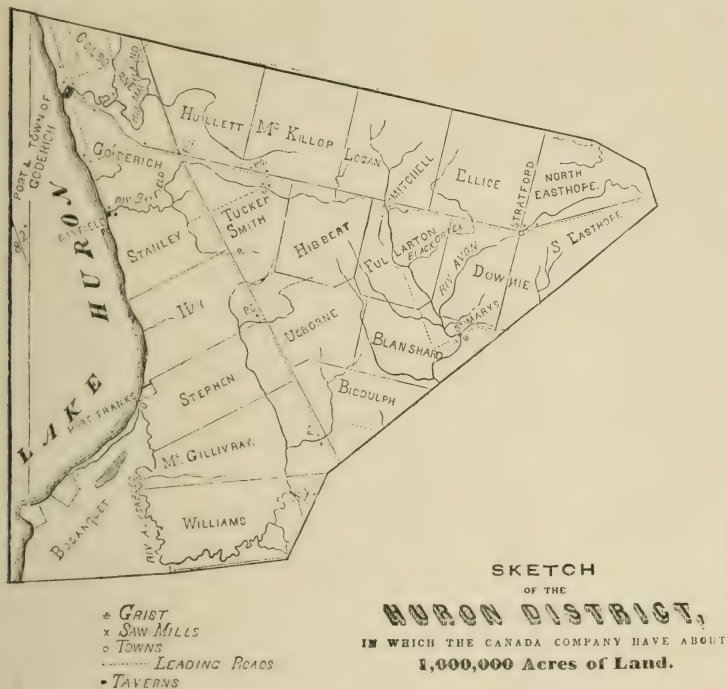
Necessity, in her universal mothering, sometimes invented odd harvests, quick profits and small returns. One pioneer arrived, his only capital the proverbial shilling. The shilling was useless, for no one wanted it in exchange for any commodity which could be much more profitably turned over in barter. So our pioneer begged half a bushel of wheat from the Company's agent at Goderich, and, by careful dovetailing of his seasons, found that he was able to be eating the result of his first sowing—which he had scratched into the ground as best he might—while he was harvesting the crop from his second half.

Jacob journeyed to several townships and in each he found his stone; in each the promise has been fulfilled, but an example from one township will serve to illustrate many stories. Colborne, dear to its Scots, with its beautiful boundaries, its hills and their views, will serve as a fair sample of the whole.

Too few pioneers are left to us, but the few there are give kindliness and courtesy to the interested questioner.

"I came here in 1834, when I was twenty-two. I was born a cripple, and people wondered that I should take up bush life when I already had a trade. But it was the air and the freedom I wanted—and, indeed, for many a day I had more air than I could sometimes do with—little food by day and often no covering by night. I waited a couple of weeks in Goderich before crossing to the Colborne side, and for a while after that I was leg-weary prospecting. Mackay, the tailor, came with me to choose the land, and we took a beautiful April day to begin the walk. A beautiful day that was, and there was no such weather in our part of Scotland. We walked until we were tired and hungry, and the Ross-Kydd shanty gave us what hospitality it could afford. That day we went on to where

Ben Miller now is, next day coming back to Goderich on the raft which was bringing down stuff for the frame of the Dancy house, which stood on the site of the present Post-office. Then I went to Pryor to tell him of my choice, and he stated his terms in plain, blunt language. I agreed that they were very tempting, but for three things: I had no cash to pay down, not a shilling in the world, and not a friend in the country. 'Then



what the —— are you bothering *me* for?' said Pryor. 'Because there are ten of us, seven sons and three daughters, and if you'll give me the two hundred acres I have picked out, my father will bring the family next year and we shall be able to pay for it.' The size of the family was too much for Pryor. 'Ten of you—God save us!' said he; 'why didn't you say so! *That's* the kind of settlers we want, and I'll reserve a

thousand acres for you.' But I did not want the extra eight hundred, and it ended in his giving me just what I did want. I never had the least complaint to make of the Canada Company; I was always convinced that it was nothing but local jealousy and prejudice that made people speak ill of them; their terms had to be guided by the times, and they treated a man, according to the necessity of the times, as squarely as any land company could to-day. The Company was, on the whole, good for the country. Anything to complain of? Not I. I am happy and prosperous this day," and with a proud word and a glance across the room to his handsome Orkney wife, the speaker pointed his stick in the direction of the spot, not many rods away, where he spent his first night on his land, resting a tired head on the Jacob's pillow which is now a corner stone. "A good neighbourhood, I can tell you; a neighbour need want for naught here."

Mr. Alexander Young, gentle and kindly, one of the plucky seven sons, tells many an interesting tale of how they paid for the land in brothers and sisters. One of the former spent his novitiate of two weeks in solitude; no roof but a tree, no bedding but a horseblanket, and his open-air-kitchen furnishings one tin mug and one frying pan,—"and I knew as much about felling a tree as a baby did." Mr. Young tells of once when the "versatile frying-pan" played a friend of his an evil trick. The man had been clearing in loneliness for a couple of weeks and was homesick for a neighbouring. So, as Sunday approached, he determined to make a visit. To wash his one shirt, and have it dried and on again, taxed his ingenuity; but, without thinking of Trafalgar Square methods, he began the operation in the morning and hoped to be clean by night. But he reckoned without his frying-pan, and without the mosquitoes, which nearly ate him alive. He knew it was the proper thing to boil clothes in wash; but he did not consider the properties of many layers of pork grease. That Sunday visit was not paid. Difficulties in the toilet were not uncommon, even in the more settled parts of the township. On one

July day a lady was crossing a cleared space near the river, giving no particular heed to a chopper who was at work between her and her farther path. Alas for the chopper, the lady drew near before he was aware; the July day had necessitated his gradual disrobing, layer by layer. See him she must not, and the tree at hand was half chopped through. Risky or not, there was nothing else for it; so up he sped, to remain there till the fair pedestrian was safely out of the way.

The house door of a Young, as is the custom throughout the county, stands open for welcome, and the stranger within the gates is put at ease. But kindly manners cover stout hearts, and any pioneer can tell of nights when the pillow was a stone or a billet of wood and Jacob's labour was only well begun in twice seven years.

The lesson of the Stoic of the Woods—a man without a tear—was early learned. One little girl of four years was helpful enough to feed her mother's fowls, and in a battle with an angry hawk the child caught her assailant by the leg and held it, calling lustily until a grown-up rescuer appeared. Another story of juvenile pluck is of a lad whose curiosity prompted him to peer too far into a hollow trunk where he suspected there was honey. A full-grown bear had the same suspicion, but finding that a boy had fallen in before him he turned to retire. There seemed no other way out; so the lad grasped the animal by the stern and was hauled into broad daylight, the bear, much the more frightened of the two, making off hastily. Apropos of this lad's experience—not an isolated one, for the same mode of egress seems to have been a favourite in early Canada—may be quoted the irascible Mr. Inches' strictures on the "Backwoodsman," where, in that bombshell of a little book, a similar bear story is given Mr. Inches' word descriptive of his feelings towards it is "disgust," for he considers it evidently coined in the cosy comfort of the Gairbraid dining-room and not an incident where real man, bear or boy ever took a part.

A bear caught in such predicament, posture and location was,

according to Henry, sure to be a lady. She chose such places because there her cubs were safe from wolves and other wild animals, while her lord, per contra, lodged on the ground under the roots of trees, or in places where he took more chances. But unbelievers to the contrary, a row in a pig-pen, a mangled pig, and the bear chased out, was not an uncommon occurrence. Wolves, though often heard, were seldom seen in some parts, and an occasional dog was found which had a fancy to return to the primeval ways of his kind. One of the Youngs owned a dog that chummed with the wolves, often remaining away with them for a week at a time; but he came home one morning badly wounded, and had to be killed.

Discomfort was as uncomplainingly borne by the children as dangers were bravely faced, and a Morris tells of one fine autumn day when he and some young school-fellows took off their boots on the way to school, hiding them in the woods; during the day the weather changed and the first snow fell. On the return home the boots were not to be found; so a four-mile walk, barefoot, was cheerfully undertaken, each keeping his own spirits up by ridiculing the others for the long steps they took.

A long walk was never allowed to stand in the way of business, and not often in the way of pleasure. One pioneer tells of himself that "although a District Councillor for many years I made nothing by it, as Councillors were not paid—but I thought nothing of that; it was only part of the mill through which we all had to go. Sometimes, after a day's business in Goderich, I would find myself free only at eleven o'clock at night, perhaps with a heavy ploughshare to carry home and no help with the load and the twelve-mile trip but my own arms and legs."

A man who could walk all night carrying one hundred pounds of pork did not find it a cheerful greeting in the early morning as he neared his home to hear the distress of his only cow under the attack of a large wolf. The latter did not notice the man's approach until an axe was buried

in its skull. At another time this cow was the cause of a lively fight between several oxen and a small pack of wolves, the oxen doing their best to drive the brutes off.

One Huronite who had the besetting failing of the times seldom came to grief in his incapacity. He had a very wise old horse which picked its steps so carefully on the ten-mile return ride that no matter how dark the night, or how incapable the rider, the arrival at home was always safely accomplished. The trustworthy nag would stand quietly at the door of the house until one of the inmates appeared to pick the master off.

When Dunlop first went into the Tract he travelled through the woods by a surveyor's blaze, his luggage a sack of oats strapped on his horse, with necessaries for himself tied up in the mouth of the sack. Many of his immediate followers had no greater comfort in their journey, and many had less, for horses and oxen were scarce and the newcomers were footsore before they could choose a resting place. Comfort at any time is a relative term, and the immigrant, originally horseless, cowless, and in most ways unprovided for, thought himself in luck when he set up his first waggon—a piano-case affair, on ponderous wheels which grunted their way through life,—the occupants of the piano-case, or coffin-box as the case might be, often having to lie down on its floor and cling as best they could while they jolted their corduroy way. Such a waggon-box, on its half-yearly return from the supply store, often contained the Sunday pudding already dry-mixed, as miles of swamp holes, protruding stumps and unstable log roads converted the contents of parcels, baskets and insecure boxes into olla. Puddings, however, some settlers were bound to have, and the family of W. B. Rich sat down to one on a Christmas Day which had been sent from England, taking nine months on the way. What is called good living was provided for by the immigrant as often as circumstances allowed, and a Sussex man was once heard to deplore the waste from a Canadian farmer's table, saying that the poor people at home would do well on that which was fed to the hogs here.

Wilkie, in 1837, writing of his summer trip, says that a backwoods life is but a humdrum one in the best light in which it can be viewed; but these tales of all the courses mixed in a waggon-box, and the good-humour which assisted in an attempt to sort the ingredients, come to us with a spice which is even yet not lost. Good-humour, indeed, prevailed in many homes, despite hardship and unremitting toil. In the field there was no intentional cruelty to animals, and accidents were subjects for mirth. One father with his two sons, all very new indeed to bush life, loaded their hayrack in such a way that when the team started the load overtopped, covering the father and giving the boys an uncomfortable slide. "It's all right, boys," came a muffled voice from underneath: "lie not at all, but swear abundantly!"

The fathers tell us that what grumbling there was did not come from the mothers; education and social position had little to do with it, and the more refined a woman the greater the chance of her quick adaptability in new surroundings. Our foremothers were the true backbone of the country. How often does the searcher after any kind of history in the Canada Company lands find himself met with such an answer as "I could have told that if my wife were living, but I lost track of things when she died;" or, "Oh, yes, I kept a diary for many years, but when my wife died I gave it up;" or, "I could tell you that and much more if I had my memory rightly, but I've minded little since my wife died." The refrain is always my wife, my wife. That the country is what it is, is due to the wife. Many a man of fifty will tell you now that "father lost heart, but mother kept us together." And these gentle, cultured ladies of two generations gone, who came to their Far West as to a picnic, who found the picnic grounds a wilderness where the tap of the woodpecker, in the silence of the summer bush, was as a hammer in the brain, and the hum of insect life a torment not to be borne—do we not hear piteous tales of them in their days of insupportable homesickness. But nostalgia had to take its course while the men were in woods

or field. These men and women who thirsted for air, light and space, were driven half mad by the gloom of the forest and the difficulties of clearing, by the sound of the wind as it soughed or roared through the trees. One house in the township of Goderich had, comparatively speaking, many visitors on the score of sky alone, the clearing being large enough to afford house and yard room, and the blessed blue could be seen above. But a country that had men in it like Andrew Green and Stout Mac, who thought nothing of shouldering a barrel of flour or whiskey, possessed many of a like mental force, and little by little the work went on.

Frenchmen and their relatives did their share to help the country forward, and among the names of the earliest and later comers we have those of Deschamps, De Long, Badour, De Rosi, Jacobs and many more. Landmarks of these are still in Lighthouse Street, Goderich, on or near the site of the old "British."

Not all Huron, not even all Colborne, is Scotch. There seems almost a flavour of Wiltshire in the place-name, Morrisdale. The fertility of that little English county, with its thickly-clustered dairy farms and downs covered with sheep, was to have a representative settlement overlooking Huron. The initial year was unhappily the dreadful cholera date, 1832. John Morris, with his wife and young child, arrived in the St. Lawrence while the terror of cholera and emigrant fever was upon all. The baby died as they reached the river, but while they were still far from any intended landing place. The mother feared that the little body would be taken from her to be sewed in a cloth and left in the water. For thirty-six hours she secreted her burden in the folds of her shawl, when Prescott was reached, where the father went ashore. He secured a little box and contrived to have the body given to earth by a clergyman of his own Church. That whole journey inland was a terrible time to look back upon; a long, difficult task to ascend the rapids, and cholera was about. But Mr. Morris, when recounting their troubles, represented the Government as careful in making the best provision it could for the comfort

of immigrants, sheds and Government physicians being stationed at intervals for the benefit of cholera patients.

A Buffalo newspaper, in speaking of John Morris, says, "Like all great men, he *went to work.*" Morrisdale and its offshoots tell the tale of his work, and with the Sallows homesteads and other prosperous signs of the life of this large connection, the Wiltshire settlement has developed into a power in Scottish Colborne. Unlike some of their neighbours, the men from Wilts indulged in neither strong drink nor strong words; "dall," in fact, was the only relief to the overcharged nerves which they allowed themselves. When Clarke asked a Wilts man what "dall" really meant, the reply was that dall was a "werry good word"; but that did not satisfy young Clarke, and a heated argument resulted in an appeal to the dictionary.

"There, you see!" said Clarke; "it's not in the book."

The other insisted that it must be, and looked for himself.

"Then it's left out because the dall fool forgot to put the dall thing in," grumbled the man from Wilts.

Once when the Wiltshire men were shantying on the Morris land, dinner time one day found them a little more hungry than usual and with little food. A good Samaritan, in the shape of a woman from a neighbouring shanty, brought them a meat pie baked in an enormous milk pan. "Dall!" said one, at the close of the feast, as he wiped his knife on a leaf, "dall, but them's werry good wittles."

The dictionary was occasionally blamed unjustly, and was not always accepted as umpire. One of the Scotch settlement had an equal difficulty with "fuskey," and could not be persuaded that if he looked for w-h-i-s-k-e-y he would no doubt find what he wanted.

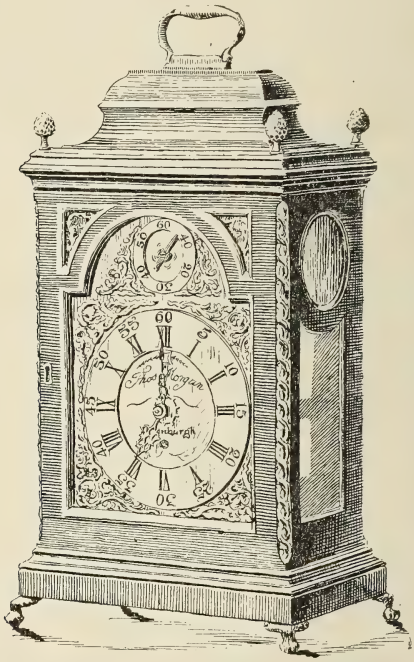
John Morris was good for a test of endurance in any way and at any time. Once when he, Sallows, Doherty and some others were shantying at a point on the south boundary of the Morris property, Morris, who was a magistrate, received a message that his services were at once required to arrest and take to town a man from beyond Port Albert who had been

stealing pigs. "So Dolierty, who was also a magistrate, slipped the big butcher knife in his boot, and Morris looked to his pistol, for their man was known to be a hard case. That was a stiff walk, from the shanty to Port Albert and seven miles beyond, all of it in the snow and most of it in the dark. When they got to the place the man was in bed, but they soon had him and his son handcuffed, together at that. The thieves had at first refused to budge, but Morris threatened to take their own ox-sleigh and drive them down; that moved the owner, for he did not want his oxen taken away from his place. They walked all those weary miles through snow and darkness, the father and son cuffed together, and it was early morning when they reached Goderich. There the older thief demurred at the appearance of a father and son going through the streets linked together, and they promised to go quietly if they were separated. 'All right,' says Morris, 'I'll take them off; but as sure as you offer to run I'll shoot you.' 'And yes,' says Doherty to the son, 'and as sure as you see this knife in my hand I'll run it through you if you make one move for trouble.' So they put their men in gaol, and Morris often told us of that long walk and the pig thieves."

When John Morris's shantying days were over he built himself a substantial house, with partition walls some eighteen inches thick. These men thought little of their time and labour, and one of them says, "I built my house myself, almost without help, quarrying and carrying the stones with my own hands. I looked at the amount of stone already on the spot and said to a builder that I supposed I had got about enough; but bless you, there was none left by the time I had barely got to the top of the cellar, and I carried the walls two feet thick throughout."

Home comforts these people determined to have. Among the many treasures of Colborne are some slow-ticking old family time-pieces; they are among the few surviving relics of that era, still busy telling off the hours in rooms of to-day, which must seem to them of the spurious antique. One old

pendulum in carved wood case records the minutes in the self-same room in Morrisdale to which it was brought by its young owner, John Morris, when with it on his back he made a forest walk from Hamilton to Goderich. Additions to the family furniture or stores were few and far between, the price too heavy a one to pay; but there was the spirit of joyous youth and independence and freedom which every Old Countryman,



"Its solemn warning note is as clear and accurate to-day, etc."

whatever his age, felt when his foot touched this side of the Atlantic. The hope was boundless and the capacity for exertion seems to have been equally so. At Meadowlands another clock, of brass and ebony, ticked away on the high mantel. Its history was peculiar. Thomas Morgan, banker and silversmith, of Edinburgh, sat one morning at breakfast in his suburban home, where the windows faced out on a bit of park. Breakfast-

ing with him was Daniel Lizars, father of "Resolute Dan," who about then was thinking of marrying "Bonnie Peggy Home," so curiously orphaned and left to his chivalric care. As they looked out they saw Morgan's youngest child, a boy of three, in the field, near where a bull was grazing; in a moment more the animal was making towards the child. Young Lizars leapt from the window, broke his stick across the bull's nose, threw the child to the father, and then made good his escape. The Lizars wedding soon followed this incident, and Thomas Morgan's gratitude was shown in a wedding gift of a clock, made under his own superintendence, and made well, for its solemn warning note to-day is as clear and accurate as when it ticked off the hours of the year 1775.

But in Colborne time was not measured by these clocks; there the hours were marked by action. For the immigrant who lived like a vegetable, time was not; for the man who simply made mental projections there was a harvest proportionate to his lazy, dilletante manner of working. There were others whose deeds after thoughts came as a word and a blow, and these mocked the hands of the Colborne clocks; for them, too, time was not, for the race was not alone to the swift and strong, but to the man who could see his shadow cast by the dawn upon the dewy earth and shorten and again lengthen with sunset.

It is astonishing that although people talk biography every day of their lives, and thereby increase the risk of being thought bores, only one in a thousand ever dreams of writing it. If the people who, being the first, had a hand in the first making of things, and who alone were the witnesses of development, had but considered the recording of events as a first duty, there might have been a Pepys in every locality. Who does not remember "This day I did kiss the cookmaid. May God and Mrs. Pepys forgive me."

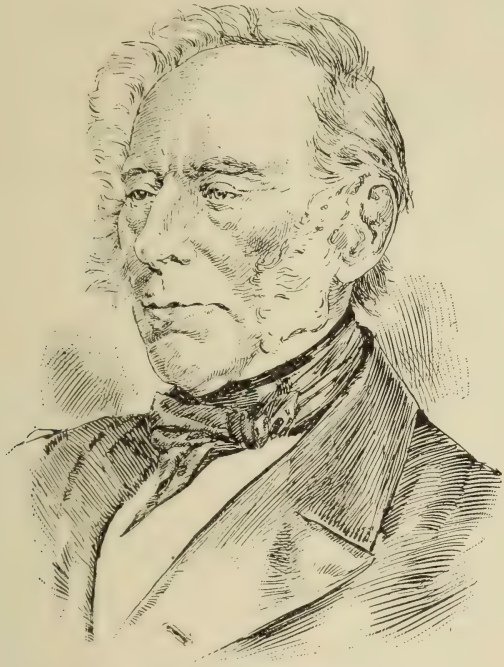
But though there were no self-elected Boswells in Colborne, some memories still are active and have become storehouses of fact, furnished as plentifully as the big barns of their owners.

That few men would be balked in their intentions of any kind is told by the face of the land to-day. Peter Macdougal once asked a man who was driving to Bayfield to give him a lift, but the teamster contended that he was already overloaded. Annoyed at the incivility and the breach of Huron goodfellowship, Macdougal shouldered his pack more securely and stepped out ahead of the horses, arriving at Bayfield, loaded as he was, before they did. A road incident of a different kind came in George Hanley's way one day. He found himself stuck in a mudhole a little worse than any of those already encountered, and was in a plight to get his load pulled out. Miss Gardiner opportunely arrived with a yoke of oxen in her waggon, promptly attached her steeds to Hanley's and pulled him through to dry land.

There was many a stalwart sister in the Tract who did a man's task and who could fell and log with the best, but whose outdoor work made no difference in the exquisite white sewing which was done within doors, done perhaps by the light of a lump of burning wick or flannel floating in oil. Handsome Miss Clarke, said to be the first white woman in Colborne unless perhaps a woman servant at Gairbraid, was not afraid to show a greenhorn how to work; she had a backlog for the fireplace chopped out before he could take his astonished and admiring gaze from the girl and direct it to the work in which she was giving him a practical lesson. The beautiful face and well-knit figure, as she stood, axe in hand, on a prostrate tree, made a picture at which no man could help looking; but such work in such women took nothing from the charms of their sex. Others, who possessed equal muscle but lacked the ordinary accompaniments of femininity, have been known to join a melee at a race-course and knock men down right and left.

Interesting in themselves, for themselves and their own sterling worth, the Clarke family of Colborne borrowed not a little additional interest from the fact that Mr. David Clarke's brother was physician to the Queen. Banffshire men, one brother was surgeon in the Navy, and then practised his profession for eight

years in Rome, after which he began the finish of his career in the highest post in his profession his country had to offer him; while the other, packing up his belongings, set sail for Canada, saying he would make no plans until he had met Dr. Dunlop, had consulted him, and, as advised by him, would call a halt. Of course the halt was in Huron.



"The likeness of one may well do for both."

The two brothers in parting made a compact that they would write to each other with regularity at stated times, and when no letter came the inference would be that one brother had gone on that long journey, when the remaining one would be left without a correspondent. From 1832, the year of parting, to 1867, the brothers' letters went and came; then a silence, for the Canadian had folded his horny hands, their

work over, and with feet towards the dawn took the rest his years of pioneer labour had well earned for him. Then Sir James Clarke wrote to enquire, although the silence told its own tale. The resemblance between the two brothers in later life was extraordinary; the likeness of one may well do for both.

Mr. Clarke was, perhaps, not practically an agriculturist, but theoretically he knew a good deal, and could and did direct others. He and John Annand—when the Annands had prospered on their homestead, after the building of the log house which stands to-day the oldest monument in Colborne of pioneer times—were the first to bring imported stock into the township. Clarke had better means than many of his neighbours, and some of the successes of his farm in the shape of cheese and apples found their way to Her Majesty through his brother. In 1847-8 Mr. Lizars was one of a deputation sent to the Old Country on emigration matters. While there he was entertained by Sir James Clarke, and no doubt gave many racy accounts of the shifts, economies, and newly developed abilities of the brother's Canadian family. While sitting at dinner one evening, Sir James gave him the history of the picture of his royal patient which hung over the dining-room mantelpiece. When asked by her what reward she could give him for some special service, he asked for her portrait, and, needless to say, got it. She sat for it specially.

It is worthy of remark, in connection with Colborne, that years before this, Strickland, in giving the yield of grain from a certain quantity of land, and telling the average and the possible returns, said, "One half of the emigrants who settle upon land in Canada and attempt cultivation as their employment are weavers, tinkers, tailors, sailors and twenty other trades and professions. It must be the work of years to convert such settlers into good practical farmers."

Fifteen years had elapsed since the forming of this opinion, Mr. Strickland had disappeared from the Goderich scene; the mixed assortment of trades had forsaken the loom, the needle

and the jenny, and had taken up land, and the report furnished by Mr. Lizars and quoted by Strickland in his book shows that they had stepped easily from the proficiency of one calling to another. Eighty thousand acres of the Tract had been brought under cultivation; there were thousands of dwelling houses; fifty-six schools: churches, mills, and other things desirable which follow home-making, and a population which in ten years had increased from five thousand to nearly twenty-seven thousand.

A splendid atlas was presented to Mr. Lizars in Edinburgh by the Geographical Society of Edinburgh, at a dinner where he met many old friends; the presentation doubtless a tribute to him in the double capacity of ambassador from Huron and as an old chum returned to the scenes of his former life. The Clarkes, Doherty, Morrisdale and the Young settlement, the dwellers along the Huron Road and the men of the Easthopes, were the names which made that report possible and true. Another report, not furnished until some twenty years after this, and which from the too personal allusions in it was made impossible for print and public reading, vindicates the Company's methods, and although written by a confessedly "old fossil Tory," quite bears out the opinions here quoted direct from the lips of Colborne settlers in regard to the friction between the Company and that strong section of an embryo Grit formation. This fossil Tory claims that neither he nor his friends wanted change; they knew how to work the Canada Company; the Canada Company has always done well by them, but he concedes that warfare was often conducted between a Company that wanted to get as much as possible for their lands and a people who expected to get it for little or nothing. As for squatters, they were a law unto themselves. In the matter of distraining, he has this to say: "Lessees are mostly Irishmen or Germans, those in arrears particularly, and any one who has ever tried to root out an Irishman or a German from his land, 'or unroof his house, or quench his hearth,' [quoted satirically] he would find it a tough job. I never yet

heard of a single lessee in the Huron Tract being dispossessed, and if I may judge of the difficulty of dispossessing a lessee who has a title by the difficulty of dispossessing a squatter who has none, any person trying it would find it a hard road to travel and would have a lively time." He says the store-keeper with file full of overdue bills was the real terror of the settler, and led to the following: "I have never heard of any poor man being sold up by the Company under a distress warrant for rent, unless it was done by his own request; when also at his request the Company became the purchaser of the effects seized, the man and his goods and crops remained on the land and continued to cultivate it, and finally paid the debt at his own time and convenience. On one occasion a lessee in my own neighbourhood got distrained in this novel fashion. I was called on to bear part in the transaction as a witness. . . . When the matter was closed and the Company's official had left after handing over all the stock, crops, etc., into the lessee's hands to carry on the farm with, he gave a shout—

"'Hooray, boys! Who's afraid! Who'll tread on the tail of my coat?' (pulling it off and dragging it after him); 'sure I expected that dirty villain, the bailiff, here to-morrow morning, with an execution from that blackguard store-keeper, on account of a suspension debt he has against me. Faix, he can go back as he came.'

"Then, addressing his cows and pigs, 'And all of you are safe, my darlings. Get into your straw wid ye.'"

If the people wanted a school-house they built it, and made the Company responsible; after a moderate amount of grumbling, which was expected, the payment was made; so on to the last word of his voluminous paper does this settler back up the Company while dissecting the motives of those who opposed it, and lashing unmercifully the officials who made the Company unpopular by their arbitrary methods.

If a lawyer ever has an opinion apart from the prejudices born of the case in hand, it would be interesting to hear such judicial opinion upon a question which swings like a balancing pole.

More people than the distrained Irishman had their darlings. One great grievance of the settlers in town was the number of pigs and hungry cattle allowed to roam and make free with whatever provender they found or could manage to root out. The largest herd of porkers belonged to Mr. Pryor, kept at his little farm on the Flats, where the railway engine-house now is. These brutes made daily excursions into the town. Two townsmen determined to impound them, but as they were driving the noisy crew to the pound they happened to meet the owner, followed by his groom, the meeting-place being, as ill-luck would have it, on a narrow causeway. The master and man tried to turn back the drove, but the sticks of the others prevailed. It ended in Mr. Pryor giving one of the men a dollar to take his pigs back to the farm, with instructions to the man in charge there, William Walker, to shut them up. They roamed no more. Such annoyances were not light when it is understood that, although in a country where woods were so dense as to be impassable, these settlers had not the privilege of taking a stick from the swamp near their door for necessary repairs or repairing such mischief as that caused by these and like marauders. It is told that one Canada Company officer, when walking through the bush, gun on shoulder, met a German immigrant who was carrying a pole. The man was questioned as to whether he got the pole off his own land or not and what he was doing with it in that spot, the officer ending by using his gun to push the immigrant off the causeway where they had met. Such high-handed proceedings were generally accompanied by language more forcible than polite. It is told of one of those irascible persons in authority that the reason he would never fight a duel was lack of time: "He fight a duel? No, indeed. He would up with his stick and knock a man down and be done with it, but he wouldn't be bothered waiting till to-morrow to shoot him."

Bad as was the plight of some of the settlers, an occasional one was to be found who did not scruple to entice others into the same case. One man who found himself too lonely in his

bush poverty wrote to his relatives in Scotland to come out to him, sending them a graphic description of how he took his ease watching his niggers at work, while a band played beside the house. The deluded relatives came; found the house the rudest of shacks, the "niggers" fired stumps, and the band a colony of frogs in the adjacent swamp. It is a strange tale to tell of Huron that about this time a barrel of flour, worth about twenty dollars, was offered in exchange for a barrel of salt, but the latter was too valuable to be given up.

As already shown, matters spiritual were in difficult case, but the painstaking Methodist was early on the ground, pushing hard on the Jesuit influence. The first sermon in Goderich was given by a Methodist minister whose name appears to have been forgotten. As early as 1832 he went to the Saugeen to talk to the Indians there, and following him came still another Methodist, who preached his first sermon in Jacob Coomer's house. He in turn was succeeded by Father Dempsey, a good man, beloved by Romans and Protestants, preaching to all alike; he married, buried and baptized them with the utmost impartiality, after the manner of Father Schneider, who perhaps was even more Catholic in his views than his predecessor. Peter Jones (Ké-ké-qua-kon-naby according to one rendering of his name), a Wesleyan Indian teacher at Port Credit, also expounded to the Huronites. He went to England, where he was lionized beyond his real merits; but he nevertheless did much hard work in his field here, in which he was assisted by his young English wife. The first regularly established Sunday-school in the township of Goderich was opened through the efforts of George Cox, a Methodist, afterwards connected with *The Signal.*

Some of the German settlers scandalized Methodist and Presbyterian alike, and in Mr. McKid's time the Sunday-school children were told of the great impropriety of reading newspapers on the Sabbath, Darien and Ludwig von Meyer being held up as examples to be avoided—men who made Sunday their day of reunion, when they smoked long pipes which

reached to the floor, and played "double dummy," discussing newspaper paragraphs in the intervals of the game. The mention of Von Meyer's neighbourhood brings us farther down the line to such names as Gibbings, Holmes, Dickson, Green, McIntosh, McIntyre, Bell, all with honoured descendants to-day. Joseph Whitehead, one of the early comers to Clinton after Gibbings and Vandeburg, made the best of himself and the place and settled down to hard work. His name has always been of interest through his connection with the *Rocket* on its celebrated trip from Manchester to Liverpool. In 1830 James Johnson is said to have taken up land near where Holmesville now is. In 1832 James Willis and his wife braved the terrors of loneliness and an unknown region, settling at the present site of Exeter. Trivitt came to the same region in 1833. Seaforth, by comparison a new growth, shows a thriving town where once there was nothing but a dismal swamp, a place to be hurried through as best they might by the thousands who in the thirties pressed toward the lake.

In the days when John Hicks, Rattenbury and Bob Ellis wrought together, we find the names of Hawkins and Constant Van Egmond equally prominent. Dennis Downey was a power in his section—"As straight a man as there was in the county was Downey; there was never a row when the priest put the control of his district in Downey's hands; things went right enough then, and even the Orangemen had a good word to say for the Downeys." Young Van Egmond, the future founder of Egmondville, true to his adopted country, when honouring his father's remains refused to allow a volley to be fired over the grave, "because"—he could not bring himself to pronounce the word rebel—"because my father was Mackenzie's general." Whether the first Van Egmond and his Continental friends had anything to do with the necessity or not does not transpire, but we learn that, later, "The British American League" was formed, and at one of its meetings held in Goderich when the introduction of foreign languages, customs, etc., was deplored, it was resolved that steps should immediately be taken to "Anglify

the country," branches of the League to be established in various places to aid that end. Patriotic feeling was strong, and original nationality was lost sight of. "Nothing good or great can ever be expected to be produced in a country whose natives do not rejoice that they were born in it, who do not consider their clime and their country the best of each to be found under the sun, who are not attached to the customs and habits of their country, who do not reverence the memory of their forefathers, and who do not trust in Providence that their bones may be laid in their own native soil."

Canada, fortunately, was not what Mr. Inches described it. Of our tints, one British traveller says: "The intense and entire redness of the red, the purity of the pale gold, the richness of the dark apricot, the brilliancy of the rose and the depth of the crimson, mingled with greens that had among them the hues of summer and the delicate and paler ones of spring. Every turn of the road brought out the colours in a new combination; it was a fairyland of colour not to be seen outside of autumnal Canada;" and a writer in 1838 tells that "the autumnal beauty of a North American forest cannot be exaggerated; it is like nothing else on earth."

But winter, too, has its chilled beauties, and the other seasons do not absorb all delights for the eye. The name of Smith's Hill can call up a picture as beautiful as any seen by the shore, or near the river with its wonderful reaches. In a winter evening, in that awe-striking moment 'twixt the gloaming and the mirk, the traveller seems to hang half-way between the sky and the snow, while the last flame from the sun is swallowed up by Huron beyond its line of ice. Then one forgets that the sun that day has ever shone or set; for high above—so many millions of miles higher than had been the cobalt dome where the mackerel fleece swept through the day—stretches an ultramarine vault lighted by the orbed maiden who takes a leisurely way across it to absorb the white fire waiting for her on the other side; and the traveller, in his silly little sleigh, recognizes that his paltry personality

has no business to be there at all, and he is wise enough to venture no remark on the white world which for ten miles on three sides lies at his feet, the black and purple wood belts without shadow, and the glint of jewels between.

Huron, beautiful as it is, has other charms. The Tract might easily take as its motto, "Every courteous rite was paid that hospitality could claim." A Scotchman loves a Scot, even unto the third degree. For a welcome, go to the Company's lands. One host, a type of the district, dispenses his hospitalities in whole-hearted style, as, the day's work done, he sits in his wadded chair, picturesque in yellow jerkin, whip-cord trousers and long boots, with a figure that belies his avowed sixty-nine years and a face where large dark expressive eyes, aquiline nose, full white beard and moustaches innocent of assistance in their wave, show the Hall-mark of ancestry. Well-informed and a ready talker, such a host is a man to be sought, and the women of each household walk by the sacred law of hospitality.

The name of Dunlop is not, and the memory of some of his confreres could well be spared; but homes such as now abound in the Tract attest to the worth of the honest sweat poured into the ground. Dunlop asked what it was which so increased the value of the land, answering his own question with—"*Nothing but the work and the worth of the men who tilled it.*"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BONNIE EASTHOPES.

"The Laird o' McIntosh is comin',
The Widow McTavish and a' her sons comin',
The Tachran, Crerar, Fraser, Kippen's comin',
And a' the five voters for Dunlop's comin'.
Little wat ye fa 's comin',
McNaughton, Duncan, Scott and Rankin."

THE many gaps in the history of Champlain's famous trip of 1616 leave margin for industrious readers to find material wherewith to fill the omissions. It is supposed that after he built his camp-fire at the mouth of the Minnesetung, held his council there with the tribes of the Huron Tract, and spent the winter with the Neutral nation, that he turned to Georgian Bay by the height of land. This would bring us to Seebach's Hill, and the well-known Indian trail along which mourning Indians carried their dead as late as the first years of the Stratford and Perth settlement, on their way to the Indian burying-ground near Owen Sound. The fact that one of Champlain's aims was to lay firm foundation for his peltry trade lends colour to the legend. Then comes a long period of two hundred years, when the Indian alone roamed the Tract, and the later time when "Prosperity Robinson" sends to Galt to inaugurate the Canada Company; his nickname develops with his title into "Goosey Goderich,"* and the height of land is about to be visited

* It is a rather strange coincidence that, owing to the many flocks of geese pastured in Goderich indiscriminately on street, common, or in house-yard, it early was dubbed "Goose Green." Canon Elwood, away from home, was once accosted by an old Goderich man—"Well, Elwood, and how's Goose Green?"



"Here . . . by a little stream which they called the Avon, should be a town."

by the white man again. Seebach, set on the hill by Van Egmond, put his light in the one-pane square window and beckoned the traveller bound from the Line to the Lake; midway between him and Fryfogle the new village struggled into life. The old Duke of Marlborough, when asked his authority for some historical statement (and blunder), answered, "History? I found it in Shakespeare, which I supposed a competent authority for any English gentleman."

In Perth there is no friendly chronicle of fact or fancy towards which to turn. There are only aged men and women, a few tattered letters and the remains of a diary or two; but, as in building a cairn, each adds a pebble, the size increases, and at last a shape is evolved.

> "Write, write, tourist and traveller,
> Fill up your pages and write in good order;
> Write, write, scribbler and driveller,
> Why leave such margins,—come nearer the border."

But the tourist and traveller have left no record of Stratford.

Where the Huron Road had cut its way the wayfarer who looked to the right and left could find the pleasures of variety. In some places the foliage of the bush cast shade but no gloom, the delicate buff and yellow of the upper boughs, and the quivering golden leaves, giving a peculiar light and grace to the woods, composed solely of beech. Far as the eye could reach among the boles a golden light suffused the ground and each delicately shaped branch; these were fairy courts for fairy revels. But the maples had stronger and more various tints, red, orange and green, a denser mass which turned the sunlight back to the sky whence it came. The brilliant leaves as they fell were like bright-winged things, fluttering this way and that, bound for darkness in the murky mould beneath. The tall, gaunt pines were the giants of that forest, and the cedars, knotted and bent, twisted and twined about each other—not emblems of brotherly love, but like wrestlers in a death struggle.

To plunge in here meant death. Gloomy and Titanic, these

pines made darkness at mid-day. The bushy thicket, higher than the plunger's head, called loudly for the axe. Over the deep black swamp he crawled from one decaying log to another; eternal silence reigned, disturbed only by his feeble efforts to advance, and as the hours passed, night came, dark, dismal, and full of new dangers. This was the paradise of the squatter; he came, he saw, and after a fashion he conquered. Possession was nine-tenths of the law, and that bugbear of early days, the land office, was circumvented. Seated in arm-chairs, moving Galt and Dunlop like chessmen, guided by rough charts sent them of the lie of the land, the directors in St. Helen's Place, London, decided that here, in the heart of cedar, alder and swale, by a little stream which they named the Avon, should be a town, and that the township immediately on the Wilmot Line should commemorate Director Easthope.

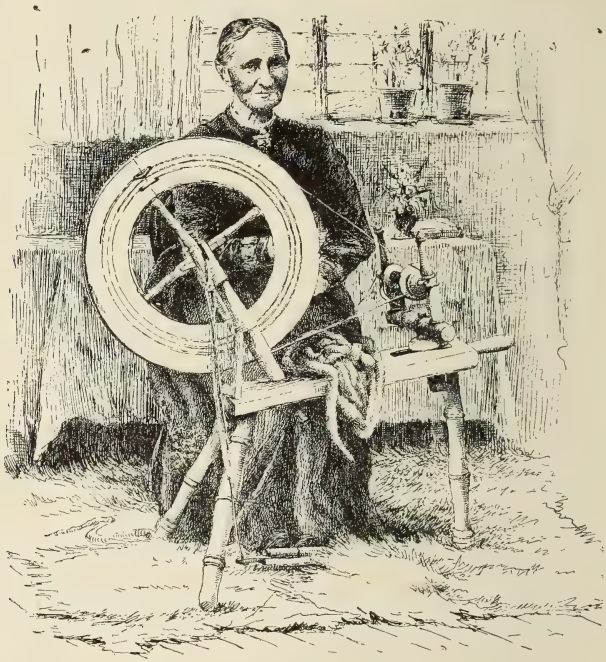
Galt's removal about this time effected one retrenchment, in the lowering of Mr. Strickland's salary. He determined to return to his first scene of pioneering on the Otonabee, and made his last journey through the woods *via* Seebach's and Fryfogle's, on February 13th, 1831. He engaged a Dutchman of the settlement to convey himself, family and chattels, and this time the return journey was made in a lumber sleigh behind horses. A heavy snowstorm made the way impassable, and their utmost efforts resulted in only eighteen miles a day. The excellent accommodation at Van Egmond's had had the effect of making travellers critical, as they braved the bills of fare provided in the more isolated parts. He says they were "doomed" to spend a night at Seebach's. Colonel Van Egmond himself had induced Andrew Seebach to settle on the hill (which happily still bears his name) with his five sons, and he there became, in 1828, the first white settler in the township named in honour of Director Ellice; and, after Fryfogle, the second in the whole County of Perth. It took the Seebachs nine days to reach the hill from Waterloo. They underbrushed their way as they went, and rested midway with Fryfogle in his Easthope shanty—Fryfogle the first arrival of all. 1828

was one of the mild winters which a kind Providence sent to the early settlers. It was well for them, for the shanty in which they lived till the log inn was built had little means for fire or warmth. Seebach paid for his land (one thousand two hundred acres) in labour. Mr. Galt's recall was followed by the Directors ceasing to forward funds, and Seebach's employés had to be paid by him in soil, so that Huron land became legal tender. The Company gave him a bonus of $250 towards his inn; but labour was scarce, and his friends from Waterloo had to come and help. At that time not even a shanty marked the site of Stratford.

There was no mill nearer than Waterloo, so there was the old expedient of home grinding, this time in a kettle, in which the corn was pounded with the head of an iron bolt. But by 1831, though Strickland felt himself "doomed," Seebach's was a very different place from that of two years previous. The public room was only 16 x 12, but at the farther end a huge fire of blazing logs made comfort for the famished travellers. They came well supplied with tea and other provisions, without which no good traveller ventured abroad. Out of this room opened a narrow sort of closet which served as bedroom. Here the host and hostess, and four or five of their younger children, slept. Strickland estimated the family, at the least, at a dozen. The eldest, Peter, or as his mother called him, Fater, seemed about fifteen.

Besides the Stricklands, there was a lady friend with her daughter, so that the already overstocked bedrooms proved inadequate for the custom. There were only two beds for the party—of course in the outer room—and some difficulty arose as to how to sort the intending occupants. Undressing was out of the question; but Mr. Strickland brought forward the horse-blankets and robes, and probably the first portieres, forerunners of Smyrna rug and Chenille curtain, were hung in Perth that night. Divided by them from the rest, Strickland and his teamsters stretched themselves on a shakedown in front of the fire, where five of the older Seebach boys were already asleep

on deer-skins, leaving the two beds for the two ladies and the children. In the middle of the night one of the Dutch boys tumbled into the fire; it turned out he had only slightly burned one hand, but he made as much row as though altogether roasted. The brothers, awakened by his cries, seemed resolved that no one else should close his eyes that night. Mr. Strick-



A home industry of bygone days.

land threatened them, but they pretended English was a language they did not understand. At last he put an end to the noise and a lull ensued, in which he found himself dropping off. He was re-awakened by his friend Mrs. R——, whose shrieks betokened her to be in an agony of terror. Two or more of the Dutch boys had crept behind the sacred enclosure of the horse-blanket partition, slipped under her bed, and by all

heaving together had nearly rolled her out. The lady was in no humour for a joke, and was, besides, an elderly woman. She shook her fist at the mischievous lads, who in turn howled with derisive laughter at her. But Mrs. Seebach, who seems to have slept soundly in spite of her circumscribed surroundings, now appeared with a large stick. She laid about her with the dexterity of the accustomed mother of a dozen, and with such good effect that soon, but for the crackling of the freshly piled-on logs, silence reigned and sleep came. Seebach was a short, stout man, full of the indomitable pluck and uncomplaining bravery which marked, and still mark, the somewhat silent and taciturn Bavarian character.

The reminiscences of the living would make one suppose that nearly every man then was a Nimrod. Crozier, with his gun on his shoulder, roamed through the Easthopes; but even before him John Tennant, an Englishman by birth, boatswain on a British man-of-war (by some supposed to have been a deserter), a reticent, shy, smart, active man and a great hunter, lived there with his Dutch wife. Far off in a primitive kind of cabin, with basswood roof, its chief article of furniture a sap-trough cradle, in which their three sons, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and one daughter (blessed with five fingers on either hand), were rocked through their forest babyhood, John Tennant pursued his double role of chemist and rhymer.

"I bent my bow into a gun
And shot all round the hill;
And out of five and twenty deer,
Ten thousand I did kill."

The "Backwoodsman" tells a different tale. In it Dunlop deplores the lack of enterprise in hunting, where such glorious opportunities for it lay all around and about the settler.

"If anyone doubted the doctrine of original sin and innate perverseness of mankind, the conduct of the English emigrants arriving in this country would go a good way to convert him to a more orthodox way of thinking. There have arrived in

the province within these last three years, perhaps fifteen thousand English agricultural labourers; and it is no very great stretch of the imagination to suppose that every twentieth of them, when at home, was a poacher, or at least had some practical knowledge of a fowling-piece, and had in his days infringed on the laws of the land, in defiance of the wrath and displeasure of the squire, the denunciation of the parson, the terrors of the gaol, the tread-mill, the hulks and Botany Bay, and the disgrace which attaches to one whose life is an habitual war with the laws. Yet when these fellows have been a few months in Canada they no more think of shooting than if they were Cockneys. And why? Because here it would not only be a harmless amusement, but an honest, respectable and useful mode of making the two ends of the year meet; while there it was fraught with danger to both life and character. . . .

"At the head of our quadruped game is the deer. It is larger than the fallow deer of England, and his horns, we would say, are twined the wrong way, and are differently shaped from those of the deer of Europe. They are found in great abundance in every part of the province. Deer stalking is much practised; but to practise it with success you must be acquainted with the topography of the neighbourhood and know the salt-licks and other haunts. Another way is to let a canoe or raft float down a stream during a mid-summer night, with a bright light upon it. This seems to dazzle or fascinate the animal, which is fond of standing in the water when the mosquitoes are troublesome in the woods; and if the manœuvre be skilfully managed without noise, he will allow you to come within a few yards of him. So near indeed will he allow you thus to approach, that there have been instances known of his having been killed by a fish spear. The most certain and deadly mode of proceeding, however, is to send your dogs into the woods some miles from the banks of a lake or great river, and hark down on the scent, when he would be sure to run for the water, where you can knock him on the head from a boat or canoe. But even in this defenceless position you must not

approach him rashly, for he gives an ugly wound with his horns, and with the sharp hoofs of his forefeet he has been known to deal such a blow as has separated the muscle from the bone of a man's leg. You must, therefore, either shoot him, knock him on the head, drown him by holding his head down with an oar, or seize hold of him by the seat and make him tow the boat until he is exhausted and can be mastered. In deer stalking, and indeed in all kinds of sporting in this country, it is often necessary to camp out—that is, bivouac in the woods. This would appear to a man who is curious in well-aired sheets as the next way to the other world; but in reality there is nothing dangerous or unpleasant in the proceeding. Every man carries with him in the woods punk, that is, German tinder (a fungous excrescence of the maple), and a flint. With this and the back of his knife a light is struck and the ignited piece cut off from the mass. This is put into dry moss and blown or swung round the head till it blazes, and thus a large fire of logs is kindled. Spruce and hemlock are stripped, and moss gathered to make a bed; and if it be dry overhead nothing further is necessary, the party all sleeping with their feet towards the fire. If, however, it threatens to rain, a tent or wigwam of bark can soon be erected perfectly weather-tight, and in winter this may be rendered more comfortable by shovelling the snow up on the walls so as to exclude the wind."

Fraser's pokes fun at this extract from the "Backwoodsman." It says: "See how slight an alteration turns this into verse:

> "At the head of our quadruped game is the deer,
> No buck in old England his size can come near;
> His horns we would say
> Are twined the wrong way,
> And differ in shape from the horns you have there."

The Easthopes were the home of the deer. The first ploughs turned up many antlers, some of them elk horns with a branch or two more or less decayed. One of these last when found

bore unmistakable marks of a tomahawk, the wound made when the horn was young. The theory of the wondering group that gathered round the finder was that some Indian in self-defence had struck at it with his weapon. They were fierce, and would attack with feet as well as horns. Venison was a great standby in those days. Fresh, spiced, hung, dried, it was dressed in every possible variety. Once, in pot hunting for the coming bee, James Brown, founder of Nithburg on "the meandrous Nith," came upon a fallen log beyond which he saw the branching horns which hitherto he had only seen turned up in the earth. Mutually astonished, he forgot his weapon and the elk lost no time in getting up and going quickly northward, whence, no doubt, he had been hard pressed by wolves not many hours before.

Wherever we have early Canadian descriptions, "bees" are conspicuous; chief figure in them was the dreadful grog boss, with his pail of whiskey and floating teacup. If native poetry, folklore, is to be believed, we come upon a novelty in the Bonnie Easthopes. The whiskey was undoubtedly good stuff, made from the scourings of still grain, so the muse means no discredit to it. After the crews had left their rows of fallow, each man vieing in a day-long friendly strife and the air resounding with haw, Buck and Bright; gee, Broad and Berry, the charcoal stains washed off and supper over, the recitation of Tam o' Shanter, and music provided by a comb and a piece of paper, began. They danced to the last, sang songs and choruses, and behaved altogether as men and women do in the prime of life, full of hope and able for work first, play after.

> "He who drinks a barrel of strong beer
> And does fall over,"

sang Donald solemnly,

> "Falls as the leaves fall,
> And dies in October;"

but here the pail would be insidiously put forward, with a verse extolling the merits of the York shilling a gallon liquid,

and ending by assuring the all too credulous hearers that he who partook of it

"Went to bed sober."

Once, on the way down from Goderich, as he neared Stratford, Strickland experienced a terrible storm. He found shelter at Seebach's, and in time made Fryfogle's, having to climb over, evade and circumvent one hundred and seventy-six trees lying across his pathway between the points, a distance under twenty miles. In the same early year, 1829 or 1830, when pressing Company business made him persevere in spite of a level of snow which hid the tripping log and branch, when each footfall meant pain, weariness and reduction on the capital of strength (no horse could have lived on such a road), he was mystified by the foot-prints of some traveller, lonely like himself, who was evidently only some few hundred paces ahead. After a time Strickland came on the name written in the foot-deep whiteness—James Halliday. Reading it robbed his journey of half its loneliness. It was company to know that somewhere, not far off, another was on the same path; but James Halliday was not overtaken. Deer to the number of nine crossed the path, but he was without gun and they sped away unharmed. When at length Fryfogle's came in sight a large wolf bounded out of the wood; but a single wolf was not to be feared, it seemed the more frightened of the two. When Fryfogle was told, he in turn had his story to tell and congratulated Strickland on his escape. Only the night before, when looking for his strayed oxen, he had found himself surrounded by the brutes and had to tree in order to escape the pack. For three hours he remained perched like a snow-bird till help came. A solitary wolf was hardly to be feared; it was only in the society of his own kind he became pertinacious. If he fell victim to a trap, or into a snare, he never attempted to escape, but crouched like the coward heart he was, awaiting the despatching axe-blow.

An old settler tells that Coleridge's line, "When the owlet whoops to the wolf below," found confirmation in the Perth

woods, for the young were often eaten almost as soon as brought into existence. Peter Stewart maintained that if steam saw-mills were built the wolves would decamp, and offered to contribute five dollars towards furnishing the whistle. True enough, when the air was cut with this menacing music of advancing civilization, the wolves began to disappear. But as late as 1859 a calf was killed within fifty yards of a farm door; and five big fellows, like great grey dogs, worried and ate a dozen sheep in as many minutes. Nature had provided them with means to go safely over their snowy home country, for their feet were large; but often, when the tracery of branch above was transformed by the freezing rain into forests of genii below, the track of the wolves on the hard crust could be seen by the blood-marks where the crust had broken and a sharp edge had cut deep. It was after the saw-mill had been sending its warning notes through the woods that a mother in the Easthopes stood one day on her humble threshold, shading her eyes from the light and trying to pierce the gloom; she knew her little ones were then due on their homeward way from school, and there issued from the wood the most appalling sounds, next to the war-whoop, which ever smote on pioneer ear. The nearest corner was named "Grant's," (now the village of Hampstead), where Andrew Amos taught, and the long-drawn howling of the wolves sounded as if within a mile. Nearly frantic at the thought that the animals had waylaid her children, she blew the big horn, thinking to distract or scare them. Finally the children appeared unharmed, and a walk later to the scene of the howling showed traces of a terrible struggle—the skulls of some deer, a few bones and some grey hair and blood showing where the tearing to pieces had taken place.

"*But the children went to school as usual next morning.*"

Solitary journeys then were trials to nerves except when the latter were of the Dunlopian order. And yet a boy would be sent with a yoke of oxen, unarmed but for his whip or goad, to Hamilton or London, and would return laden like a Chinese postman, always on foot. Women were brave as well as men

and boys. Miss Catharine Downey, anxious to join her brother, who was working on the road east of Mitchell, left Goderich early one morning and made her way thirty-five miles, over streams, bogs, and by blazed track, alone, reaching her destination that evening. The test of bravery was sometimes longer than just the space of time required in a single forced march. In the very early times, two lads of thirteen kept their bachelor hall in the bush behind where Sebring built his house and mill. They lived in their little shanty, shot, cooked, "did" for themselves, and studied in the intervals, for they had taken the precaution to have their books with them, and they were well educated lads as the term was understood when opportunities were meagre and books few. Once, when out of flour, they came to Mr. Daly to do them the favour of grinding their wheat in his coffee mill. But the last person to whom he had offered that accommodation had ground pepper, and on their return home they found the flour unfit for use. One of the lads was afterward Registrar of his county.

In the summer of 1830, Strickland with a friend came through the bush on horseback. It is easy to imagine the themes for talk, as the settlers threaded their way, at times nearly swept from their horses by stray limbs, tangled brush and long trailers of grapevine which hung in festoons from the dead and living branches. They had no more ambitious dream of a roadway than one where a stage-coach might travel with assured regularity, and where a coachman's horn would perform a flourish which told of difficulties met and successfully overcome. They viewed the rich loam on clay and limestone, and saw in the mind's eye the day when these million acres would be covered with golden grain and threaded by turnpike roads, with rivers bridged, and mills or villages resounding with the sounds of busy life, the hammer and the loom, when market day would mark the advance to townhood. Their domestic leanings conjured up pictures of homestead, church and school, where kine, fruit, grain and flowers would duplicate the Old Country homes. But even with the

glamour that was on them in that forest journey on a summer-crowned June day, there was no proper estimation of the future which lay before the native born.

Although in 1828 Mrs. Strickland, as well as her husband, passed through the site of Stratford on the way from Fryfogle's to Seebach's, right and left of the narrow track the only huts belonged to men who were fugitives from justice, deserters, and such as moved on before or beyond anything like a settlement. In 1818 the site of London was an equal wilderness, but there were settlements in and about the London district of which Talbot (not the Colonel) has left an interesting, voluminous, and in some instances incredible fund of information. The younger Talbot—father and son were partners in a colonization scheme—issued a circular to see if the settlers were satisfied with their changed conditions. He was impelled to this by reading various pamphlets, some of which, after the manner of Inches and Doyle, quoted elsewhere, cried down the lot of the immigrant, and represented his second state as worse than the first. He also wished to answer another style of publication which showed upon paper the schemes of emigration whereby the settler would be able to repay in ten years the loan of £200, which loan was to be supplied by a company. This company was, in Mr. Talbot's estimation, as visionary as the plan of settlement was impracticable. Subjoined is part of a table of answers received, and can be taken as a context to the opinion of those who decried the Canada Company's methods. The table gives the money these settlers had of their own or the sum borrowed, the improvements upon the land and the quantity of it, their stock and the amount of capital saved or acquired. These settlers were all frugal, industrious men, three-fourths of whom had been farmers in the Old Country, and the remainder mechanics.

William Geary, the first named on the list, instituted and ran the first daily stage coaches between London and Goderich; he also had the contracts of supplying timber brought from the Sauble for the much-criticized Colborne Bridge and other Company works.

	Money.	Land.	Cleared.	Oxen.	Horses.	Cows.	Young Cattle.	Sheep.	Capital Acquired.
Wm. Geary	£300	200	30	2	..	6	8	..	..
Charles Golding	100	150	25	2	..	5	6	10	..
Jno. O'Brien	100	100	20	1	1	4	4	20	..
Thomas Gush	100	200	15	1	..	3	5	5	..
R. Rolph	50	100	15	..	..	3	5	.	.
John Grey	50	100	25	1	..	4	6	10	..
Wm. Haskett	100	100	15	1	1	3	5	10	.
Francis Lewis	75	100	25	1	..	2	4	5	..
Foilet Grey	40	100	10	1	..	2	3	..	..
Thomas Henay	50	100	25	2	1	1	2	..	..
James Henay	20	100	10	1	..	4	1	5	..

All perfectly content.

These men were all young and had been in the country five years. According to this table and the corroborative showing of Mrs. Jameson and others, they, although in a land of plenty, were destitute of money. In the most remote parts, where there was no general settlement, but only an occasional hut and clearing, it took all the five years to arrive at the plenty spoken of in the more accessible parts. The hardships these people endured no pen can describe. An experience was often gone through upon the journey from Quebec to York where the little they had of wearing apparel, bedding and other necessaries, was converted into currency for meeting present necessities. The succeeding year passed in hiring out to the older settlers such of their children as could work. Wives not encumbered with young children went as spinners, or to whatever work they found in demand or were capable of doing. The husbands, with much difficulty, expense and shameful delay, at length succeeded in securing fifty acres in some one of these many remote and unsettled parts. A visit to the newly-acquired estate sometimes resulted in a panic at his desolation; the man returned to his scattered family. They, more hardened than he, advised retaining the location ticket; and then succeeded a regular succession of

trials, events and evolutions, before a second visit and permanent stay. The man generally engaged with some established farmer, and the wife and family managed to be self-supporting as heretofore. At the end of two years his wages were taken out in merchandise, grain and stock; his family gathered about him, and the journey was made to the new home. Then came the hut-building and the effort combined, hearty and untiring, to make Lebanon a plain. There were no mills within twenty miles of such a location, perhaps not so near; the oxen were later acquisitions, so the grain had to be carried. Sometimes provisions ran out altogether; then the husband made a temporary wage-earning visit to some older settlement, returning with his gains, and a new year of new venture and trial began upon the result of his labour there. In the meantime the wife and children, half naked, managed not to starve, for they were alive upon his return; pigeons, succulent roots, cow cabbage and a stray wild animal, stayed their pangs; they set snares, and the eldest boy probably used the gun or axe as well as his father. So dragged the first few years; nothing but the hope of ultimate independence could make such life endurable. The first gain in the settler's lot came when the clearing's returns allowed him to remain at home instead of taking periodical periods of toil abroad. The last of such earnings went in a yoke of steers, a cow, and new agricultural needs. Then he began to hold up his head. He had bread—bread only. To cover the nude he grew flax; but until the flax and the fleece made some return his children ran through the wildwood in a worse plight than their Indian fellows. But time and the hour passed by the longest day, and ten years saw him and his clothed, rugged and hearty; and he was without dread of landlord or the tithe proctor. Of the original settlers in the Easthopes, Christmas Day, 1829, saw Fryfogle domiciled in one of the three Canada Company inns. This meant a lonely life. His nearest neighbour was his fellow inn-keeper, Seebach, seventeen miles away, and his only path the beginning of the Huron Road through the woods,

the latter so dense that in summer the sun was hardly visible. Industry, perseverance and prosperity were to follow. Next came Andrew Riddel; then Andrew Helmer, who was a follower, and ultimately a son-in-law, of Colonel Van Egmond.

But not by twos and threes were they to come after this. From the country of the "Fair City," from the Carse o' Gowrie, from the banks of the Tay, from the valley of Strathearn, from the hills of Menteith, from the meadows of the Inches, from the shadows of the Moncrieff and Kinnoull Hills, from the wide fertile stretch of Strathmore, turning their faces forever from the glory of Scotland towards the Wilmot Line, came a band of settlers. "Canada?" says an Edinburgh writer about this time, "Canada; why it is as Scotch as Lochaber; whatever of it is not French, I mean. Even omitting our friend John Galt, have we not one Bishop MacDonell for the Papists, one Archdeacon Strachan for the Episcopals, and one Tiger Dunlop for the Presbyterians?

"As we know, the emigrants who left Scotland singing the melancholy Gaelic refrain, 'We return, we return, we return no more,' have given to their new homes in Canada the beloved and familiar names of the old scenes.

"By-the-bye, I have a letter this morning from a friend of mine in Upper Canada. He was rowed down the St. Lawrence lately for several days on end, by a strapping set of fellows, all born in the country, and yet hardly one of them could speak a word of any tongue but the Gaelic. They sang heaps of our old Highland oar songs, he says, and capitally well, in the true Hebridean fashion; and they had others of their own Gaelic too, some of which my friend noted down, both words and music. He sent me a translation of one of the ditties:

"Canadian Boat Song.

"Listen to me, as when we heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores;
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices as ye pull your oars.

"CHORUS.

"*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand,*
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

"From the lone sheiling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas,
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides.

"*Fair are these meads—these hoary woods are grand,*
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

"We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where, 'tween the dark hills, creeps the small clear stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Or see the moon on royal tombstone gleam.

"*Fair are these meads—these hoary woods are grand,*
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

"When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished,
Conquered the soil and fortified the Keep,
No seer foretold the children should be banished,
That a degenerate Lord might boast his sheep.

"*Fair are these meads—these hoary woods are grand,*
But we are exiles from our native land.

"Come foreign rage—let discord burst in slaughter!
O then for clansmen true and stern claymore—
The hearts that would have given their blood like water
Beat heavily beyond Atlantic's roar.

"*Fair are these meads—these hoary woods are grand,*
But we are exiles from our fathers' land."

The degenerate lord made his sheepwalk, and the Scotchman, Lowland, Highland or Islander, made his voyage. But no one can "put off his country;" half the tradition that gathered about the young nationality was to come from the pulse which leaped from the veins of the mother to the child. In Canada it has been urged that the Canadian should cease to be English, Irish, Scotch, or German; but the labour of the new life, sweetened as it was by Hope, did not drive away memories



"But the labour of the new life . . . did not drive away memories of the Dunes and Weald of Sussex."

of the Dunes and Weald of Sussex, the emerald tinted pastures of Ireland with the smell of the sea-wrack beyond, or the hills, lakes and forests of Bern and Bavaria. Later on in Perth and in Zorra there were men and women who blamed Banza-Mohr-ar-Chat, great lady of the Clan Sutherland, as the means of an enforced coming. These hearts indeed "beat heavily beyond Atlantic's roar," but it was not long before they knew their lines had fallen in pleasant places. None can ken those days like one of themselves, and here are the memories of the earliest comer, who, although a Mac, was not a Scotchman.



The first Mac in the settlement.

"In 1832 arrived the first great exodus from the British Isles and Germany. It was the cholera year, and all emigrant ships had to have a surgeon on board. The first batch of emigrants dumped on the Huron Road (all was Huron Road then) were left about three miles from the Wilmot Line, the stop being made there because there was a good spring of water. This was in the beginning of June, and with them came cholera. This party was from Lord Eglemont's estate in Sussex. The men at once set to work peeling bark to make themselves wigwams; but they had not got on very far with their work when the cholera attacked them, and the bark was needed for different use. The Canada Company sent up a young fellow to look after the sufferers, who were the Caplings, Morleys and others; among them were several

children, and some fine strapping young men who were a great loss to the little colony. The manner of burying them out of sight was most primitive. They dug a kind of grave, put a piece of bark at the bottom of it, laid the dead upon it, then placed another piece of bark, and covered all with earth."

Andrew Helmer's tavern was a long, low log cabin, some eighteen by twenty-four feet, with a lean-to for a kitchen. It had one large room, the breadth of the house, which was both bedroom and parlour. There was another lean-to on the west for a bar-room, but with no communication with the main building. The manner of supplying the guests was to take glasses and a black bottle into the general room, where there were some stools and one bark-bottomed chair. The last was kept for the use of Col. Van Egmond, who was there as the Canada Company agent to look after the incoming settlers. He had two or three teams of oxen and waggons, to move them to Goderich or to wherever they wished to go. The guests then at Helmer's were the Colonel, the Doctor, and the young fellow of the name of McCarthy, the latter being the first settler with a Mac to his name. That young doctor was recalled, and Dr. Flynn was sent in his place. He boarded there for some time, until he built himself a log hut and married a daughter of Fryfogle. J. C. W. Daly performed the marriage ceremony, as all magistrates had this power when no minister resided within twenty miles. A number of Germans had taken up land just above Helmer's, but when the cholera broke out they disappeared, leaving their shanties empty. A son-in-law of Fryfogle's, named Yackey, alone remained. Three families named Wey arrived. The father of our townsman started a cabinet-maker's shop on a very small scale, and turned out a sofa which was the first piece of furniture made in the County of Perth. It was for Mr. Daly, who kept and reclined on that sofa until the day of his death.

This adventurous young man, McCarthy, was son of an officer in the British Army who held a command in a troop ship and whose chief work lay among the unpleasant duties

connected with Botany Bay. From there they went to Ceylon to look after the captive king of Candy, a splendid looking man, who gave the officer's little boy a baby elephant and a monkey. George III. had wished to get a road cut to Candy without employing British labour, so he sent the black king a most gorgeous carriage and some horses, thinking a road would be made to fetch it up, but the vehicle was taken to pieces and carried piecemeal. There were two hundred and fifty steps cut in the rock to the top of the mountain, where the Queen's palace was set apart for officers' quarters; from there the British child stored his mind with wonder upon wonder. On the home-bound voyage a stay was made at St. Helena, where father and son dined with Captain Marryat on his guard-ship, and were taken by him to view the great Napoleon—"In his uniform out walking, and just like his pictures," among the officers who shared his exile. Six weeks before George III. died, the little McCarthy lad saw him driving in Hyde Park; but after His Magnificent Blackness of Candy, the little shrivelled figure of the poor old English king, "For all the world like old Daly," seemed tame. Some intervening years, three of which were spent at the veritable Do-the-Boys Hall under Wackford Squeers, brought young McCarthy to Canada Company times; and bound for Lake Huron in the Canadian far West, was, by the accident of a broken wheel, set upon the Huron Road near the site of the intended town. On one of the first evenings of June, 1832, this first Mac of the settlement found himself on the right bank of the little Thames, which Commissioner Jones about that time had christened and changed to Avon. The Company had presented one settler, William Sargint, with a lot, and he was busy then from his temporary home in one of the Company's shanties seeing to the building of his new inn, where his wife, although a childless woman, was to play the part of a mother in Israel, as hostess to distressed travellers, inceptor of the first school for the young, and organizer of the first congregation and church. McCarthy had that evening walked from Helmer's,

looking at land here and there with an inexperienced eye, and he now contemplated the small log bridge put up by Van Egmond across the stream. When about half way over he was challenged by a hearty English voice asking for his pass. The owner of the voice was a burly Briton of the name of Berwick; he, too, was prospecting for land, and as first comer had been appointed Quarantine Officer. He had a stout staff in his hand, and looked the military man all over. "Pass?" said our young emigrant, "I have no pass but the gun over my shoulder. Call out your guard and arrest me, for pass this bridge I will if I can." Berwick laughed and made him welcome, asked him into one of the two shanties built upon the flat between the present Stratford boathouses and the bridge, and prepared to do the hospitable. It was supper time, and the women were busy with their primitive cuisine. About a year before this, when building the bridge, one evening as Edouard Van Egmond was cooking supper for his gang of Canada Company workers, the first white women to reach the Huron Tract, Betsy Hill and Jane Goode, passed over on their way to Goderich. They were hungry and called out for food, but Van Egmond thought forty men already enough, and half grudgingly lent his fire and kettles for Betsy and Jane to serve their own party.

There were other guests besides the Berwicks at these shanties (refuges put up at stated intervals between the Line and the Lake for the use of belated travellers, resembling in a rough way the Dak bungalows of India); and Madame Berwick, with her emigrant sisters, bustled about at her work. Pork brought by Van Egmond's team was soon fried; the fire was raked forward, and on it the three-legged spider with its load of shanty-cake was turned about so that all parts of the compound might crisp equally; water was bubbling in the kettle, and wild chocolate was made, sweetened with sugar, but innocent of milk. Last, but not least, came the unfailing whiskey, and all gathered around the fire to partake. By the glowing coals the several histories were interchanged. Mr. Berwick

had come in the *William the Fourth*, and had brought with him grey hounds, fox hounds, spaniels and game fowls, everything which good means could furnish for equipment; and now he, gun in hand, with his wife, children and servants, found himself on the banks of the little Thames searching for an estate.

At bed-time the sleeping accommodation of the second shanty was explored. The new-comer discovered that a good sheet of elm bark lay across the joists; his coat was soon off and doubled for a pillow; one good spring, and up he went; but the mosquito fire built below made sleep long in coming. He was awakened by voices, and cautiously resting head on elbow, looked over to see who might have passed the bridge unchallenged. There were five men and a boy—the boy Richard Cawston, and one of the men Charles Cawston. "This will do famously," said one, "we can eat our supper and sleep here."

They made their fire, and nearly finished smoking out the silent watcher above.

"Hello, there's a fine piece of bark! I'll get up and sleep on it."

The head now left the elbow and looked down.

"Excuse me, but it's already occupied."

The man laughed. "Isn't there room for two?"

Squatters' rights had not yet been tested, but young McCarthy opined that under such weight the bark would probably break.

"All right," said the new comer, jumping up, "I'll risk it."

In less than an hour it did break, and the Humpty Dumpties had to take to the mud floor for the night.

In 1833 Mr. John Haldane's first night in Stratford was also spent in this room. J. C. W. Daly then occupied it, and greater accommodation was gained by sheets used as partitions. Mr. Haldane could get a room at the Shakespeare, then in process of building, but as it would be without a roof he chose the other. By the time all was finished it was thought high time to christen the village. Mr. Commissioner Jones bought a sign

for the inn, a presentment of Shakespeare, to follow up the leading idea which his whim had resolved should govern the nomenclature of the new village. No doubt it was a very convivial gathering; there is no record of Dunlop having honoured the occasion with a full Indian costume, with blanket wrapped round him and eagle's feathers decorating his fiery locks, as he did elsewhere; but internal evidence, analogy and contemporary history warrant one in supposing the event was not a dry christening. No one knew better than Mrs. Sargint how to cater and minister to a guest's wants; she was the soul of innocent conviviality herself, "a fine buxom-looking woman, fair and good-natured, rosy and blue-eyed, free in her speech and fond of a joke." She even knew the Mysteries of Plotty, when port wine could be got, mulled, or rather burnt port, "and very delectable as a night-cap." After it, looking out of their small-paned windows at the newly-named Shakespeare, to where

> "The goddess, in mantle of silvery light,
> Held her gentle and lady-like sway,"

it may be doubted if they were not in Burns' predicament concerning that lady's horns—

> "Whether she had three or four,
> We couldna' tell."

There was a digestive pill about that time among Dunlop's Old Country friends, called the Peristaltic Persuader, which careful hosts insisted upon guests trying; but we hear of no aids towards recovery for organs outraged by the irregular living, enforced fasts, generous feasts and very regular potations of Canada.

In these terrible years when the ordinary trials of emigration were aggravated by cholera, many family parties reached destinations made motherless, fatherless or childless on the way. Widowed thus came the Widow McTavish and her three sons. The McTavish called the "Tachran" was a tall, fine

fellow, who brought out with him, and often wore, his full Highland costume. In 1833 poor Van Egmond, full of real grievances and foreseeing trouble which was fated to be the undoing of himself, did his best to disaffect the Easthope Highlanders. The too high price of land and other hardships were discussed by him and them at a meeting held at Helmer's, and a deputation was appointed to go to Toronto, with the "Tachran" at its head, in full panoply of war, there to lay before the Commissioner their accumulated burdens. On foot they all went; but on arrival before the great man they became dumb. Not so he. The story was that he ordered them out, but as they all maintained a strict silence after their return the particulars of that interview never transpired. It was not long before Col. Van Egmond's body came jolting in a waggon over the same rough road they tramped, and farther up near Irishtown the light-hearted boys who cared neither for rebellion nor wrongs nor tragedy, lit bon-fires in the gloaming so as to frighten some superstitious elders, who, seeing them, were convinced the Colonel's ghost was "walking."

Another famous Highland walk came off in 1841, when the Rev. D. Allen, John Stewart, Alex. Crerar, John Crerar and John Whitney went in a body to Goderich to vote for Dunlop, "and against the Family Compact." They were the only five men in the township entitled to vote, and had secured their "free deeds" only some three months before the election.

These men were remote from both those exciting episodes, the Rebellion and the Huron election, but they were friendly among themselves, and their excitements, joys and sorrows were common property. These were not yet the days when local courts were supposed to bring justice to every man's door, but in fact to spread an epidemic of law-suits among neighbours hitherto peaceful and friendly.

There were many tales of loneliness which had their romantic side. One where a strong-limbed young emigrant each Monday morning left his temporary home to make a plunge and a week's disappearance to the distant lot, where he

chopped, felled, cleared and planned the making of the homestead to which he hoped to bring the girl he had left behind him. A false stroke, a badly planned tree-fall, a hungry wolf pack, all the terrors of the forest menaced such a man, and had he fallen prey to any of them, days, perhaps weeks, would have passed before his fate would have been known. To cut a long story short, he succeeded, and after the sheiling was ready and his rude preparations against bush housekeeping all finished, he went to the distant county where his bride elect, whom he supposed as anxious as himself, awaited him. But she would have none of him, and the young fellow, crushed as none of these past minor trials had been able for, turned to retrace his steps to his lonely sheiling. His gaze fell on a sister whose eye as it rested on him bespoke pity, and we all know how pity in the fertile ground of the heart quickly blossoms into something else. "Well, then, Christie," said he, in answer to her compelling glance, "well, then, will you come?" And she did come.

In the Easthopes we find a centre of observation in the Old World sounding Shakespeare, classical in sound to English ears, but if classical in one sense not in the other which makes the word pertaining to a class. When affection for the old home instigated the adoption of an Old Country name, such as Perth itself, or the old was woven with the new as in the beautiful Inverhuron, the best of taste and judgment is surely shown; but after dipping into the history of the Easthopes and other localities where certain men, the first comers and often the hardest workers, have given their own identity to the soil around them, it may in all seriousness be asked—always providing such a sweet-sounding name as Bell's Corners is evolved —why should it be changed? As to the word "Corners," it came from the fact that where four farms met a blacksmith's forge was a necessity; and the corners becoming the nucleus of a village, the latter took its name from the man most prominent of the four residents. Naturally, these corners sprang up in many places; and if the names had in no wise changed

they would all now be the same save for a distinguishing prefix. But we should be no worse off than with the common French *ville*; and if so much of sameness were against the use of corners, in the change some mode might have been adopted by which Bell, Rattenbury, Hicks, Helmer and Sargint would not all be lost as landmarks. For these hostels were the points which guided the marches through the silent forest and across frozen streams, all alike in their winter robe of white and diamonds. There was a good deal of sweet, adventurous romance in waking at midnight to see the stars flash like brilliants through snow-enamelled branches or summer's leafy roof-tree; but the romance was to the few, and the bitter cold and scanty provision fell to the many. To these last, glowing log-fires in the spacious inn chimneys, and the comforting of inner-man which the wife of mine host knew so well how to provide, were beacon lights in the vast wilderness. Such men nobly served their turn in their day and generation, and it seems a pity that names made distinctly Canadian should have been so often exchanged for others more pretentious which had neither meaning nor association. So far as the Huron Tract is concerned, titles in most cases perpetuate the names of those who never saw it and who would never have been known in it but for the fact that they put their money in a Company whose work as to benefit or otherwise is still subject for controversy; the names of those who did the work and the sweet sounding Indian syllables found by them have been sacrificed to commemorate a directorate. Let us be thankful we escaped the ignominy of immortalizing some Excellenza's pug or spaniel.

The bridge had been built over the small stream, and the Company prepared to erect mills and form a dam. The saw-mill was finished by the autumn of 1832, and the grist-mill during the summer of 1833, the work on both being chiefly done by Sebring; and by 1837 the mill-dam was finished, as the appended letter will show. While yet the mill-dam was

in process, Dr. Dunlop and Edouard Van Egmond sat by it one day, fishing for eels. They found they were sitting on an Indian grave. Examination proved it shallow, and some six inches down they came upon the red man himself, sewed up in bark, with his gun, his tomahawk and his scalps beside him. The building of the dam and mills gave work to many, and is remembered as the one thing which spread ready money. Van Egmond senior, unable to get paid for his services in cash, accepted eight hundred acres of Stratford land, and one thousand five hundred at the site of Mitchell. The sole inhabitant by 1835 in the latter was a coloured man who lived in a bark shanty. Teeple, a Dutchman, was the one tenant of Carronbrook, so that Van Egmond's payment may be called all wild lands. He received it at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents an acre, and sold it in after years, back to the Company, at nine dollars per acre. The sales were all recorded on shingles and so sent to Toronto. The following letter is to Alex. MacDonald, the agent in Stratford:

"Goderich, Vandeburg's Tavern,

"23rd November, 1837.

"Sir,—We left Goderich this morning, expecting to reach Stratford early to-morrow, but being in a waggon and the snow having fallen so heavily, I am unable to proceed by your route except at so slow a pace as my limited time will not admit of.

"I go to Toronto, I think, by the way of London. Mr. Longworth accompanies me to the latter place and possibly may find his way to Stratford across from Oxford; if not, he will have to retrace his steps to this place and then go down the Wilmot Road. I shall send you, if not all the money necessary, the principal part, for defraying all demands against the Company at Stratford, and as I wish him to take as many of the vouchers up with him as possible, you will have all things in as forward a state as possible, that no unnecessary delay take

place,—indeed, on second thoughts he may as well remain at Stratford till the business is closed, as he will be able to assist in paying off the people, and he can then take all the vouchers up to Goderich with him.

"I am happy to hear that the dam is so well secured against injury in the spring. Now that all the workmen are discharged, and I was in hopes they would not have been required so long after my leaving Stratford, Mr. Allan's services will not be required. You will therefore close his account at once, and send a copy to Toronto, when we can communicate with Mr. Allan at Guelph and send him such part as may not go to the credit of his account, but I conclude he will allow a considerable portion. The expense of the dam has been enormously heavy, and as Mr. Longworth's estimate, I feel very certain, was made with judgment and discretion, some explanation as to the cause is necessary, and which he will no doubt be well able to afford when he has inspected the work. I may, however, here observe that it appears to me odd how such a number of men could have been advantageously employed upon the work at once on several occasions. At all events I shall look with some anxiety for the information I expect.

"To inspect Mr. Mitchell's work now is impossible, but still, from our knowledge of what has been done, from having lately travelled the road, I do not anticipate any difficulty in coming to a settlement with him. This matter, also, Mr. Longworth will attend to. Mr. Longworth will inform you as to my wishes regarding the oxen. I have authorized him using his discretion, either to dispose of them at Stratford, or to have them driven to Goderich for sale there.

"I received your letter of the 8th instant this morning on my way here.

"Any matters which I may have promised attention to and not here referred to shall be taken up on my arrival in Toronto.

"I trust you pay particular attention to all I have said to you from time to time, as to the keeping of your accounts, and that

you bear in mind that neatness as well as correctness is absolutely necessary, and will in future be strictly required.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"THOS. MERCER JONES.

"P.S.—You will make a copy of this letter and send it to me at Toronto, keeping the original, for I cannot get it copied here. Let me know whether my room is yet fitted up, for I shall require it on my next visit."



"His power a dominant and dominating one."

The Commissioner often came to Stratford, but more often the official visits were made by the second officer, John Longworth. Not all the plenitude of power which clothed the two Kings could equal the fussy majesty of the little potentate who, as Canada Company agent, ruled affairs in Stratford. J. C. W. Daly had come in 1832 or 1833. In all these communities there is a first piano, a first horse, to which more than one lays

claim; but Mr. Daly seems to have centred in himself the first of many vocations. He was first store-keeper, first magistrate, first banker, first post-master; his personality seemed identified with every initial movement in the place, his power a dominant and dominating one. His appearance changed little with years. Born in 1796, he was young to become chief citizen of the place wherein he afterwards lived and died. But he had even then the same Punch-like face and figure which earned him that name from irreverent boys—who nevertheless managed to keep a safe distance from his stick when indulging their mirth. With chin elevated, and the stick performing evolutions in air and on pavement rather than offering the support which his light, active little frame disdained, he whistled as he went—not from want of thought, but rather because all things went well with him and he had plenty of faith in his own power of making them so continue. Friction with the settlers led to his temporary withdrawal from the Company; but after a time he bought their mills, and as attending to them constituted one of the chief duties of an agent, Mr. MacDonald was removed and Mr. Daly reinstated. The record of Alexander MacDonald is that he was a fine fellow and the easiest man in the world to do business with.

A wag some time before this, apropos of Lord Dalhousie having sown and raised a crop of oats on the Plains of Abraham, had written:

> "Some men love honour,
> Other men love groats,
> Here Wolfe reaped laurels,
> Lord Dalhousie, oats."

It appeared to be in the power of this little man to reap everything, from oats to laurels. He seemed to enjoy every title his town or county had the power to bestow; he was a lieutenant-colonel, first councillor, first mayor, but throughout he steadily pursued a reaping policy, proving himself shrewd, far-seeing and thrifty.

It happened that Mr. Longworth owned a large and very handsome Newfoundland dog. On one of his master's extended tours, this dog was lost, and all hopes of regaining him were given up. Mr. Longworth, when he reached Stratford, dined at Mr. Daly's house. The Company had not spent money there in the same lavish manner as in Goderich, but there was a very comfortable cottage with broad verandahs, where the Stratford agent had an office, lived and entertained. At dinner when asked if he would like to see a beautiful Newfoundland which Mr. Daly said he had bought from a peddler, Mr. Longworth pricked up his ears. However, he said nothing when the dog was called in; it paid no attention to the others, who called, but dashed over to the visitor and laid its head on his knees. "Call him to you," said Mr. Longworth. Mr. Daly did, by the name bestowed on arrival, but the dog paid no heed.

"Oh, Rover, Rover," said Mr. Longworth; and that settled the matter, for the dog made demonstrations no one could doubt. Mr. Daly was loath to give up his new-found treasure. "You might have him in a moment," he said, "but I have a boy who would break his heart if he were to lose him."

"Oh, but I have a boy," said the other, "who is also very fond of him, and whose heart is already broken at the loss of him." So, much to the delight of several young people in Goderich, and to the disappointment of a boy in Stratford, Rover departed with his old master.

The boy so chagrined at the loss was Thomas Mayne Daly, a name that in after years was to live still more prominently in town and county than even his father's had. Delicate physique but strong will power, an unflinching eye, and a chestnut wave of curly hair decorating a head which promised much if phrenology were to be credited, were the boyish attributes of the man who, when not much more than a lad, was to make his way to Parliament, keep his place there in spite of strong opposition, and carry by his ready wit and clever sallies the good will of those whose principles were often in strong opposition to his own.

On one occasion, about the year 1838, Mr. Daly's entertain-

ments gave more offence than pleasure. He divided his guests into two parties, one of which, including such names as Sargint, Jackson, Donkin and Mitchell, he had within the cottage; these supped in the dining-room, while those considered below the host's salt were relegated to the barn. At the former banquet there happened to be hot roast small pig,

> "A dish I can't abide,
> Oh, most unnatural infanticide!"

Although this delicacy was then so common that it could be procured almost for the asking, the stable-fed guests had none.

> The clock has struck seven,
> They are done to a turning,
> The moon is in heaven,
> And the crackling is burning;

and most vexing of all the woes of Tantalus, the aroma from the cottage found its way to the barn!

One of the guests, John Phelan, a dweller in the most democratic of townships, North Easthope, took great umbrage at the division. Like many rebellious souls, he was a poet, and verses derogatory to Mr. Daly and of roast pig* were written and tacked up on an elm stump which stood on a vacant spot on the high road.

> Ah, tell me, Muse, do clocks, suns, moons, deceive,—
> Is this the pensive hour of pious eve—
> When holy vespers lull the listening wind,
> When ancient wisdom supped, and have I not yet dined?
>
> "Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubim,
> Art thou not sick of waiting for thy meal?
> Grows not thy sweet complexion somewhat grim
> At the sad aching void which stomachs feel
> In that dull wilderness of barren time
> 'Twixt the last quarter's note of preparation
> And the glad chorus of the pealing chime,
> The dinner bell, the long-wish'd consummation."

* No copy of the original verses survives. The lines used were by a contemporary bard, who found himself fortunate enough to have them accepted by *Blackwood's*.

Mr. Daly, as outraged magistracy, was angry and indignant, had the obnoxious verses removed, and, like the small animal whose odorous delicacies had been the last straw on outraged hungry guests, did

"Groaning gruffly grunt, and grunting gruffly groan,"

like "purple tyrants" in that hymn of Gray's,

"Unpitied and alone."

It was the election of J. C. W. Daly to the office of Councillor which led to the "famous Stratford riots" quoted elsewhere. Stratford had just been proclaimed a village (the year 1844), and Mr. Daly, supported by the Catholics, and W. F. McCulloch by the Orangemen, were to contest the honour of representing her. Mr. McCulloch's was a striking personality. As suave as Mr. Daly was brusque, as large, slow and imperturbable as the other was small, brisk and impetuous, the two rivals offered the pleasure of a good contrast. Mr. McCulloch had been a man of means, was travelled, had wide experience of life, and was accustomed to social environments of much larger proportions than those in which he found himself in Stratford. Mr. Daly was the village magnate, and he fairly bristled at opposition. Like many men of small stature, he had the makings in him of a general. About this time the village had had a valuable addition in several English settlers who were of the right stuff to build it up. The two brothers, James and Peter Woods, another Englishman named Hines, Jackson and others of the English contingent, became Orangemen. There were no rainbow variations in Stratford then—the bow bore but two colours, a man was either orange or green.

At that time the Erie Street corner, where it sloped towards the incline to the bridge, was in garden. There Mr. Daly had planted his first apple trees and grew much garden stuff that was valuable. At the end of it was his store, and among its commodities were the deadly axe-handle and the deadlier whiskey keg. In the space where the town pump

made a centre the parties met, and in a moment became so interlaced and interlocked that friend fought with friend and knew not but that he had been drubbing an enemy until some extra roll or lurch revealed the face—sometimes not till the friend's face was, artistically speaking, somewhat out of drawing. "Sure I didn't know it wuz you, Casey," said Martin, as his limping antagonist let go his part of the embrace. "Nor I you," answered Casey, ruefully rubbing his shins. "Then, be jabers, its nayther of us," said Martin; so they turned to bestow the remainder of their strength on some Orangeman. They fain would have a row—"Oh, no matter with whom or what it's for," but there was great zest in trouncing a fellow Christian. The fight was severe. Bayonets were used; Jim Boyd wielded one, and Paton received a bad wound from another, so did Rutledge, and many others were more or less pricked and stabbed. But the Catholic supply of whiskey and axe-handles was freely dispensed from the shop at the foot of the Daly garden. The half-dead yet fighting contestants lay groaning and broken-headed all about the small area of the fight, while others, more temperate in giving and receiving thrusts, had time to cool themselves and soothe their neighbours. The result was many arrests and the arrival of Judge Acland, Clerk of the Peace Lizars, J. Bignall and Treasurer Brown from Goderich, and an investigation and trial. The proceedings in Stratford lasted some four days, and J. C. W. Daly assisted as a magistrate. Twelve special constables were sworn in, two or three ring-leaders were committed for trial, and warrants for others were issued. George Brown (the "Polly-put-the-kettle-on" of bachelor days in Goderich) was a bit of a wag. The Bible which he used for swearing the men upon was decorated, in the intervals of business, by the picture of a gallows with several men strung to it. Some of those of the Catholic party who were "wanted" took to the bush, followed by the twelve special constables, armed to the teeth with whatever weapons could be commanded, the one pistol being given to Mr. McCarthy, who was made county bailiff and constable in

1841, after the great Dunlop election, when Acland became judge and so many offices, high and low, were filled. Some of the specials carried carving-knives, others bludgeons, and one was afraid to go. Unluckily his name was Drum, so his eleven braver brethren perpetrated the pun, "That he was a drum that didn't want to be beat." Those of the culprits who came first in view gave themselves up quietly, and guaranteed the appearance of the others, with the exception of their leader, who had gone beyond the reach of the law.

The trials took place in Goderich in due time. There was one case of aggravated assault against a constable wherein the names of defendants sound of an orange and green mixture; evidently a constable was a common enemy. Thomas Dunbar acted as prosecutor in the other trial. Some were bound to keep the peace for one year, others were bound to reappear at the Quarter Sessions, and one prisoner was dismissed. Our old friend, Four-eye Stewart, defended the Orangemen, and in reward for his victorious defence they gave him a gold snuff-box. It was hard to get many witnesses, for even those who were willing to tell what they knew had at the moment been handicapped by vision made oblique by a neighbour's fist, or the disconcerting novelty of a nose suddenly flattened. So many had finished the day in the ditches which lay right and left of the battle-ground that few could answer the questions put in cross-examination. "Ah, here," said Four-eyes, adjusting the glasses which gave him his name, "here at last is a witness who will give us the truth—because he isn't old enough to belong to a lodge." Then stepped forward a youth whose record in Perth had warranted Mr. Stewart's expectation, even without the satirical rider to his introduction. Samuel Rollins Hesson was a mere stripling, a tall youth of good figure, with a heavy head of black hair shading eyes whose blue could only come from one country. His manner was unassuming and modest, but the modesty veiled a determination and an ambition which the succeeding years of his life were to crown with success and enjoyment of a reposeful second half

of life well earned in an industrious youth and manhood. The brawn and muscle of this young fellow, which made him afterwards the Sandow of the county, had gained for him the post of scout upon the Huron Road, to report at Stratford whether a warm reception might not be expected by travellers in passing through Irishtown. If any "Irish" were in sight the scouts were to run back and say so; but the poor Irish were too busy with poultices and liniments just then, and the Stratford men reached Goderich in safety. One of the bits of evidence which came out is worthy of note; that the Catholic old women had arrived at the battle-field with their stockings off and full of stones, and that they used them liberally. This feminine accomplishment in every other similar anecdote contributed to this narrative belonged exclusively to those whose lords were Orangemen.

There were several Orange meeting places in early Stratford; the year of 1847 seems to have been a particularly lively one in their circles. At the end of the Kirk Road, beyond the school-house where first Mr. Allen and then Mr. Hickey held services and Alexander McGregor taught school, there was a stretch of level land, on it a salt lick, evidently an Indian camping-ground. Here the Indians came in the first few autumns succeeding the futile efforts at village making, the ground all about the cleared space where they chopped out their fuel supply covered with hair left from their deer-skin dressing. A haunch now and then from them was a blessing to the settler; it was customary for the villagers to roam about there of an evening to view the camp or to make some exchange for bear meat, maple sugar or basket work. Mushrooms grew about there too, and as all easily got edibles were godsends to the settler whose days were too busy with felling, burning and building for the pleasures of pot-hunting, this flat was an early rallying point. The echoes about were awakened by the sounds of a snare drum, the sticks wielded by a cobbler named Pyke, who mended up the village and country boots in the intervals of melody. But later the echoes woke to the sound of "Boyne

Water" and melodies with more offensive titles, and drum-beats not so innocent of war-like intention as Pyke's tattoo. In an old local ditty we are informed

> "In Stratford town there once did dwell
> Some very mighty men."

One of these, in lines farther on, is described as

> "An Irish gentleman,
> He runs an old grist mill,
> And he's putting a distillery up——"

with a fourth line which leaves no doubt as to how Mr. McCulloch's pigs were fed. In the loft over this distillery, when it was finished, the Orange dinner of 1847, after the large and enthusiastic day meeting on the Indian flat, was held. The menu was provided on the surprise principle, by contribution. Crozier, famous in the Easthopes as a hunter, provided a haunch, for there was no close season then; Mr. McCulloch himself sent a leg of mutton and a salad. The last item meant something very savoury, for besides being a *bon vivant* himself and a connoisseur in all matters pertaining to good living, he added the merit of being a practical hand at salad making. His early days in France taught him many accomplishments, besides adding a grace to manners naturally charming. His oldest son, then a small boy but already a good hunter, brought a pair of fat ducks; basket after basket arrived, until the table groaned under Canadian plenty. The Dunseiths and many others of the guests had long distances to go, so the dinner hour was set in the afternoon. It was jolly in spite of daylight, and the flowing bowl does not seem to have flowed any the more freely from the fact of grain, vat and cask being so handy.

Rows in those days were not entirely confined to the orange and green. The Methodists and Lutherans about Seebach's agreed to differ, to the point of a muscular adjustment. After one tremendous row there, on a Sunday at that, Bailiff McCarthy was sent to bring the "worshippers," to the number of

twenty, down. Every man of each side had been a Prussian soldier, and they all fell into line and marched their eight miles in brave style.

A bundle of old letters and papers, some in good preservation, some so frayed, worn and discoloured that it is hard to gather much from them, contain the only written records of the educational germ in Perth. The paper of these letters is blue, some of it porous; unlike the ink used on the Goderich documents, the liquid seems to have been some native compound. Most of them bear the Goderich postmark, for school matters were directed from the Education Office there, and the occasion of that movable feast, the arrival of Judge Read's post-bag, was interesting to Mr. Alexander McGregor, who, with only occasional lapses from office, appears to have been teacher from the year 1844, when the log school-house became formally invested. Before that, Mrs. Sargint had got together the village children, and some sort of school had been organized by her. Things had changed since 1789, when a Canadian who knew how to read and write was a phenomenon, or from the later date of 1828, when a petition to the Old Country bore on it 78,000 X marks. But even the three R's were yet a luxury, and parents in 1844 seemed to have been keenly alive to the necessity of providing them, and more, for their young.

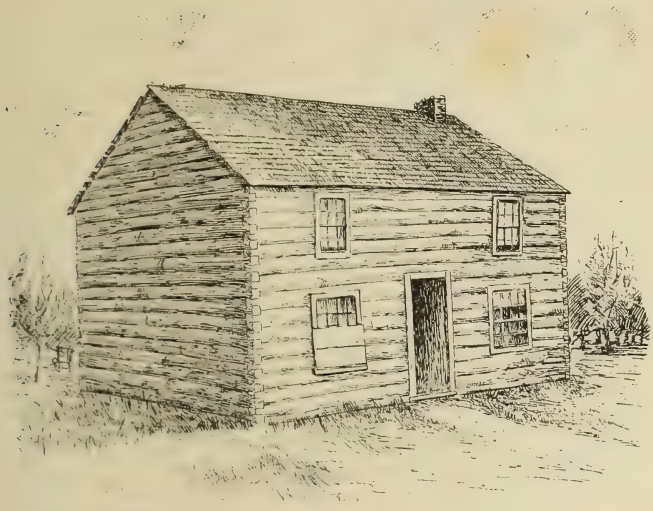
As an aphorism, "The eyes of the master do more work than both his hands" sounds and looks well, but Perthshire memories do not seek to rob the hands of early times of any of their due; the birch was a native wood of hardy growth. A Mr. McKee had a short term in the log house, and also a Mr. Purday, whose agreement with the trustees, "if both parties is pleased with each other," carries with it an excuse for the shortness of its limit, three months. But during these months a lively incident took place. It was the custom for the trustees to make dignified and periodical visits to the school. One day three of the oldest boys were absent, and on the same day some strangers happened to drop in to see Mr. Purday and his scholars at work. Imitating the trustees

in manner, gait, deportment and dress, in came the three absent boys. They had somewhere got old blue coats with brass buttons and other articles of attire that marked the most correct of full-dress of the day. The master dare not make a scene before the strangers; the mock trustees peered through their spectacles and inspected in most approved fashion, their manners in striking contrast to those they kept for every-day wear, and not matching with the rosy cheeks and bright eyes which told their true age. The storm burst afterwards, and although Mr. Purday, whose abilities and acquirements seem to have belonged to the hedge schoolmaster variety, soon made room for the return of Mr. McGregor, he in the meantime, by the aid of the outraged trustees, caused the boys' temporary suspension. Three other boys in that school, James Woods, Michael McAuley and Daniel Seigmiller, were very ready with their fists, one upon the other. They were destined to become severally a County Judge, a Catholic Priest, and a Mormon Bishop. Another boy, Andrew Monteith, whose splendid physique and leonine head and shoulders foretold that he would be the best young chopper and logger in the country side, laid there the foundation of that plain education which seemed, in characters of his stamp, to be able to carry men forward to the front ranks of county influence and municipal honour. He lived to be the prime mover in educational matters, which took fresh departure and new life when learning became free to all; to succeed Alexander McGregor in the County Treasurership; to become one of the ablest and most honest politicians in his party and district.

The Rev. Mr. Hickey's memory, not altogether a hallowed one, is bound up with the little log house in its Sunday aspect of church. For a time the Anglican services were held in the dining-room of the Shakespeare. Every Saturday evening that willing and muscular youth, S. R. Hesson, carried the benches there from the bar and other rooms. In the muddy weather of the spring and fall the return of Saturday night meant that this young man had to take a lantern and walk

down to the Little Lakes, there to meet his employer's (Mr. U. C. Lee) team of horses. The teamster always carried an axe, but it took two pair of arms to keep the animals out of the difficulties of that local Chat Moss; and often as not the waggon had to be left there till the Monday morning. But such labours did not prevent Mr. Hesson's self-imposed Sunday duties.

Mr. Hickey was a short, thick-set, dark, smooth-faced young man, who weighed three hundred pounds or over. He received three hundred dollars a year from the scattered parish, and the



"The little log house in its aspect of church."

Missionary Society supplemented the sum with a grant. On Sunday afternoons Mr. Hesson drove him out to St. John's, Zorra, where he officiated for the Rev. Mr. Fauquier, then in England; and sometimes to Hungerford. Mr. Hickey sang well and gave a good sermon, and he with Mrs. Sargint made things progress, first to the school-house and then to the small frame church towards which Dunlop had contributed. He managed, however, to give offence through some very plain speaking in regard to card-playing, and by his manner in the pulpit, which

was apt to be influenced by the potations indulged in before he got there The country people were inclined to befriend Mr. Hickey; but a memorial of complaint was made to the Bishop. A year or two passed over before the congregation made a second attempt to have him removed, this time successfully. At the investigation in regard to the question of drink, the dark little parson did not increase his popularity by laying the blame upon his wife. "It was all Jane's fault," he reiterated. There had been a pig killing, the weather was cold, something to warm the inner man was at hand, and Adam's old excuse, "I did drink" instead of "I did eat." The last straw seems to have been laid upon a long-suffering congregation when in his transit from chancel to pulpit he took a short cut over the small door in the railing. His surplice caught in the closing hinge, and the parson took an impromptu ride.

An interesting event in 1849 was the christening of the McCarthy twins. They, the first born after the young Queen's accession, were named Albert and Victoria, and the whole countryside turned out to see the sight. Another great occasion was a confirmation held by Bishop Strachan, when the young father and mother knelt side by side among the candidates gathered together by Mr. Hickey.

Before this, in 1840, Canon Bettridge had advertised in the *Patriot* that he was ready and willing to perform services or attend the sick and dying in any part of the Tract. He came to Downie in September of that year, christened children, and administered the sacrament to John Monteith, who was dying. Again he came, this time to bury a young fellow of the name of Walton, then studying for the ministry, but who died before his ordination. Dunlop, J. P., took all the offices he could when no clergy were about. Once on his way from Toronto to Goderich he found a friend at an intermediate point a new-made widower. He remained and performed the last sad rites. Business took him back within a month, and a horseman met him, to say his friend required his services again. This time the magisterial function was a wedding, for "As

you did the one job for me, I thought I should like you to do the other."

In the big room of the Shakespeare the first Anglican service was held by Canon Bettridge, of Woodstock, in very early days. The room was unfinished, but chairs, benches, planks, everything available for seats, were in use and the place was crowded. The Doctor was there. The sermon dwelt upon the need of a church, and called for help. The Tiger put his hand in his pocket, when all was over, and drew out a five-pound



"Within St. James' enclosure some still lie."

note. "That was a —— good sermon. Never heard a better, and I wish you well." When in the village to assist a brother magistrate in dispensing the law, he added another note to his subscription. The site given by the Company to the Anglicans began its usefulness as a general burial plot. There the dead of all denominations, more peaceable than those left behind, lay quietly side by side, until the Roman Catholic Church, some years later, received its grant. Many were then removed, but the place had by then grown so full, and the graves were so merged, that many continued undisturbed, and deep down—

some within St. James' enclosure, some secure in the macadam vault of the street above them—still lie.

In 1845 the public prints have a report of Parliamentary affairs which give two thrusts of interest to the Perth reader: one at the vexed Clergy Reserve question with which the Tract was so bound up; the other at the famous Stratford riots. It may be mentioned here that verbal accounts of the last place the year at 1847; while this allusion to them and the list of convictions now lying in the Goderich Court House are dated 1845.

In regard to the Huron Tract being a substitute to the Company from the Government for the Clergy Reserve lands, the *British Colonist* bears very hardly upon the Anglican Church: but seeing good come out of evil, gives credit to the "antagonism" of that body, for while the clergy then in the Province looked upon the whole Reserves as appertaining to the Church of England alone and regarded them as a vast domain by the enjoyment of which they might in after years be enabled to establish a dominancy over all other denominations, the annulling of the bargain with the Canada Company turned out to be a means of preventing the very thing which the English clergy wished to establish, and for securing for other denominations in the Province ("whose loyalty is not less sincere and whose public usefulness in their various spheres of life is not less prominent than those of their more grasping rival") a share of the revenue arising from the Reserves for the support of their clergy. "Another benefit which followed from this antagonism has been the opening up of the Huron Territory under the auspices of the Canada Company; and whatever may be said to the contrary, there has been more real good effected by that Company for Canada in disseminating useful information to the British Isles respecting this country and in furthering emigration to it than has been effected by any other means. . . . But for the antagonism of the English clergy in Canada in 1824 . . . the Huron territory would be at this day a howling wilderness instead of being, as it is, a land flowing with milk

and honey, possessing a peaceful and industrious population [barring the introduction of Irish rows in Stratford] and presenting great and well-cultivated fields in all directions in reward of the industry of the people."

Although the initial attempts at Protestant religious observance and church building and church going in Stratford belong to the Anglican Church, Methodism seems to have been the motive power in the matters spiritual of that world which stretched in unbroken green from Adelaide to the lake and from the lake to the Wilmot Line. Wherever a settlement was formed; wherever isolated hut, with sweating father, backbent mother and wild-eyed children squatted; wherever the Indian, grotesque in his mixture of wampum and beaver hat, pathetic in his dependence and sore at lost possession, drew back his wigwam blanket door in welcome, these excellent and zealous Methodist missionaries were to be found. Their domiciliary visits, their acquaintance with the tastes and peculiarities of the native born, their readiness to undertake long, fatiguing journeys, made them the right men in the right place. The form of worship where meetings were held was very simple, beginning with a prayer, the congregation sometimes kneeling, sometimes standing, with all kinds of intermediate posture, then a hymn and finally a very long sermon. Where the Anglican form was sought to be introduced, there was great fault found with the frequent change of posture.

"A Methodist lady lately told a friend of mine that a fugleman would be necessary in our churches."

The liturgy was too long, and the repetition seemed waste to people when the time of the very children was valuable in house and field. Those who had religion at heart and who enforced Sir John Colborne's projects in their dual aspect of church and school, complained loudly of the desecration of the Sabbath; it was considered a step in the right direction when a clean garment marked the seventh day; the wheel, the street-car and the river boat had not smoothed away the

lines of demarcation dear to those fresh from Bible holding, chime-swinging Britain. That the woods echoed to a gun, or that the Speed, the Avon, the Minnesetung or the Nith yielded up pink trout on the Lord's day, seemed monstrous, even if people were hungry. That such should not be done became a point of law. When the Presbyterian element predominated, as in the Easthopes, the rules of their simple Church were observed, for they loved it still, dearly. "I had a prayer I couldna pray," for hearts were sore, and Caroline's old threat to turn Scotland into a hunting seat seemed about to be accomplished. The deep sense of duty, high aims, and a sincere love of the Word, whether it was written or spoken, in Gaelic or English, made the Scots scattered along the Huron Road and far away in remote solitary patches of seven-acre clearings, walled high with shade and soundless but for the howl of wolves, be proclaimed true brothers to those whom John Wesley had found without liturgy, prayer or psalm in the settlement of 1773. Practically they shamed their English and Irish cousins "in sobriety, industry, frugality, patience, in sincerity and openness of behaviour, in justice and mercy of all kinds, being not content with exemplary kindness and friendliness to one another, but extending it to the utmost of their ability to every stranger that comes within their gates." There was a great perception, even among the most illiterate of the Scotch, that God and His ways, His laws, were written all about them; and the knowledge, expressed as it often was, prevented that brutalizing of nature which the cold douche of emigrant life often effected.

The Canada Company pursued its policy of church founding in Stratford as well as in Guelph and Goderich. A site was given to the Anglicans and another to the Presbyterian body. St. Andrew's was undertaken in 1835 under the charge of young Allen, newly ordained; the first and as yet the only congregation of Presbyterians in connection with the Church of Scotland formed in Huron, a pretty little frame church with glittering spire. Ten years later saw the dissensions in that

Church in vigorous growth and health. This pioneer Presbyterian effort set in the wold accused their Free Church brethren—whom, by the way, they denounced as dissenters—of having stolen a march on them by getting hold of and of retaining their books and papers, thereby preventing their title from the Canada Company. The "dissenters" went still further, and petitioned Commissioner Jones to grant the patent to them. But no man can make another's religion for him, and such names as Stewart, Fraser and Hyde, Gibb and Nelson, do not carry ideas of capitulation; it was decided that the Kirk Road of Stratford should be towards the camping grounds of the Indians, to that rise where the news of a Gaelic sermon brought together inhabitants, Celtic, Sassanach or Border, all eager to hear the Word still loved though so seldom heard. The jar placed under the corner-stone of their church was exhumed and the contents taken to Goderich. Mr. Jones examined them—coins of the reigns of the various Georges, William and Victoria, and a double Zous (king unknown), a half farthing, seven newspapers and a copy of the contracts for the erection of the church—and gave his decision in the defenders' favour. They returned and deposited their jar anew, piously hoping it might rest in peace.

In the solid bush of Downie, Adam Ollier's house was a stopping place for the missionary. When Mr. Allen made the grand tour it was the custom to present him with a spiced venison ham. From township to township, he and others, Father Schneider among the number, made their may to minister to their several people.

But some years before Father Schneider, his embonpoint—which loudly called for the advent of physical culture, so pronounced was it—emphasized by his invariable garb of cassock, had made his dress-encumbered way over the impediments of blaze and bush road, Father Dempsey had arrived on horseback from St. Thomas. It was he who said the first Stratford mass, in the year 1832, and in the following year made another visit, when he performed the first Catholic

marriage, between Richard O'Donnell and Julia Coffey; and baptized the first white child of the place, Edward Stinson. Another year, and we trace the home history of the O'Donnell family in the journey to Guelph, undertaken by the young people with their first born, there to have him baptized. They took the Godparents with them, Patrick Cashin and Miss Alice Daly. But the two latter seemed to have had a private speculation of their own beyond that of promising and vowing three things in the name of the baby Michael, for the fair Alice came home Mrs. Cashin.

The year 1835 saw a three days' mission at the Little Thames, when Father Worrath offered daily masses and gave instructions. He had walked all the way from the Wilmot Line, carrying his vestments, sacred vessels and necessaries of his office, packed on his back. It was late that cold, stormy November night of his arrival, when he reached the Widow Cashin's log shanty. But the news of his arrival spread like wild-fire, and no less welcome than the warmth of the widow's blazing chimney-corner was the *caed mille failtha* which a people, homesick for blessings lost, heart hungry for their church and its precious services, gave him.

His pilgrimage then took him to an old friend, Dennis Downey, at Irishtown, with a companion, the widow's young son, who helped him, not only with his load, but to cheer the loneliness; from there to Goderich and again back to Downey's and Stratford, which place, when reached, found the good man exhausted. Low shoes, thin clothing, intense cold, sleeping in his clothes, and making involuntary fasts, not prescribed by calendar but by uncertain time from one hospitable if humble board to another—all did their work of wreckage. The See of Kingston then comprised all Upper Canada, and the pastoral districts were necessarily large and widely scattered; the most westernly was Niagara, which included the countries west as far as Huron. In this missionary district, prior to the time spoken of, three priests of the Jesuit order had oversight; and tours were made by them over it all at stated times. To write those

cabalistic letters S. J. after a priest's name seemed to endue him with the strength of a Hercules and the immunities of the wearer of the magic ring. Thus endowed, Father de Smet had literally walked from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and beyond the Wilmot Line, cotemporaneously with Father Worrath, a friend and disciple of De Smet's, a Jesuit named Campion slept in caves and trees by night, held services by day in humble dwellings consecrated by prayer, praise and sighs of devotees, who were sad as devout; or again under that star-fretted dome where Orion, Arcturus, the Pleiades, and Sirius kept lit the eternal altar lights of God, did he raise the Host on high, while the warning bell which bowed low those bent on adoration, sounded down aisles not formed of stone, but of over-arching boughs. Like the Sistine, the choir of these first services was unseen: no Michael Angelo, but the Architect Almighty had laid the corner-stone: the moving Tabernacle rested there to

> "Bring back the sheep that wander,
> To raise up the souls that fall";

and until such time as when Temple and Sacrament shall nevermore be known, the Huron Tract was consecrated by God-with-us.

These men, Jesuit and secular priest, were like their Methodist brother in the matter of poverty—even the English rector suffered—with this difference, that the former had minds clear but for the day's necessities, knowing they went not beyond himself and were few; while the other, with wife, and quiver full, had many anxious moments, which the necessity for self-preservation alone can never know.

"Is it fitting that souls intent on divine contemplation should retain attachment for their worldly goods?" was, and is, the question asked by Missionary Boards, who became sponsors for their absent clergy by a prompt "No."

But there is a jowl which Protestant bread and beef, however well bestowed and properly assimilated, can never give,

and the genial face of Pere Schneider comes down to us so decorated, wearing the benign expression given by good living, good heart, and good temper. Whoever fasted, toiled or failed, the pluck outlasting some of the world's most stirring campaigns, served well this jolly priest.

By 1838, within the limits now known as the London diocese, there were seven priests. Father Worrath was replaced by Father Gibney, whose ministry extended from Guelph to Stratford, and by 1844 Catholic matters had so progressed that a church 40x40 was built; an unplastered, unfurnished structure, in point of architecture and adornment kin to its Anglican neighbour, not many feet away. The gentle rise on which it was built was a favourite haunt of the wolves, and from there on clear nights most unearthly sounds were wafted over the trout-stocked Avon to the bank where, in the cosy bar-room of the Shakespeare, the villagers met of an evening. John Sargint and his wife were broad-minded people who had brought with them a mixed train of followers, O'Donnell himself one, and Patrick Carey another, whose picture comes down to us that of the little Irishman in knee-breeches, green coat, and pipe stuck in hat band; a picture which will endure while Lever, Lover and Will Carleton continue to be read.

The English rectors who were contemporary with these priests had little in common with them in appearence, nor with their present day successors. Their suits of Oxford mixture, or even more general shabby alpaca, often covered persons owning stately manners and polished utterance; whose mellow voices whispered of a vintage with a cobweb on the cork, but innocent of monotone.

He was a trifle lazy, perhaps, this graduate of Oxford, Cambridge or Dublin Trinity, but heresy though it be, he has left a gap which zeal, cold water and High School English can never fill.

Tract No. 90 had by then made its splash and commotion, but the ever-widening eddies of its circles had not crossed the Atlantic; the ascetic Anglican, the would-be celebate, had not arrived on the Canadian scene.

The Roman collar came; and it conquered. These clerical *eidolous* with their distinctive dresses, soutane, bands, white tie, fade, and by virtue of that bit of unshaped linen, catholicity of costume, if not of creed, has come.

The thirties were not very old before a St. Andrew's dinner was projected, and on one St. Andrew's night the fatal number of thirteen sat down in Sargint's Inn. There was Sargint himself, on whose right hand sat Alex. MacDonald, agent of the Company (for it took place while that agent replaced Mr. J. C. W. Daly, who, however, sometime after again took up the reins of local Company government), Robert Donkin, James Simpson, George Pringle and the two Allens of Guelph. On Sargint's left hand were William Higgins, John Monteith, J. E. Linton, J. A. McCarthy and a man named Shields. The last looked round on the genial-faced crowd. "This," he said, "is the unlucky number. We shall never all meet here again." The flow of mirth was somewhat damped. "Indeed," said Sargint, "'tis an old saying, and likely we never shall." But they had tough work before them, for the bill of fare promised a haggis, that gastronomical wonder which demands that the toasts which follow have strong and deep libations for digestive purposes alone. "Galt, what is that?" once cried the alarmed Duke of York, when one was placed before the latter to carve. And Galt gravely replied, "A boiled pair of bag-pipes." It was too much for the royal eye, and was ordered away. Not so this one. The Perthites fell to with great gusto, and the merriment was kept well up into the wee sma' hours which Scots demand as a sign of being never weary in any national demonstration. Of the thirteen, two were to die within the twelvemonth; one was to lose his reason, and another, later, to die by his own hand. That very winter Shields got lost in the snow some four miles down the Avon, when on his way home late at night. He tramped about, got weary, and finally lay down to be frozen to death.

The inn and the general store were both gossip shops—the latter was the more innocent one of the two, for in it the imagination was not whetted by the produce of Kenneth Bain's still.

Kicking his heels as he sat on the counter, a long, loosely-knit, strapping fellow, Peter Robinson Jarvis, told tales of the high seas, of Chinese wonders, temples, mandarins and wall; then McCarthy could tell of the temples, kings and palaces of Candy, and how a major one night at mess bet his father that he would ride his grey horse up the narrow flight of steps which led to the stable on top of the rock, fifty such steps up. One false movement would have dashed horse and rider hundreds of feet down the precipice; but that climb was performed, the wager won, and a good story provided for all time. When they were musically inclined they discussed Mrs. Junck, her musical glasses, her harp and her grand piano. Surely she was one of the anomalies of the wilderness. She might be seen any day in the fields helping her husband, a French sunbonnet tied under her chin, clad in short bed-gown and petticoat, and the fingers which nature and art had fitted to bring forth sweet sounds closed round a pitchfork. Judge Acland on his way down once stopped in Fullerton at her house. He was asked to remain to dinner. Full of inward demur, for the Judge was an exquisite of exquisites, with an eye to observances, and holding a high regard for his inner man, he accepted. His first predicament on entering the house was to find a seat. By the fire was a sick calf, with a dog watching beside it; under the grand piano, a setting hen in a basket; perched upon the piano, two hens roosting for the night; in another corner, an ash barrel in the preparatory stages of soap making; beside it, the musical glasses, and the harp somewhere else. But dinner time arrived, and roast turkey, with all etceteras, was served on blue china of the real "cracked" variety—priceless now if we had it—the damask beautiful, and good old silver to make things bright. After dinner a couple of musical neighbours, Germans, came in, and between their fiddles, Miss Junck at the piano and the mother with her harp, an excellent impromptu concert followed. Such were some of the women who graced the wilderness of Perth.

A day came in the Fryfogle history when Miss Junck was

brought home a bride. Once, when only a girl of fourteen, she had gone as usual to find her cows, having with her, her constant companion, a big dog. A correspondingly large wolf followed them and began operations by attacking the dog. The girl ran back to the house, got an axe and, coming to her dog's rescue, killed the wolf. She is described by a person who saw her about this time, as "a long-limbed, yellow-haired girl, with an impudent, dainty manner, who played the piano beautifully."

It was not long before J. C. W. Daly's store had rivals; one was kept by Monteith, the very place, by the way, where Jarvis swung his active young limbs and discoursed; and there was Reid's, the master of which was of additional interest as a citizen because he was one of the Kilties who had danced before the young Queen. Another store, which in itself furnished a source of mirth for the villagers gathered in the others, was called the Ark. A Dr. Moore, who occupied the upper part of it, lived with an assortment of live stock, poultry, guinea pigs, Muscovy ducks, English pheasants and many other things. There was no Health Officer then. Little by little the menagerie died off and the Doctor built himself a small log house on the Downie Road, where his wife, a descendant of the famous General Wade, mixed his medicines for him and tended him until he died. The village gossip was often added to by the military Father Schneider, "chatty and good company, never a bit particular about eating meat on a Friday." He could always take a part with Protestant and Catholic in whatever happened to be the talk. The gossip had many sources. In 1833, a man named Reid, who worked for Fryfogle, came into the village to enjoy himself. He never reached home, but his skull and part of his clothing were found in some scrub on a farm quite a distance from what should have been his homeward path. The jack-knife in his pocket and the skull were given to another villager, gruesome relics of a too convivial Christmas. There were quite enough horrors to keep the tongues in good working order—disap-

pearances in the bush, whispers of foul play, fear of the skulking wolf pack, and the hint that disappearance was sometimes prudent.

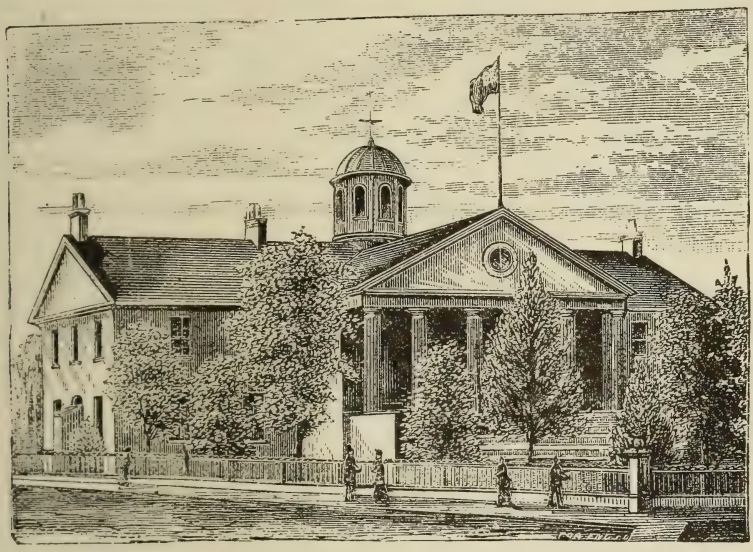
Practical jokes were not all confined to Huron. One evening, soon after the arrival of the Woods family—father, two sons and a little grandson—a Mr. Allen began the building of a small frame house upon a lot which he had just purchased. Some hitch occurred in the raising, for although only 14 x 12, the bents were too short and it took some effort to make it stand upright. Darkness had come by the time this point was reached, and after that a lot of the more knowing ones picked the building up and carried it across the road. Mr. Allen brought some of his friends to the spot next morning, boasting, as he went, of the selection of site. "It *ought* to be here," he remarked on reaching the place; "it *can't* be down there—no—yes, I am *sure*. Why, I had all my friends to help me to build it!" He was shown the building across the way and was half convinced that he did not know his right hand from his left. The obliging friends carried it back for him that evening, but the joke had lost its point by then.

It was not long before the fame of Canadian farming reached the older world. In 1840, Captain Barclay, the great pedestrian who had accomplished the feat of covering one thousand miles in one thousand hours and who had settled down to farm life, came across to see what could be done in the new world. He was a man of rare patience, with all the knowledge and requirements of a good farmer. We do not know if he got as far westward as Huron; but he returned to Scotland to give glowing descriptions of all that had been accomplished by Scotchmen in Canada. He put his own knowledge to the practical test of reclaiming a barren tract of land which he made blossom as did the more fertile Easthopes.

The conglomerate of nations mentioned as belonging to the Easthopes was augmented in 1841 by a Welshman, who at once began his pioneer life as a school-teacher. This young Trow, a fair, florid youth, possessing good muscles and an indomitable

will, walked to Goderich, where he was examined before a committee consisting of Lizars, Longworth, Rector Campbell and Mr. McKenzie. He applied for a third-class certificate and received a second, and on his return walk began the career which carried him onward to success, local fame and the honour of his fellows.

Up to the fifties Perth had no identity as Perth. It was only the Third Division of the District which included Grey and



FIRST COURT HOUSE AND COUNTY BUILDINGS, STRATFORD.

whose boundaries were reached at the waters of Georgian Bay. The influence and exertions of one of Easthope's earliest settlers, John E. Linton, hastened the naming of the new county. The first baby girl born after the county was set apart was called the Fair Maid of Perth; but it was not long before she slept beneath the arrow-like shadow cast by St. Andrew's slender spire.

Anticipating a future, Day, contractor for Goderich public buildings, was called upon for like services for the younger

town, a site being given by W. F. McCulloch, on the north bank of the stream. But these things had changed much from the time when Pyke beat his forest reveille, when Dunlop enjoyed Mrs. Sargint's good fare on his way from Cootes' Paradise to Gairbraid, or when John Longworth and Old Bill, the theodolite and spy-glass, were up and down the road that *would* not come straight, *would* not drain, and *would* get encumbered with wind-falls. The Union and the Farmers' Inn produced comfort, built upon Old Country principles, and people no longer brought their own provisions. At the former place swung a sign, two clasped hands, emblematic of the quickly-made, firmly-rooted friendships of the time; the big room there had succeeded the one at Sargint's as meeting-place for all debatable questions, and a brisk, black-eyed, English-voiced landlady spared neither ability nor pains to provide comfort. At the second-named inn, a succession of hosts held sway. John Sharman, one of the first settlers, the first blacksmith and a man high in estimation of the Company, in whose employ he laboured many years, built it and kept it, succeeded by James Woods, Hicks, and other familiar names, one host being Hines, who is remembered as having the "jolliest laugh that ever was heard."

In Scotland the most famous coach of the period was the Perth Breakneck; in the new Perth the first, and for many a day the most famous, was the Fish-cart. By 1842 the stumps were nearly all gone, and it sometimes made good time on the road that at other times was impassable. It won its name from the device of a fish painted on the back. It was a long box-omnibus, calculated to accommodate six or eight passengers. A little Frenchman was the driver. Once, when ready for the return journey from Goderich, this small Gaul quarrelled with a big fellow, our old friend Black Hawk, got well thrashed, and to console himself took plenty of Glenlivat. Again at Papst's, at Hicks', and at the Pebble Cottage did he "console," and at the last place, Cook's Hill, drove round the sign-post four or five times with his four-in-hand. His passengers were

young McCarthy, Constant Van Egmond and an Irishman. Again started, every moment increasing the speed, they bounced over a jolting causeway, where something seemed to fly past them. "Jove!" cried one, "our coachman's off." Van Egmond jumped out, the Irishman followed him, and McCarthy was left alone. He crawled out of the Fish-cart, on farther to the horses' backs, tried to get the reins and failed, crawled back again and clung on by the irons for dear life. People saw the galloping quartette of horses coming, the stage swaying from side to side, with its one passenger, who shamed the famous barnacle; men crossed the road, and so effected a stoppage. The stage had left six hours late that day, but the shortage was made up in gallant style, and McCarthy's trip, when he drove four-in-hand without reins, became a joke that locally distanced John Gilpin, for it was taken over corduroy. Some one went back to see if the Frenchman was killed, but Bacchus takes care of those who meddle with corn and grape. Another driver was preferred by the passengers, and Stratford was reached that night. Years afterwards the Irishman met Mr. McCarthy. "Do you remember me?" he said; "I took that ride with you in the Fish-cart."

Another ride as memorable to the parties themselves was taken some years after, when a young medico named John Hyde lent his horse and buggy to another young fellow, Dan Lizars, then just arrived in the new village to open a law office. Since his admission as an attorney, Lizars had been in partnership with John Strachan, in Goderich. The new village of Stratford seemed a likely place for a young and ambitious student to try his luck in, so the two partners paid a visit to it together and made arrangements for a branch office. Lizars had now just returned from a year's visit in Scotland, where he had enjoyed life very thoroughly. His friend, young John Hyndman, also just fledged in his new profession of medicine, was on his way to Goderich on horseback. Things went very well for a time, but the tongues in the buckles of the harness were horseshoe nails, and the

young lawyer got his friend to contribute the horse which he was riding instead of Dr. Hyde's nag, which they ungratefully dubbed "a useless old thing." Arrived at Clinton, on the principle that stolen meats are sweetest, before entering Rattenbury's inn they spied an extra fine beef hanging in the driving-shed, which they relieved of the kidney, and then asked Mrs. Rattenbury to cook it for them as if it had been their own contribution. The good woman, unsuspicious as Rector Campbell, did so. By the time the hill outside Goderich was reached most of the horseshoe nails were out, and Dr. Hyndman's horse, unaccustomed to such harness, ran away. The lawyer wanted to jump, but the doctor insisted on sticking by the trap; each followed his own opinion, with the result that after the shafts broke, the horse, relieved of his unwelcome load, was well on the way home, and young Hyndman lay buried underneath the buggy at the bottom of a ditch. Lizars hurried up, asking his friend if he were alive. "Alive enough, but the buggy is on my back." It was pulled off, and the two walked the remainder of the way. The horse took its place in its own stall in the homestead the next day, but history does not say whether Dr. Hyde ever regained his animal, buggy, or horseshoe nails. It turned out that the young doctor had been written for to attend in Goderich as a physician to commit a lunatic to the Asylum, and he arrived in the nick of time to give his opinion and receive his fee of six pounds odd.

Perth was behind Huron in adopting an armorial device; by the time she did so the railway had long been in active preparation there, and however much a herald may cavil at the engine displayed in one of the quarters, to the uninitiated it does not come amiss in the shield of what was destined to become a railway centre. In the years when John Galt, junior, was busy with Gzowski and the other railway projectors of the day, he passed through Stratford accompanied by that genial soul, Ira Lewis, by that time a Goderich citizen, on his way to Buffalo. They were just in time for a banquet given to some notable.

Judge Clinton—son of De Witt—James Buchanan and others monopolized Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Galt, tired of waiting for him, returned to his hotel, where he went quietly to bed. When it became known to the gathering who he really was, a shout of "Lawrie Todd, Lawrie Todd!" went up. "No," said Lewis, "not Lawrie Todd, but Lawrie Todd's son." A committee of fourteen was formed to wait on the sleeping Lawrie Todd once removed. In response to the knock, which he imagined to be



SEAL OF THE COUNTY OF PERTH.

from his friend alone, Galt cried out, "Go to bed, you loafer." "But you've got to meet a committee of fourteen, who have an invitation for you." Seeing they were in earnest, Galt opened the door, and the fourteen, marshalled by Mr. Lewis, went in for an introduction. Galt had been a sufferer for years from some gouty affection, and dressing was an ordeal only to be gone through with help. The impromptu valets assisted with the galvanized stockings and other difficulties. When all was done off they went to the banquet at Bloomer's Restaurant, then

the Buffalo Delmonico's. John Galt soon saw that the amiable intention of the committee was to get him under the table. By the time the toast of the Queen came, Mr. Lewis confesses himself unable to further report proceedings. He reached his hotel—how, comes not down; but next day, when he and his friend met, the latter was without his stick, and on being asked why, answered: "*I* got all these fellows under the table, but it took a good deal of labour, and the only one who could meet me was that hard-headed Dr. Blanchard, so we went homewards together. But his legs flatly refused to carry him beyond a certain lamp-post. He sat down by it, and to get him up again I had to put both hands under. I was not equal to him and my stick too, so it is at that lamp-post yet, for all I know."

"They were all magnificent men; but, Lord! that was an awful night," is the retrospect.

What had been originally intended as a half-way house between the Line and the Lake was developing into a centre for the finest farming country that eye can wish to rest upon; Strickland's dream was realized. The silence which on his seventy-mile ride by bridle-path through the woods was broken only by the red man's whoop or the distant shot of the trapper, was lifted; and children's voices, those of the native born, had called the Bonnie Easthopes, home.

The labourer, the traveller, the saunterer, who takes his stand on the gentle rise which brings in view the swelling banks, the one tall spire and many cupolas, the orchard embowered homesteads, the clustered roofs, the bosky bits of town and country, wonders if these fruitful lands can indeed be the tangle of rotting log, swale and noonday nights through which the first dwellers broke their way.

No more do four log walls gather in a handful of frightened children; the Indian camp-ground echoes to the healthy shouts of boys and girls, our future men and women, the citizens of that favoured corner of Canada Felix, where no man need be hungry, where no child remains untaught.

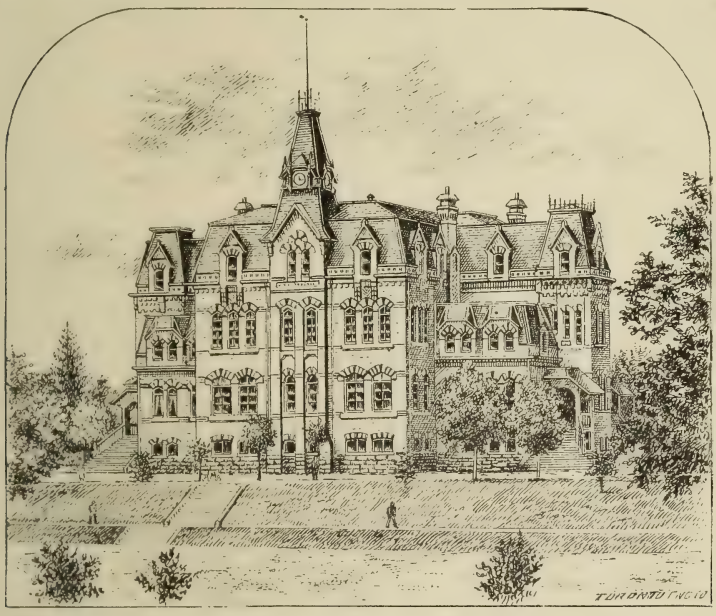


"No more down the valley of the Avon comes the cry of the wolf."

No more need the dwellers in this Lincolnshire-like picture, Hebridean or Irish, sing

Fair are these meads, these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our fathers' land ;

for they dwell upon their own lands, and the cattle, sheep and pasture, the harvests, fields, bank-barns, or town cottage and garden, are inherited and heritable properties.



"No more do four log walls gather in a handful of frightened children."

No more down the valley of the Avon comes the cry of the wolf from where St. Joseph's stands; in its stead comes the deep thrice-told tone of the Angelus, summons that appeals not to the ear of the one Faith alone; for the heavenly salutation, universal to all, which it tells is the one of consummation, not of prophecy—that of promise and fulfilment in one,

"On earth peace, good-will to men."

CHAPTER XV.

THE CAIRN.

"I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

Here lies the body of
Robert Graham Dunlop, Esquire,
Commander Royal Navy . . . M.P.,
honouring and serving his King and Country in
every quarter of the globe.
Died at Gairbraid on 28th February,
1841,
in the 51st year of his age.

Also to the Memory of
Doctor William Dunlop,
a man of surpassing talent . . .
knowledge and benevolence.
Born in Scotland, 1792.
He served in the Army in Canada and India,
and thereafter distinguished himself as
an author and man of letters.
He settled in Canada permanently in 1825,
and for more than twenty years engaged in
public and philanthropic affairs,
succeeding his brother, Captain Dunlop,
as Member of the Provincial Parliament,
and taking successful interest in the affairs of Canada,
and died regretted by many friends,
1848.

Sacred to the Memory of
Louisa,
relict of the late Robert Graham Dunlop,
who died March 15th, 1871,
aged 78 years.
A faithful friend, whose kindness will
long be remembered by many friends.

Mrs. Dunlop had once heard the Doctor say that he did not much care where his bones fell, for he knew Lou would hunt them out and lay them beside his brother's. When the Captain died, the Doctor very accurately paced off the ground to receive him (there was already one grave in the plot, that of a man buried there in 1834), for the Captain had bargained in his last days that he should lie on the side next the river bank, leaving the inner for his brother. When the Captain's body was lowered, the flag he had fought under wrapped him round and was left with him in the earth.

The sequel of the Doctor's Parliamentary experience was the position of Superintendent of the Lachine Canal. The impression in some minds is that the office was a sinecure, created to remove from the House a person who used his tongue as he formerly had wielded his sabre, who asked inconvenient questions, and who turned his weaker brethren into merciless ridicule. Part of his life at Lachine and in Montreal was spent in the old way; there was a change, but too late; the mischief had been done; reform came when "a tropical climate, privation, disease, thankless toil and advancing years, had unstrung a frame the strength of which seemed iron-bound," and only vulnerable to the curse of Canada. He grew so ill that Lou was sent for. She came, and his eyes followed her as she moved about the room, bewildered, sad, searching; he knew something was wrong, "but ah! he did na know it was deith." His words had come true; his bones had fallen, and Lou had found them out.

"After saying what he did, you may be sure she would have followed him to the North Pole, let alone to Lachine."

It was autumn; the signs of Indian summer were all about, when, six weeks after Lou had reached him, the good old Tiger took his silent, farewell look. And she, poor soul, the last of the remarkable three, sealed him up in a lead coffin and went on board one of the slow-going vessels of the time, to take him to that inner place reserved for him on the Gairbraid hill-side. They passed villages and farm houses, bright tinned roofs of the French churches, stubble fields, meadows, rustic cottages and log huts, sheep and kine feeding, and side lines striking up through the river-bordered forest in a far-away perspective: the waters dimpled and eddied with currents stronger than those of the Minnesetung, carrying the drops hither and thither, grumbling and rippling; while the fringe of autumn colour, like a giant iris on the banks, cut the blue of sky from the blue of water, as a ribbon border divides sward from sward. But Lou saw nothing of this. Near that tightly sealed coffin she kept a constant vigil, fierce in its constancy, for she had reason to suspect that the people she left behind her, and some of the literary and scientific men on board, wanted a cast of the big, clever head which had stopped forever its thinking, thinking for the good of mankind. To accomplish this she imagined they would cut his head off. She would much rather have lost her own than turn traitor to her great charge in one napping moment. That they did accomplish their purpose is evident from a cast—said to be a very good one—being in existence, one decorating the walls of the exhibition of pioneer treasures and relics in the Exhibition grounds of Toronto.

Late as was the time of year, the air kept a genial warmth, and before the first lake was passed Lou knew that other arrangements must be made. Room was secured for the coffin in Sir Allan MacNab's grave-plot in Hamilton, where it was to remain until winter should allow her to take it farther. She left him there, and made the rest of her way alone. When winter came she set out again, accompanied by Robert Moderwell and William Clarke, the latter a son of David Clarke, of Colborne, their old and honoured friend. The

weather was cold and hard, but even so her task proved a difficult one. In spite of her precautions, the state of the coffin when taken out of the MacNab plot was such that Mrs. Dunlop told the men when their digging was finished to throw their mits in, as she would buy them new ones. The last stage of the journey was begun; the coffin was left in the driving sheds at night, or, as in Stratford, in a barn; and William Clarke's sleep was disturbed with unquiet dreams, for he thought the old Doctor "was blackguarding him for having left him out in the cold." It was a dreary journey, spite of the excitement of the reasons of its accomplishment. Yet the *point de Venise* of June's alder blossoms was never more beautiful than were the details of this snow-capped landscape. The swamp was touched by an enchanter's wand, which gave more wonderful effects than the fragile white grace that clothed it later. There was delicate tracery, marvellous as Daguerre's experiments with ferns; and through the glittering whites and opals were touches of olive and russet left by the "Autumn hand of God" upon the maples. The last night was spent in Munro's Inn, on the Huron Road by the Goderich outskirts, William Clarke still keeping his watch, but Lou going on to Gairbraid. A number of old friends and residents went to meet the small procession. Next morning the school children were given a holiday and they trooped out behind the idlers to Munro's and again back to the brow of the Goderich cliff, where they remained to watch the train as it filed over the much-abused Colborne bridge and up the Gairbraid hill. The coffin was not taken within. Covered with a fringed velvet pall it rested at the door, where the brass plate, *Mr. Dunlop*, looked down on it. Charge of the funeral was taken by the Free Masons, Mr. Mackid acting as director of the ceremonies. An elaborate lunch with drinkables of all sorts was provided for the guests in the interval between arrival and the final few steps to the cairn. There Rector Campbell read the burial service. Strange to say, it was impossible to persuade the horses to resume their work; they baulked and refused to approach the coffin. So his

friends gathered round him; and no doubt as he would have best liked it, the hands and arms of pioneers, his own friends, carried him.

That cairn contains, besides the two men for whom it was built, six sisters and a brother and three grandchildren. The last to be put there was a sister of Mrs. Dunlop, who, born in February, 1788, died in December, 1887, wanting but three months of her hundredth year.

Mrs. Dunlop sent to Kingston for a large grave-stone. It could not be laid in the frost, so it was left in the Gooding storehouse until spring. Then it was set lengthwise, and Daniel McColl, a nephew, built the wall, put up the iron gate and planted the few shrubs that are about it. Lou took up her farming life on the old plan, comfortably provided for by the eccentric will of her brother-in-law. She still had her friends to dinner, she still abused the Canada Company, and she began that series of suits, sometimes in defence, sometimes in attack, which are summed up in a neighbour's verdict: "Indeed, she was pretty near all her life time at war with somebody." Her life went on, full of interest and small incident, until one day as she was driving down the hill from town to the Maitland bridge—which, says the hypercritical "Smith's Canada," "is tolerable enough, but ill-contrived, as after descending a deep bank you have to get on it by turning an acute angle"—the horses took fright and ran, and at the acute angle Mrs. Dunlop was pitched over the parapet to the river-bed some twenty feet below. The man who drove her, thrown on the stone coping, was comparatively unhurt; but they found her, her face buried in gravel and sand, quite insensible. Mind and speech were never the same again, and there is an after-picture of an old, old woman lingering out her years in a dazed wonder, put in a chair and left there until an attendant would change her position—a picture so sad that the kindest act to one who had been the embodiment of activity in her better days is to draw the veil over the closing scene.

In her will, made years before, with the Reverend Charles Fletcher, Robert Gibbons and Daniel McColl as executors, she devises to her "beloved sister, Janet McColl, watch, chain, feather bed and mattress; to Alex. Dunlop, son of John Dunlop, the silver cup with the sovereign in it, and all silver plate with the Dunlop crest on it; to Mrs. Cochrane, my late husband's sister, Captain Dunlop's portrait; to the Reverend Charles Fletcher, the large round dining table, set of china fruit dishes and all table napkins. To Mrs. Janet McColl and her daughter Mrs. Mary McGregor, equally between them, all wearing apparel not otherwise disposed of. All the remainder of real and personal estate to be divided equally, share and share alike, between the four McColl brothers. If any dispute arises, the effects are to be sold and the proceeds divided, but the decision is to be arrived at by a majority of the executors.

"My body I consign to the dust, to be buried in decent and Christian burial in the same grave in which the body of my beloved husband lies."

In the ravine where the Captain gathered wild-flowers and Lou escaped from him to improve the hour by lighting a stump or two, the Roman Catholics of the community had their first burial-ground. The break-neck approach to Gairbraid was graded into a road; the bank in front of the house lost its ornamental trees and some coigns of vantage for view; the bodies were removed to a new field which lay on the road to Meadowlands, and Charlie Ferguson, the genial Irish piper whose manipulation of chanter and drone was famous in his day, was the first to be laid there.

Stout Mac on his old white horse for years climbed those Colborne hills, passing by Gairbraid, from the crest of which he looked across to the Castle and remembered the weight of its logs. The old horse would pause while Stout Mac viewed the stretch of blue or the windings of the green-banked river. A day came when the hill-side saw him no more, and the medical man beside him said, "Stout, old friend, you must set your house

in order." "Well, Johnnie" (Dr. John Lizars), "if it must be, it must be." The old white horse dropped dead when brought back from its master's funeral.

Time came when the Kings of the Canada Company were deposed, their crowns laid aside forever. Like Henry "IX." of England, they might have struck a medal—"Kings by the will of the Company but not by will of the people." The iron will of the Company had at last to bend to the stronger one of the people. The private jealousies, pique and family jars, a trifle of eaves-dropping and the other cords which made up the means of the scene-shifting, need have no part here. The Kings have long since passed from the place of their labours, mistakes and triumphs. The old uniforms have been food for moths, and only an epaulet or two, a sword or a medal, are scattered over the country as mementoes; the map of Waterloo has been folded away for the last time, and whether Napoleon lost by a mistake or Wellington won by a fluke remains undecided.

There was one more Episcopal coming to Goderich which must find a place here. But there was no triumph in it. The dapper figure in its orthodox garments was not as erect as before; his gait was less brisk and he did not whistle "Bonnie Dundee." The man of pluck and unwavering resolution, heroic in defence and fearful in aggression, had met his Waterloo. He came to the bedside of his dying child, his only daughter.

The Canada Company building had been left immediately upon the Commissioner's retirement from the Company. Mr. Jones became manager for the Bank of Upper Canada, and their home was made on the site of MacGregor's cottage, farther up the river bank. General debility progressed into a definite complaint; the Ranee continued to fade; the Bishop and the equally heart-broken Commissioner watched; the light waned, went out, and improved times showed in a knot of crape at the door. It is rather dangerous to approach some Scotch people from their religious side; but they dearly love a "judgment." These people said that health had been undermined by a life of gaiety, and the tremulous thin-lipped Scotch mouth opined:

"Oo aye, she was juist a silly little addle-pate." Not so. To please and to be easily pleased, to love and to be loved, to live appreciated and die regretted, is the best of judgments on a life.

There was an exit as dramatic as had been the Tiger's last home-coming. A springless waggon in which rested, or rather did not rest, a coffin; a brother seated upon it; a departure in the early dawn of a raw March morning, and the butterfly Queen followed, at a day's journey behind, the Commissioner and the Bishop. Travelling night and day they took their way along the Huron Road. This time they had no twenty-one waggons; they had but one, which carried a pine box that served for seat as well. The sun tried to pierce the leaden skies, and the last morning's start began. But gloom came on again; and in its dun atmosphere the belle, the toast of early Huron times, the chatelaine of the Canada Company, passed out of sight.

Like living leaves from the pages of Barrie or Watson, the Scotch characteristics are still strongly marked in Colborne, even to an occasional thin-lipped Scotch mouth, with sometimes a tremulous corner; there, too, is the keen memory, a spice of the picturesque past leavening the living busy present; the whole neighbourhood one of good fellowship and true friendship, as of children whose fathers locked hands for mutual help. This nucleus of the Tract, Goderich and its surroundings, is yet so remote from the general world that it retains its individuality, even if the character of that individuality has changed. Sleepy, picturesque, a Canadian Cranford or Pembroke, it awaits in dozing content the pen of a Gaskell or Wilkins to make its still life permanent on a written page. But they need not hurry. If they be among the writers still unborn, Goderich and Colborne will be found as unchanged as the balmy air, the velvet sward, or the bright blue lake itself.

There are houses telling of the pioneer days, where the fireplace is flanked by capacious cupboards whose closed doors shut in the stores dear to the housewife's heart; the fireplace itself,

with open mouth closed up, crane lost, and like Othello, with its occupation gone; in front of it a "Happy Thought," perhaps, full of white metal and new-fangled notions, an article undreamt of by the owners of long-handled frying-pan, bake-kettle and Dutch oven. The suds of half a century have scrubbed the first floors into the cellars beneath, and hardwood replaces them. Rumour tells of one most interesting place, a genuine antique in log, clapboarded and painted so that its exterior has lost individuality, but with an interior that is witness to the wealth of Canadian wood, its chief and most valued decorations being survivals of '32, all supplemented with modern luxury in a taste which leaves nothing to be desired. Hospitality is now, as it ever was, a feature of Huron; there may be a bull-dog or two too many, perhaps, but a familiar name is a password to each domestic fortress.

The old clocks ticked out their allotted spans, some short, some long; with every year the friendships were firmer, the cling of the clasped hands stronger, even when they stretched across the bar whose waters were colder than those which wrecked the *Rob Roy*.

One Huron dame, as she lay upon her death-bed, gave orders for her burial clothes to be brought to her, and, so dressed, calmly waited. Those watching saw her eyes fasten on the ceiling as she slowly folded her arms:

"John Galt—and have *you* come for *me?*"

Who shall say that that fixed gaze was not upon one "loved long since and lost awhile."

Of "The Backwoodsman" we read in *Fraser's:* "A pleasanter little book never came from the press—full of information of all kinds, full of reading, full of sagacity, full of humour. It is a voice speaking to us from the forests of Canada—from the centre of woods that have seen generation after generation of men pass away into the ocean of eternity, as Niagara dashes into the gulf below; and pleasantly does that voice burst upon our ears, even as the voice of a friend whom we thought we had lost forever. We may say with Solomon, 'As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.'

"In short, our backwoodsman is he whom men and long-robed women call the Tiger—a title by which he was much beloved. His own name is William Dunlop, or as he chose to call it, Woll. Of Dunlops the best, extensively rivalling even the cheeses of that honoured appellation, he can trace his family to Ragman's Roll; and his father is the Laird of Keppoch, and therefore Keppoch is he called in the western wilds of Scotland. But leaving questions of pedigree to heralds, we find Dunlop a surgeon in the Connaught Rangers in early life, and as he mentions in this little book, actively engaged in the campaigns of 1813, 1814 and 1815, against the Yankees, in what was then generally known by the name of Mr. Madison's war. Forgotten, out of America, as the battles of that war are now-a-days, there was some hard partisan fighting, in which the Doctor, laying down the lancet for the bayonet, and inflicting wounds instead of curing them, played no inconspicuous part. Peace being proclaimed, and the Treaty of Ghent (which, as he observed 'came upon them suddenly,' and, we may add, much to their grief) having put an end to American campaigning, he went with his regiment to Calcutta, exchanging the blanket coat for the muslin jacket, and using brandy and water to keep out the intense heat of India with as much activity as he had formerly employed it to keep off the intense cold of Canada. Manifold were his occupations in the land of the Moguls. In addition to his medical and military duties, his convivial and charioteering occupations, he edited a newspaper, and contracted to clear the Island of Saugar,* falling with equal fury upon Silk Buckingham† and the tigers. After having killed an incredible quantity

*The Island of Saugar *(Ságar)* is a long strip of land covering two hundred and twenty square miles, at the left side of the mouth of the Hoogly river, in the district of the Twenty-four Pergunnahs, Bengal. It is the scene of a great pilgrimage and fair in the month of May, said to be attended by 200,000 people. Dunlop contracted to rid this tract of the tigers which infested it.

†James Silk Buckingham, traveller and popular lecturer. Son of a farmer, born 1786, at Flushing, near Falmouth, Cornwall. When a boy, made two voyages to Lisbon. After years of unsettled and wandering life established a journal in 1816, at Calcutta. His bold censures on the Indian Government led to his

of the latter nuisances (whence, and not from any resemblance to that king of cats, he has the name of Tiger), the jungle fever subdued him, and he was obliged to come home on half pay, one of the cankers of a calm world, as Pierre expresses it. He fixed first in Edinburgh, where he gave a course of lectures on medical jurisprudence, the mixture in which of fun and learning, of law and science, blended with rough jokes and anecdotes not always of the most prudish nature, will make them long live in the memories of his hearers. He also wrote sketches of Indian life, and other papers, for *Blackwood's*, under the signature of Colin Ballantyne, R.N., a *nom de guerre* under which, we believe, he figured in India during his controversies with Buckingham, whom he ever and anon delighted in calling the cobbler.* Tired, however, as we suppose everybody must be at last, of Edinburgh, he came to London, having for his *compagnon de voyage* the future editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He here lived a most miscellaneous life, turning his hand to anything. He edited for a short while the *British Press*, a journal now gone to sleep; but could not like the business of a morning paper, as it interfered too much with other occupations of a more agreeable kind. He never suffered the composition of 'leaders' to interfere with the composition of works of a more fluent

expulsion from the Presidency of Bengal. On his return to England, his lectures against the East India Company, and in support of opening the trade with China, tended greatly to divert public opinion to the subject. Established in London the *Oriental Herald* and the *Athenæum*, now the leading weekly literary journal. Subsequently travelled through the United States; was M.P. for Sheffield; was projector of and Secretary of the British and Foreign Institute Literary Club, 1843-46; was President of the London Temperance League, 1851; was author of numerous works of travel in the United States, in the East and on the Continent. Two volumes of his autobiography, on which he was engaged, were published before his death.

* Perhaps part of Silk Buckingham's offence against Dunlop was that, about 1835, while member of Parliament, he tried to carry a measure for the suppression of inebriety. He made out a strong case, wherein he showed that the consumption of spirits in Scotland was double that of Ireland. Scotchmen were seriously offended.

kind, and accordingly the *British Press* sometimes appeared sadly shorn of its *leads*. The accession of M. de Vilele to power occurred during the time of the Tiger's editorship, and we need hardly say it was one of the most important events that had happened since the restoration of the Bourbons. The news arrived in London at night, and all the other newspapers were next morning full of remarks on the event, written with the sharpest acumen, the deepest knowledge, the profoundest political sagacity—in short, with all the magnificence of talent that usually adorns the best public instructors, and at wondrous length. The anti-Gallican Doctor being, in all probability, more interested in the affairs of Jamaica than in those of France, dismissed the whole concern in a whiff: 'We perceive,' said he, 'that there is a change of ministry in France; we have heard of no earthquakes in consequence.' Not another word! Beyond question, it was treating the matter most philosophically, and indeed, as all political affairs ought to be treated by men of sense; but it suited not the views of the proprietors of the paper. Some impertinence was attempted, which, of course, was out of the question with Dunlop, and he left the concern.

"He then published an edition of Buck's *Medical Jurisprudence*, an American work to which he wrote a preface, and appended many curious notes; and started a Sunday newspaper for the India interest, entitled the *Telescope*, the history of which would be a comedy of the drollest kind. It did not succeed badly, but at the end of a year he was tired of it, and having become connected with the joint stocks of those days—our history has now reached the famous year of 1825—he figured in Brick, Iron, Salt, and other companies, as secretary or director. He personally superintended the salt works of this last-named company somewhere in Chester; but as Tiger is an honest fellow—a strictly honest fellow in every sense of the word—it is perfectly unnecessary for us to add that he made nothing of the bubbles, except what salary he may have received. The future biographer of Dunlop will have to

recount that, at this time, he founded a club of a most peculiar description, which he called by the picturesque title of 'The Pig and Whistle';* but the time is not yet ripe for the history of that celebrated association. We shall only record an anecdote for the benefit of persons attached to the fine arts. Edwin Landseer one evening offered the landlord of the house to paint him a sign of a pig playing on a whistle, of which he immediately made a pencil sketch in his own inimitable manner; but the landlord, a man of about the same *quantum* of taste as is generally possessed by our connoisseurs in this country, declined the offer, alleging as a reason, that 'he had no wish to change either his sign or sign painter.'

"Galt had, about this time, succeeded in organizing the Canada Company, which has since treated him with such signal ingratitude; and Dunlop accepted office under it, in the year 1826, with the sounding title† of Warden of the Forests, and immediately started for Canada, where he has ever since remained, teaching to hew the beech tree the hand that held the glaive, and performing all the duties of his laborious office with vast benefit to the country and Company. He is, at this present moment of writing, one of the most popular men in Upper Canada, and, of course, universally consulted by all classes of immigrants on their affairs. Meet him wherever we may, we shall meet a good fellow whose various wanderings over the world have filled him with shrewd good sense, and stored him with wealth of tale and anecdote beyond that of any other man now living. It is recorded of him that, on his

* The only mention of this hostelry (which seems to have been somewhat famous) apparently to be found, is in a note to Mackenzie's edition of the *Noctes*. It is apropos of Lord Althorpe. "Nature meant him to be a grazier, bringing up his fatted cattle to Smithfield market, dining at the 'Pig and Whistle,' and riding home in the cool of the evening, with a light heart and full purse." So much for a wealthy peer and a would-be politician.

† "Warden of the Forests." The document authorizing this title, wordy, faded, the remains of a Lincoln green riband which attached the seal, the seal itself gone, lies now in the office of the Canada Company, Toronto. Beside it the seals repose in their cases.

return from India, he entertained the company after dinner every day with stories, and that he never repeated one a second time during the voyage. What an immense and multifarious stock he must have laid in since!

"Farewell, then, dear Tiger! and whether we meet you on the banks of the Huron, over the hind-quarters of a bear, clad in the skin of the same animal, and talking much in his tone and accent, or on the banks of your native Clyde, predominating over a bowl of that cold punch manufactured by you in a manner surpassing that of all other sons of men, or in your favourite region of the Strand, chasing away the midnight hour with fluids suitable to the time—wheresoever, whensoever, and howsoever the meeting may be, warm shall be the greeting and cordial the welcome.

"'An' we'll go nae mair a-roving,
A-roving in the night;
An' we'll go nae mair a-roving,
Let the moon shine ne'er sae bright.'"

In "My Book," Dunlop says: "Some authors write for fame, some for money, some to propagate particular doctrines and opinions, some from spite, some at the instigation of their friends, and not a few at the instigation of the devil. I have no one of these excuses to plead in apology for intruding myself on the public; for my motive, which has at least the merit of novelty to recommend it, is sheer laziness. To explain this, it is necessary to state that, for some years past, I have been receiving letters from intending emigrants, containing innumerable queries respecting Upper Canada; also from the friends of such children of the forest *in posse*, who seasoned the unpalatable task of writing on other people's business with the assurance, so consolatory to my vanity, that I was, of all men in the province, the one they considered best qualified to give such information. These letters, always couched in the most polite terms, commencing with the writer's 'sincere sorrow for taking up so much of my valuable time,' and ending with 'the

most perfect reliance on my knowledge and candour,' required to be answered; and so long as they came 'like angels' visits, few and far between,' it was no grievance to do so. But after having written some reams in answer to them, and when every other packet brought one—and no later ago than last night I had two to answer—things began to look serious, and so did I, for I found that if they went on at this rate I should have no 'valuable time' to devote to my own affairs; and, therefore, it being now mid-winter, and seeing no prospect of my being able to follow my out-of-door avocations for some weeks, I set myself down, in something like a pet, to throw together and put in form the more prominent parts of the information I had been collecting to the end that I might be enabled in future to answer my voluminous correspondence after the manner of the late worthy Mr. Abernethy, by referring them to certain pages of *My Book*."

Further, in speaking of the Doctor's political opinions, *Fraser's* says: "Distant far as he is from his native land, and uncheered by the voices of those with whom he once joined heart and hand in political contest, he is still Tory in soul."

We reproduce a sketch of Dunlop from *Fraser's* when that magazine was a lively affair, contributed to by all the most brilliant literary lights, and illustrated by Maclise under the name of Alfred Crowquill or Croquis. A picture of a tiger hangs on the wall; and the ever-ready accompaniment of glass and decanter is at his elbow. The expression of the face is abstracted and somewhat sad, but the likeness is more pleasing than any obtainable from oil paintings extant. One from oils is given on page 175; another, taken from a large and handsome likeness in oils which hangs in The Queen's, Toronto, is not sharp enough in outline for use. There is a character-sketch in *Fraser's* to accompany the drawing, but it is written in a flippant, broad style, belonging to a series of contemporary sketches, published by *Fraser's*, of the celebrities of the time. Croker, Alan Cunningham, the elder and younger D'Israeli, Harriet Martineau, Bulwer Lytton, Goethe and many



AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF UPPER CANADA"

others; no mean company for the Backwoodsman. The tone of these articles precludes the possibility of taking them as authentic accounts. They are clever and satirical, rather ill-natured, sometimes coarse; but the drawings are excellent, even when caricatures.

In bringing his eccentricity, lack of sobriety, and other failings against Dunlop, his many and surpassing good qualities plead for him. As for drink, it was the fashion of the day. The Parliamentary eloquence of the younger Pitt came after heavy potations of port; and the sweet simplicity of the "Deserted Village" is not a reflection of its author's life. But Dunlop could calmly survey a rapid that an Indian trembled to look upon and think of shooting; he could cross his *Mer Douce* when Canadians feared the waves; he could take to the densest wood and make or find a way out of it; he could sleep anywhere; he could eat anything, even raw pork; he could make friends with all and sundry, and could infect his followers with his own spirit and spur them on to bravery and endurance like his own. In talking over those early days he made light of it all. Whatever had been his feelings at the time of action, the same bravery which made him meet and conquer, and encourage companions to do the same, made him in retrospect remember only the victory and not the failure. He always spoke exactly as he felt, and would be swayed by no interest whatever. His surveys and reports were relied upon; it would have taken clear eyes to discover flaws in them. As to the misconceptions alleged as filling "My Book," he was one of those who believed it took generations to achieve one success such as he saw the country capable of producing; like all minds of his stamp he counted by generations and recked little of personal discomforts and hardships for those who happened to be the first comers. Everything in his book was literally true; to believe that each man could make it true to himself was easy enough to the enthusiastic Dunlop. Of *Taste*, as we understand that word, he knew nothing. The optimist, the philanthropist, the pioneer, judge by standards

different from ours. To him the famous saying of another philanthropist was foreshadowed. "God must love the common people, because there are so many of them." He knew that darkness and light, life and death, disintegration and reconstruction, decay and growth, are the great secrets of Nature; the problems of distress, poverty and its amelioration, formulated and left unanswered in a hundred ways the riddles of our existence; and he tried in his own place to make things better for others, to put the poor in a way of doing for themselves and out of reach of a charity worse than poverty. In spite of his desecration of certain Bible words, he loved that book and was, after his own eccentric fashion, a religious man. It is doubtful if he would so have loved it were it not the democratic volume it is.

It seems to have been the fashion of the time—even in a country like Scotland, known for its strong religious character and Bible foundation—to turn a *jeu d' esprit* into biblical form. This may account for that which, to a later generation, seems simply a profane use of sacred words and characters. Those who deplore present lack of reverence and the evils of intemperance may find the comfort to be derived from comparisons, if they read the literary and social annals of such centres as London and Edinburgh in the early years of the century. Enquiry into the details of the life of Dunlop, and others of his cult who emigrated to Canada, reveals simply life running in parallels to the lives of their brethren left behind. Further enquiry into the lives of the last shows that everything Canadian, even to a joke, had its Edinburgh prototype. In one of the earliest numbers of *Blackwood's* (October, 1817), there appeared an article occupying nearly eight pages, entitled "Translation from an Ancient Chaldee MS." When it was submitted to Blackwood—who in the "MS." received his sobriquet of Ebony—the editor had scruples about using it and feared its reception by Bible-loving, Bible-reading Edinburgh; but some of the "rascals to whom he showed it," after laughing at it "until they were sick," persuaded, indeed almost forced, him

to insert it. Before the ink in the magazine was well dry, Edinburgh rose to denounce it and demanded the prosecution, with a view to heavy damages, of "this ribald and profane parody on the Bible." A magazine with that MS. in it is now a literary curiosity. In it Constable received his name of Crafty. There is a key to every allusion in it with the exception of that one referring to "the seven young men," and of the verse "and there followed him many women who knew not their right hand from their left; also some cattle." To call the central figure of their liquor fortress on the historic round table the "Tower of Babel," was to them but a mild Bible joke. When the Shepherd faints they bring the Tower and apply its battlements to his lips. To make punch, they say, put in your sugar, then add the whiskey, and every drop of water after that spoils the punch. To "christen whiskey" was a social domestic crime. "Shall I play maker, Laird," asks Mullion in one scene where Glenlivat in the Tower of Babel figures in the scene matter. "Surely," rejoins Tickler, "in the absence of the Tiger, who but yourself. Create away. *Esto* punch!" Alas! alas! in reciting the doings of some traveller after they had made him perform Munchausen-like feats in eating and smoking, Tickler adds that he "got dead drunk on new rum within the spray of Niagara, with the Tiger, in the dog-days of 1827."

North had a traveller punch-bowl, and Hogg's "jug" was a piece of china well known. "We are satisfied," say they, "that if punch were the universal tipple there would be NO more war."

But De Quincy used to call for "a tumbler of laudanum punch, hot and strong," and Hazlitt, one of the Cockney school who made food for their wit and satire, broke down his constitution with strong tea. Truly, it was a thirsty age! And it gloried in its thirst. Maginn contended that "no man, however much he might tend to civilization, was to be regarded as having absolutely reached its apex until he was drunk," and that after the apex was reached, "civilization," being hard to pronounce, might be "civilation by ellipsis, or more properly by syncope, or vigorously speaking by hiccup."

"Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious soul,
Vast as my thirst is, let it have
Depth enough to be my grave."

The wish was verified to many; a grave so wide and deep that it received and closed over the brightest wits that God gave to a century.

"*We* live," says North, "in an age that will be much discussed when it is over—a very stirring, productive, active age—a generation of commentators will probably succeed, and I, for one, look to furnish them with some tough work."

"Blood and whiskey may sum up all the amusements of the Irish Whigs," says one. Truly, Ink and Whiskey made the life of those Scottish times in the old land and the new.

In this Edinburgh society Tickler was "the Hyena," a name bestowed in Canada upon Francis Hincks; and Constable, whose magazine *Blackwood's* may be said to have laughed out of existence, when asked about what appeared to be a number of swans disporting themselves in sight of the diners at his house (one of whom was a partner in the Longmans publishing firm), cried: "Swans? They are only geese, man. And their names are Longmans, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Brown!" The Londoner, like Daw Don, did not relish the jest. Roddy Slattery, in his role of letter-writer, doubtless recalled to Dunlop Dr. James Scott, of Edinburgh, a man ignorant of literature and who at the beginning of his bogus literary career was without aspirations. But the ballads and songs put forth by Lockhart under his name made people, who had seen in Scott only an ordinary dull citizen, wonder; and by the time he, as an author, was actually entertained at a public dinner on the strength of his reputed connection with *Blackwood's*, it was an easy matter to make him sit for a portrait to be used as frontispiece to a forthcoming work.

"To trot" was the Edinburgh term meaning to hoax. One sample of a "trot," a story often told since then, was a wager that a certain gentleman could not be equalled in enduring a

plunge into hot water, the member for trial being a leg. One contestant caught fresh from pastures new withdrew his limb dreadfully scalded, while the man offering the wager took the immersion leisurely. He was the owner of a cork leg, and so managed to win successive dozens of wine. Even Dunlop's story of Canadian frost and resuscitation from it had an original. A tale had gone the rounds of the English newspapers of the fall of an avalanche in Switzerland, where a glacier had broken. It was found to contain the body of an Englishman who had been lost many years before when trying to ascend Mount Blanc. The body was resuscitated, and the gentleman afterwards appears in the *Noctes*—"the ingenious gentleman," says North, "who was packed in ice below an avalanche . . . for more than a century and a half and who, on being dug out and restored to animation before a rousing wood fire, merely complained of a slight numbness in his knees and a tingling at the points of his fingers." "Oh, man," says the Shepherd, "how he must have enjoyed his first het dinner! I think I see him owre his first jug o' het toddy!"

The snuff-box, too, was an important article in conversation and use. The "Mull," the Scotch snuff-box, made out of a ram's horn, polished and fitted with a cover, often embellished with silver setting and a fine cairngorm, is as frequent a lay figure in the *Noctes* as the Tower of Babel. Sir Walter considered that old Ebony taking snuff in the Chaldee MS. was not only a good hit but was splendid as orientalizing a common and familiar object. "And he took from under his girdle a gem of curious workmanship of silver, made by the hand of a cunning artificer, and overlaid within with pure gold: and he took from thence something in colour like unto the dust of the earth, or the ashes that remain of a furnace, and he snuffed it up like the East wind, and returned the gem again into its own place."

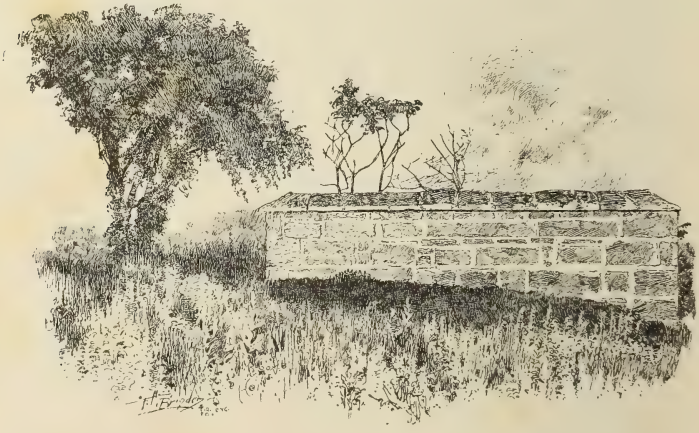
To call the bottles of his liquor traveller the Twelve Apostles seemed to Dunlop doubtless a happy adaptation, after the novitiate of Edinburgh literary life. But in spite of the faults of his day and his own surpassing excellence in them, this son of

the land of the tartan, the bonnet and the kilt, was a true man. There was not an untrue or a selfish thread in his cord of life. He made no boast of religion; he simply lived it; the chief tenet in it was Charity. The half obliterated letters on that grey slab are not his epitaph. He is best remembered by what he did. And when even that shall have faded, a whole country-side of happy and prosperous homes shall remain to keep his memory green.

He was the motive power, the discoverer. A thing once found cannot be rediscovered. There is an arc of light round the head of the Pioneer to which no after traveller may lay claim. The after-comer who takes gold out of a mine may be a hardier worker than the man who opened the mine; but he is not that man.

Like naphtha lights, the doings and sayings of the men and women who lived in the days of the Canada Company stand on either side of that pathway which narrows back to oblivion; clear and bright above and beyond them all burns that torch lit from the pen and heather-tongued mouth of Tiger Dunlop. By its power those who were and are not, return; who were hidden are reached; who were dead, with himself, again speak, and the voiceless stones of the Cairn do make their silent appeal,

O Memories! O Past that is!



APPENDIX.

In *Fraser's Magazine* of November, 1830, the following sketch of the new Canada Company town of Guelph appeared. The annals of that place, written by Mr. Acton C. Burrows in 1877, embody a good deal of matter from *Fraser's* but do not give it in complete form. The following is as it appeared in conjunction with the engraving in that Magazine, which, as reproduced by our artist, appears opposite page 28 of the present work:—

"While the Kingdom with the Isle of Man and its dependencies are ringing with the faults and fine things in "Galt's Life of Byron," we have the pleasure to present the advocates of emigration with a view of Guelph, another sort of work of which he was author and editor, in the Province of Upper Canada. The renowned Dr. Dunlop has promised to write a history of this capital of the Western World—to be; in the meantime we have accidentally obtained, with leave to make use of it, a private letter from Mr. Galt, to one of his friends, describing the founding of this second Rome or Babylon, which until the Doctor's work, in three volumes quarto, appear, must be interesting to the whole civilized world, and Mr. Wilmot Horton.

"'Guelph, June 2, 1827.

. . . "'The site chosen was on "a nameless stream's untrodden banks," about eighteen miles in the forest from GALT—a great future city founded by a friend of mine, with a handsome bridge over the Grand River, and of which I had never heard until it had a post-office. Early on the morning of St. George's Day, I proceeded on foot towards the spot, having sent forward a band of woodsmen with axes on their shoulders to prepare a shanty for the night—a shed made of boughs and bark, with a great fire at the door. I was accompanied by my friend Dunlop, a large fat, facetious fellow of infinite jest and eccentricity, but he forgot his compass, and we lost our way in the forest. After wandering up and down like babes in the woods, without even a blackberry to console us—the rain

raining in jubilee—we came to the hut of a Dutch settler, in which no English was to be obtained. However, after much jabber, loud speaking, and looking at one another with mouth, eyes and nostrils, in addition to ears, Mynheer gave tongue that he could speak French, which he did, no doubt, perfectly ; as in telling us that he had cleared a farm in the States which he had exchanged for his present habitation, he expressively said "*Je swapè.*" We hired him for our guide.

"'It was almost sunset when we arrived at the rendezvous ; my companion, being wet to the skin, unclothed and dressed himself in two blankets, one in the Celtic and the other in the Roman fashion—the kilt and the toga ; the latter was fastened on the breast with a spar of timber that might have served for the mainmast to "some great ammiral." I "kept my state" (as Macbeth says of his wife at the banquet) of dripping drapery. We then with surveyors and woodmen (*Yankisè*, choppers) proceeded to a superb maple tree, and I had the honour and glory of laying the axe to the root thereof, and soon it fell "beneath our sturdy strokes," with the noise of an avalanche. It was the genius of the forest unfurling his wings and departing forever. Being the King's name-day, I called the town Guelph—the smaller fry of office having monopolized every other I could think of ; and my friend drawing a bottle of whiskey from his bosom, we drank prosperity to the unbuilt metropolis of the new world. The place thrives wonderfully—almost already like a village in the Genesee country, where steeples grow like Jack's bean-stalk. Pedlars with waggons visit us. I have had ladies, too ; and my friend the Bishop has also been here. In this business I am attempting to carry my colonial system into effect, corrected by the experience of the great land associations in the State of New York ; but I fear the gentry in St. Helen's Place are too impatient for returns. They expect the ship to be earning a freight before she is launched. They have their own business to attend to and they have not time to learn mine. It is upwards of twenty years since I first paid attention to it, and can safely say, it is not to be learned by only reading a prospectus calculated for the capacity of the Stock Exchange. If care be not taken, considering how much joint-stock companies have become tainted in public opinion, the shares in the Canada Company—if we make difficulties from our own fears and ignorance—will soon be low enough ; although it is no subterranean concern, but all above ground, and property obtained for every shilling that is laid out.

"'For my next town, Captain M—— is to stand godfather. You know who he is—a nephew of the Earl of D——, and the eldest son of Mr. R—— M——, of P., whom, perhaps, you know ; he being a Whig, like your Lordship, but he is in the Lower House. I do not allude to that appointed for *all* Whigs. He sent me a bottle of Highland whiskey to christen the

town. What will you send for the baptism of yours? Hitherto we have had no adventures in Guelph, not even one Sabine scene; but an incident in the clearing was magnificent. Desirous of seeing the effect of rising ground, at the end of a street where a popish church, about twice the size of St. Peter's at Rome, is one day to be built (The site was chosen by the Bishop, and we have some expectation that his coadjutor, Mr. Weld, of Sulworth Castle, is coming here), I collected all the choppers in the settlement to open a vista, and exactly in two hours and ten minutes, "by Shrewsbury clock," or my own watch, an avenue was unfolded as large as the Long Walk in Windsor Park, and of trees that by their stature reduce to pigmies all the greatest barons of the English groves.'

"*N.B.*—We are promised a view of Goderich, another town founded by Mr. Galt, on the shores of Lake Huron, nearly a hundred miles to the westward of Guelph, and more than seventy miles in the woods, remote from any other settlement. Guelph is between thirty and forty miles from Lake Ontario and Lake Erie; is considerably more in a straight line from Lake Huron, and perhaps about fifty from Lake Simcoe. It is more than six hundred miles above Quebec, and is reported to be situated in one of the finest tracts of land probably in the whole American continent."

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